MODERN ESSAYS

SECOND SERIES

Selected by

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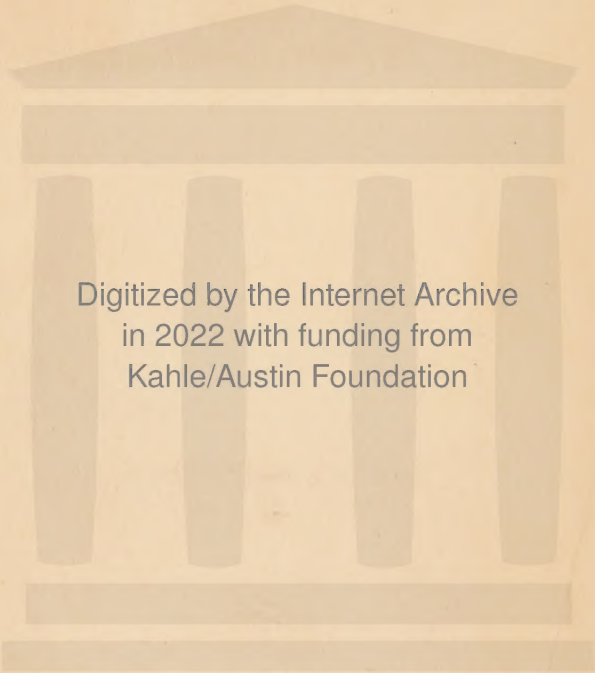

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MODERN ESSAYS

(SECOND SERIES)

SELECTED BY

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Darlington
1890-

NEW YORK
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
1925

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PREFACE

WORK is prolific: one job always begets another. The good-natured reception granted this volume's predecessor really made it a point of manners to compile a sequel.

A collection of this sort should be, if possible, not merely a bundle of items but in some sense an integer. It should, one considers, attempt to convey some single and reasonable point of view toward literature. It would be insincere to pretend that the very diverse contents herein were all chosen on some austere principle of synthesis. Yet they have been sifted out of a diligent reading with one particular and amiable prejudice. I have tried to visualize the reader of this book, whose bright-eyed phantom kept coming before me in the guise of a college student. In the last two or three years I have had the privilege of visiting several colleges, and on those occasions I have been more and more thrilled by the eagerness, the enthusiasm, the bold and honest and infinitely appealing curiosity of these new generations of youth. They seem to be susceptible to literature, and to the realities of which literature is only a shadow, with a keenness that was more rare fifteen or twenty years ago.

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So to my imaginary undergraduate I have, in the main, addressed my choosings. Reviewers will ask, as they always do, why such and such a writer is not included? If some reviewer's favorite is missing, it may not be because I do not equally esteem him, but simply because I was persecuting those moods, those manners, those essences of spirit, that I believed my student would be less likely to encounter unless some one pointed them out. Dark evidences of propagandizing will be adduced, I have no doubt. One friendly critic of the previous collection, while gingerly approving the volume in the main, deplored "the howling, screaming pro-British bias that rises like a thick fog from the book." If a modest aspiration to encourage good-humored understanding and mutual cheer among the English-speaking parishes of the infinite is a screaming and foglike bias, then I suppose I am uncovered.

But my heart and my conscience, such as they are, are engaged to my undergraduate client. I hope—yes, very ardently I hope—that he or she may not be the only reader: for on copies dispersed to The Trade (as bookselling is esoterically called) the modest emolument of anthologists is double that excised from consignments sold as textbooks. Yet my eye is on that young enthusiast, and on him not just as a royalty-bearing quarry. I have seen him and her in their

collegiate haunts, and I know with what a wild surmise and what a burning sparkle they encounter their first intimations of what literature means. How adorably they gloat when it suddenly brightens upon them that literature is not dead and done, but something that lives now and in themselves; that for them, them individually, every poet in the world suffered his agonies and sat lonely and late; that the whole history of letters is written in sympathetic ink in every heart, can we but find the warm chemistry to bring it out. These thoughts sometimes break like a rocket over my young reader, and sprinkle him with stars. On him then, and on her, my heart is set, and none shall make division between us. As the old song says:

> What, you that liked and I that loved
> Shall *we* begin to wrangle?
> Ah, no, no, no, my heart is fast
> And cannot disentangle!

A few days ago I saw a letter that Louis Stevenson wrote to his cousin Bob when they were both boys. In a black young sprawl of ink (he was less than eighteen) Louis averred that he had been gruesome and depressed. And then he wrote, "My mind has been filled with a silent shifting of squadrons, if so I may speak, that seems to shadow forth some great advance, or some great retreat."

There, by heaven, is a morsel for those who tell us (now and again) that Stevenson was only a graceful trifler with words. If one had never seen more of his writing than that one sentence, any sensitive to literature must have known there was genius in that mind. A boy not yet eighteen, note you, who in a merely casual letter to a kin spirit struck off a phrase worthy of Milton. To encourage sensibility to things of this sort our gathering here is assembled.

I remember a wise and toughly experienced editor, Mr. Thomas L. Masson, saying something to me ten years ago, when I was incessantly bombing him with paragraphs for *Life*. "When you have an idea," he said, "look at it patiently until you see something in it that no one else has seen. Then put it down in your own way, and I'll print it."

I believe that in that admirable counsel Mr. Masson hit upon something that comes very near being a definition of the essayist's quality. The ideal essayist may be—how does the old line run?—chemist, statesman, fiddler, or buffoon; but he must have contemplated his material until he sees it as no one else has. A very familiar word will sometimes catch the eye and strangely swoon itself into a bewilderingly fantastic queerness; just so, under the essayist's gaze all the comfortable ordinations of life are likely to swim, interfuse, transubstantiate, and the solid habitable

globe become once more the grotesque foreign ground our souls remember it to be. Mr. Chesterton is a paradigm of this special genius in the essay.

I have sometimes wondered what a dog thinks when he hears a man imitate barking or howling. What does that facsimile of his own voice convey to him? It must *almost* mean something, and yet not quite. Well, man is in much the same oddly risible case as he contemplates the universe. Its orderly strangeness seems so nobly significant . . . but just what, exactly, does it signify? There is a voice in it that corresponds nearly to the tunes of his own . . . but not precisely. Is that an overtone of mockery that he discerns? And the margin of greater knowledge that Einstein has over Lucretius is not so vast, after all. There used to be, on Vesey Street in New York, a frantic little magazine called *The Truth-Seeker*. At the pavement level was a signboard that said: THE TRUTH SEEKER—ONE FLIGHT UP. I passed this daily, and consoled myself with the thought that Truth was only one grade distant. Then the sign disappeared, and for some time I missed it. One day I rediscovered it on the opposite side of the street. But it had changed, and now read: THE TRUTH SEEKER—TWO FLIGHTS UP. It appeared that I was not even keeping pace.

I readily admit that there are several pieces in this

collection which are not exactly "essays" in any traditional alignment of that term. But we are not greatly concerned with labels. It is not of much importance to notify exactly what we mean by an essay, though the form has a great tradition and history. So often these minor classifications, like the sign LOWEST RATE on a New York taxicab, mean nothing. One of the most charming discussions of the essay is to be found in that lovely old book *Dreamthorp* (1863); and if you are pensive in these matters you will read or reread it.

The essential virtue that marks off literature from palaver is that secret conviction of meaning and significance that sometimes rushes gloriously to the mind when we are reading. What is the shadow-line, the criterion (impossible to specify but instinctively perceived), which demarcates what matters and what doesn't? This is a personal problem, and each must discover where his own sensibilities find their quickening. Imagine two authors, X and Y. When I read X, I am always amused: I am never bored, I often applaud. Yet I feel in my inward and center that it doesn't really matter what he says about anything—matter *to me,* I mean. I may agree or disagree with him, but my secret valves are unturned. Then I pick up Y, and in almost any random passage I find a voice that speaks so delicately in my ear! What

he says carries me at once into a different region of spirit: gives my farcical, erring life some worth and value: eases my doubts and angers: both softens and fortifies. The mind, in its adventurous livelihood, is often aware of ironies, incongruities, deformations from what Mr. Don Marquis has called The Almost Perfect State. Our awareness of incongruity surely implies that there must be a mode in things, a happy fitness, a propriety, to use a delicious old word now become unfashionable. This fitness of things, this realm of moral freedom and ideal beauty, though partly imaginary and partly illusory, is what literature ensues. Though none of us are likely to reach it, its contemplation can sometimes keep us happy and always keep us from being bored.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

February, 1924.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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To the authors themselves the editor wishes to express his most grateful thanks for their courtesies. To set the whole matter on an orderly footing, the following special acknowledgments are expressed:— To Professor Stephen Leacock and Dodd, Mead and Company for "Oxford as I See It"; to William Archer and to *The Atlantic Monthly* for "The Great Stupidity"; to Raymond B. Fosdick for "Mussolini and the League of Nations"; to Alexander Woollcott

and to Messrs. Putnam for "Madame Cocaud"; to B. W. Huebsch, Inc., for Mr. Nevinson's "Farewell to America"; to the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, for the late Professor Gildersleeve's "The Creed of the Old South"; to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for W. H. Hudson's "Geese," reprinted from Hudson's *Birds and Man;* to Alexander Black and Messrs. Harper for "Coincidences"; to Mr. R. W. Chapman and to the Oxford University Press, American Branch, for "The Decay of Syntax." I should be deficient in courtesy if I did not specially thank Mr. H. V. Clulow of the Oxford Press for his kindly coöperation in this, as in any other matter in which I have had the good fortune to approach him.

To Captain Felix Riesenberg for "Vignettes of the Sea"; to Mr. C. E. Montague and to Brentano's, Inc., and Mr. Lowell Brentano for "Autumn Tints in Chivalry," from Mr. Montague's book *Disenchantment;* to Professor Canby and Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Company for "Conrad and Melville"; to Edmund Lester Pearson and the Macmillan Company for "The Cary Girls," reprinted from Mr. Pearson's *Books in Black or Red,* copyright 1923 by the Macmillan Company; to the Oxford University Press, American Branch, for the late Maurice Hewlett's "Manège"; to Arthur G. Staples and the Lewiston *Evening Journal* for "The Smell of a Brush Fire"; to Wilfrid Meynell

and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for Mrs. Meynell's "Rejection"; to Edward Townsend Booth for "The Fountain of Youth"; to Princess Bibesco and the George H. Doran Company for "Fido and Ponto"; to Bruce Bliven and *The New Republic* for "Slaves of the Roof"; to Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company for John Eglinton's "Sincerity." I should like also to thank Mr. Ernest Boyd for first calling my attention to Mr. Eglinton's writings; and Mr. Jefferson Jones for information; to Miss Willa Cather and Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for "The Novel Démeublé"; to the Oxford University Press, American Branch, for Professor D'Arcy Thompson's "Aristotle"; to Sherwood Anderson and *The Nation* for "Ohio: I'll Say We've Done Well"; to John Crowe Ransom for "Waste Lands"; to Lawrence Perry for "The Elwell Case"; to Llewelyn Powys and The American Library Service for "Michel de Montaigne"; to Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company for "The Modern Pulpit," from G. Lowes Dickinson's *Appearances;* to Will H. Low for his kindness in allowing the use of "An Epilogue to an Epilogue," which has never previously been published; to Samuel Scoville, Jr., and The Atlantic Monthly Company for "Dragon's Blood"; to Stephen Graham and the Macmillan Company for "The Dead," reprinted from *A Private in the Guards,* copyright 1919 by the Macmillan Company; to Wil-

liam Bolitho and Messrs. Harper and Brothers for "The Saxophone." And also my special thanks to Alexander Woollcott, Laurence Stallings, and John L. Balderston, for information.

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MODERN ESSAYS

Second Series

OXFORD AS I SEE IT

By Stephen Leacock

It was my intention to exclude from this volume all authors who had been represented in the previous collection. But who can resist the adorable Leacock? This delicious item, equal in humor and good sense, first appeared in *Harper's Magazine,* and exists as a chapter in Mr. Leacock's book *My Discovery of England.* A stock of that book should be kept on all the North River piers and a gratis copy handed to every arriving British lecturer. Mr. Leacock, being English by birth (1869), Canadian by training, and American by temperament, is impartially fitted to make fun of us all: and then, when he has got us smiling, he delicately inserts the little needle of satire. He is one of those hypodermic humorists who get under the skin.

I haven't called Mr. Leacock "Professor," but that is his proper title: Professor of political economy at McGill University, Montreal. One of the adventures I should really enjoy would be to get into a sleeping car at Grand Central and go up to Montreal just to hear Professor Leacock on Gresham's Law, or Malthusianism. Like all genuine humorists, he is probably at his pluperfect best when discussing some really serious topic. But anyhow, if you ever have a chance to hear him lecture, don't miss it. As was once written of him—after hearing him speak at the Coffee House Club in New York—

The frank, blithe face, ruddy with twinkling zest,
With self-inflicted laughter brimming o'er—
He lays the fuse and touches off the jest:
And then the table bursting, roar on roar.

My private profession being that of a university professor, I was naturally deeply interested in the system of education in England. I was therefore led to make a special visit to Oxford and to submit the place to a searching scrutiny. Arriving one after-

noon at four o'clock, I stayed at the Mitre Hotel and did not leave until eleven o'clock next morning. The whole of this time, except for one hour spent in addressing the undergraduates, was devoted to a close and eager study of the great university. When I add to this that I had already visited Oxford in 1907 and spent a Sunday at All Souls with Colonel L. S. Amery, it will be seen at once that my views on Oxford are based upon observations extending over fourteen years.

At any rate, I can at least claim that my acquaintance with the British university is just as good a basis for reflection and judgment as that of the numerous English critics who come to our side of the water. I have known a famous English author arrive at Harvard University in the morning, have lunch with President Lowell, and then write a whole chapter on the Excellence of Higher Education in America. I have known another one come to Harvard, have lunch with President Lowell, and do an entire book on the Decline of Serious Study in America. Or take the case of my own university. I remember Mr. Rudyard Kipling coming to McGill and saying in his address to the undergraduates at 2:30 P.M., "You have here a great institution." But how could he have gathered this information? So far as I knew, he spent the entire morning with Sir Andrew Macphail in his

house beside the campus, smoking cigarettes. When I add that he distinctly refused to visit the Palæontologic Museum, that he saw nothing of our new hydraulic apparatus or of our classes in domestic science, his judgment that we had here a great institution seems a little bit superficial. I can only put beside it, to redeem it in some measure, the hasty and ill-formed judgment expressed by Lord Milner, "McGill is a noble university," and the rash and indiscreet expression of the Prince of Wales, when we gave him an LL.D. degree. "McGill has a glorious future."

To my mind these unthinking judgments about our great college do harm, and I determined, therefore, that anything that I said about Oxford should be the actual observation and real study based upon a bona fide residence in the Mitre Hotel.

On the strength of this basis of experience I am prepared to make the following positive and emphatic statements.

Oxford is a noble university. It has a great past. It is at present the greatest university in the world; and it is quite possible that it has a great future. Oxford trains scholars of the real type better than any other place in the world. Its methods are antiquated. It despises science. It has professors who never teach and students who never learn. It has no order, no arrangement, no system. Its curriculum

is unintelligible. It has no present. It has no state legislature to tell it how to teach, and yet—it gets there. Whether we like it or not, Oxford gives something to its students, a life and a mode of thought, which in America as yet we can emulate, but not equal.

If anybody doubts this let him go and take a room at the Mitre Hotel (ten and six for a wainscoted bedroom, period of Charles I) and study the place for himself.

These singular results achieved at Oxford are all the more surprising when one considers the distressing conditions under which the students work. The lack of an adequate building fund compels them to go on working in the same old buildings which they have had for centuries. The buildings at Wadham College have not been renewed since the year 1605. In Merton and Magdalen the students are still housed in the old buildings erected in the fourteenth century. At Christ Church College I was shown a kitchen which had been built at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey in 1525. Incredible though it may seem, they have no other place to cook in than this, and are compelled to use it to-day. On the day when I saw this kitchen, four cooks were busy roasting an ox whole for the students' lunch—this, at least, is what I presumed they were doing, from the size of the fireplace used; but it may not have been an ox; perhaps it was a

cow. On a huge table, twelve feet by six and made of slabs of wood five inches thick, two other cooks were rolling out a game pie. I estimated it as measuring three feet across. In this rude way, unchanged since the time of Henry VIII, the unhappy Oxford students are fed. I could not help contrasting it with the cozy little boarding houses on Cottage Grove Avenue where I used to eat when I was a student at Chicago, or the charming little basement dining rooms of the students' boarding houses in Toronto. But then, of course, Henry VIII never lived in Toronto.

The same lack of a building fund necessitates the Oxford students' living in the identical old boarding houses they had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Technically they are called quadrangles, closes, and "rooms," but I am so broken in to the usage of my student days that I can't help calling them boarding houses. In many of these the old stairway has been worn down by the feet of ten generations of students; the windows have little latticed panes; there are old names carved here and there upon the stone, and a thick growth of ivy covers the walls. The boarding house at St. John's College dates from 1555; the one at Brasenose, from 1509. A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to replace these old buildings with neat steel-and-brick structures like the normal school at Schenectady, New York, or the Peel Street High

School at Montreal. But nothing is done. A movement was, indeed, attempted last autumn toward removing the ivy from the walls, but the result was unsatisfactory and they are putting it back. Any one could have told them beforehand that the mere removal of the ivy would not brighten Oxford up, unless at the same time one cleared the stones of the old inscriptions, put in steel fire escapes, and, in fact, brought the boarding houses up to date.

But Henry VIII being dead, nothing was done. Yet, in spite of its dilapidated buildings and its lack of fire escapes, ventilation, sanitation, and up-to-date kitchen facilities, I persist in my assertion that I believe that Oxford, in its way, is the greatest university in the world. I am aware that this is an extreme statement and needs explanation. Oxford is much smaller in numbers, for example, than the State University of Minnesota, and is much poorer. It has, or had till yesterday, fewer students than the University of Toronto. To mention Oxford beside the 26,000 students of Columbia University sounds ridiculous. In point of money, the $30,000,000 endowment of the University of Chicago, and the $35,000,000 one of Columbia, and the $43,000,000 one of Harvard seem to leave Oxford nowhere. Yet the peculiar thing is that it is not nowhere. By some queer process of its own it seems to get there every

time. It was, therefore, of the very greatest interest to me, as a profound scholar, to try to investigate just how this peculiar excellence of Oxford arises.

It has hardly been due to anything in the curriculum or program of studies. Indeed, to any one accustomed to the best models of a university curriculum as it flourishes in the United States and Canada, the program of studies is frankly quite laughable. There is less applied science in the place than would be found with us in a theological college. Hardly a single professor at Oxford would recognize a dynamo if he met it in broad daylight. The Oxford student learns nothing of chemistry, physics, heat, plumbing, electric wiring, gas fitting, or the use of a blow torch. Any American college student can run a motor car, take a gasoline engine to pieces, fix a washer on a kitchen tap, mend a broken electric bell, and give an expert opinion on what has gone wrong with the furnace. It is these things, indeed, which stamp him as a college man and occasion a very pardonable pride in the minds of his parents. But in all these things the Oxford student is the merest amateur.

This is bad enough. But, after all, one might say this is only the mechanical side of education. True; but one searches in vain in the Oxford curriculum for any adequate recognition of the higher and more cultured students. Strange though it seems to us on this

side of the Atlantic, there are no courses at Oxford in Housekeeping, or in Salesmanship, or in Advertising, or on Comparative Religion, or on the Influence of the Press. There are no lectures whatever on Human Behavior, on Altruism, on Egotism, or on the Play of Wild Animals. Apparently, the Oxford student does not learn these things. This cuts him off from a great deal of the larger culture of our side of the Atlantic. "What are you studying this year?" I once asked a fourth-year student at one of our great colleges. "I am electing Salesmanship and Religion," he answered. Here was a young man whose training was destined inevitably to turn him into a moral business man; either that or nothing. At Oxford salesmanship is not taught and religion takes the feeble form of the New Testament. The more one looks at these things the more amazing it becomes that Oxford can produce any results at all.

The effect of the comparison is heightened by the peculiar position occupied at Oxford by the professor's lectures. In the colleges of Canada and the United States the lectures are supposed to be a really necessary and useful part of the student's training. Again and again I have heard the graduates of my own college assert that they had got as much, or nearly as much, out of the lectures at college as out of athletics or the Greek-letter society or the Banjo and Mandolin Club.

In short, with us the lectures form a real part of the college life. At Oxford it is not so. The lectures, I understand, are given and may even be taken. But they are quite worthless and are not supposed to have anything much to do with the development of the student's mind. "The lectures here," said a Canadian student to me, "are punk." I appealed to another student to know if this was so. "I don't know whether I'd call them exactly punk," he answered, "but they're certainly rotten." Other judgments were that the lectures were of no importance; that nobody took them; that they don't matter; that you can take them if you like; that they do you no harm.

It appears further that the professors themselves are not keen on their lectures. If the lectures are called for they give them; if not, the professor's feelings are not hurt. He merely waits and rests his brain until in some later year the students call for his lectures. There are men at Oxford who have rested their brains this way for over thirty years; the accumulated brain power thus dammed up is said to be colossal.

I understand that the key to this mystery is found in the operations of the person called the tutor. It is from him, or rather with him, that the students learn all that they know; one and all are agreed on that. Yet it is a little odd to know just how he does

it. "We go over to his rooms," said one student, "and he just lights a pipe and talks to us." "We sit round with him," said another, "and he simply smokes and goes over our exercises with us." From this and other evidence I gather that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars. If anybody doubts this, let him go to Oxford and he can see the thing actually in operation. A well-smoked man speaks and writes English with a grace that can be acquired in no other way.

In what was said above I seem to have been directing criticism against the Oxford professors as such; but I have no intention of doing so. For the Oxford professor and his whole manner of being I have nothing but a profound respect. Here is indeed the greatest difference between the modern up-to-date American idea of a professor and the English type. Even with us in older days, in the bygone time when such people as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant were professors, we had the English idea: a professor was supposed to be a venerable kind of person, with snow-white whiskers reaching to his stomach. He was expected to moon around the campus, oblivious of the world around him. If you nodded to him he failed to see you. Of money he

knew nothing; of business, far less. He was, as his trustees were proud to say of him, "a child."

On the other hand, he contained within him a reservoir of learning of such depth as to be practically bottomless. None of this learning was supposed to be of any material or commercial benefit to anybody. Its use was in saving the soul and enlarging the mind.

At the head of such a group of professors was one whose beard was even whiter and longer, whose absence of mind was even still greater, and whose knowledge of money, business, and practical affairs was below zero. Him they made the president.

All this is changed in America. A university professor is now a busy, hustling person, approximating as closely to a business man as he can manage to do. It is on the business man that he models himself. He has a little place that he calls his "office," with a typewriter machine and stenographer. Here he sits and dictates letters, beginning after the best business models, "In re yours of the eighth ult., would say, etc., etc." He writes there letters to students, to his fellow professors, to the president, indeed to any people who will let him write to them. The number of letters that he writes each month is duly counted and set to his credit. If he writes enough he will get a reputation as an "executive" and big things may happen to him. He may even be asked to step out

of the college and take a post as an "executive" in a soap company or an advertising firm. The man, in short, is a "hustler," an "advertiser" whose highest aim is to be a "live wire." If he is not he will presently be dismissed, or, to use the business term, be "let go," by a board of trustees who are themselves hustlers and live wires. As to the professor's soul, he no longer needs to think of it, as it has been handed over, along with all the others, to a board of censors.

The American professor deals with his students according to his lights. It is his business to chase them along over a prescribed ground at a prescribed pace, like a flock of sheep. They all go humping together over the hurdles, with the professor chasing them with a set of "tests" and "recitations," "marks" and "attendances," the whole apparatus obviously copied from the time clock of the business man's factory. This process is what is called "showing results." The pace set is necessarily that of the slowest, and this results in what I have heard Mr. Edward Beatty describe as the "convoy system of education."

In my own opinion, reached after fifty-two years of profound reflection, this system contains in itself the seeds of destruction. It puts a premium on dullness and a penalty on genius. It circumscribes that attitude of mind which is the real spirit of learning. If we persist in it we shall presently find that true

learning will fly away from our universities and will take rest wherever some individual and inquiring mind can mark out its path for itself.

Now the principal reason why I am led to admire Oxford is that the place is little touched as yet by the measuring of "results," and this passion for visible and provable "efficiency." The whole system at Oxford is such as to put a premium on genius and to let mediocrity and dullness go their way. On the dull student Oxford, after a proper lapse of time, confers a degree which means nothing more than that he lived and breathed at Oxford and kept out of jail. This for many students is as much as society can expect. But for the gifted student Oxford offers great opportunities. There is no question of his hanging back till the last sheep has jumped over the fence. He need wait for no one. He may move forward as fast as he likes, following the bent of his genius. If he has in him any ability beyond that of the common herd, his tutor, interested in his studies, will smoke at him until he kindles him into a flame. For the tutor's soul is not harassed by herding dull students, with dismissal hanging by a thread over his head in the classroom. The American professor has no time to be interested in a clever student. He has time to be interested in his "department," his letter writing, his executive work, and his organizing ability and his

hope of promotion to a soap factory. But with that his mind is exhausted. The student of genius merely means to him a student who gives no trouble, who passes all his "tests" and is present at all his "recitations"; such a student also, if he can be trained to be a hustler and an advertiser, will undoubtedly "make good." But beyond that the professor does not think of him. The everlasting principle of equality has inserted itself in a place where it has no right to be and where irregularity is the breath of life.

American or Canadian college trustees would be horrified at the notion of professors who apparently do no work, give few or no lectures, and draw their pay merely for existing. Yet these are really the only kind of professors worth having; I mean men who can be trusted with a vague general mission in life, with a salary guaranteed at least till their death, and a sphere of duties intrusted solely to their own conscience and the promptings of their own desires. Such men are rare, but a single one of them when found is worth ten "executives" and a dozen "organizers."

The excellence of Oxford, then, as I see it, lies in the peculiar vagueness of the organization of its work. It starts from the assumption that the professor is a really learned man whose sole interest lies in his own sphere; and that a student, or at least the only student with whom the university cares to reckon seriously,

is a young man who desires to know. This is an ancient medieval attitude long since buried in more up-to-date places under successive strata of compulsory education, state teaching, the democratization of knowledge, and the substitution of the shadow for the substance, and the casket for the gem. No doubt, in newer places the thing has got to be so. Higher education in America flourishes chiefly as a qualification for entrance into a money-making profession, and not as a thing in itself. But in Oxford one can still see the surviving outline of a nobler type and structure and a higher inspiration.

I do not mean to say, however, that my judgment of Oxford is one undiluted story of praise. In one respect, at least, I think that Oxford has fallen away from the high ideals of the Middle Ages. I refer to the fact that it admits women students to its studies. In the Middle Ages women were regarded with a peculiar chivalry long since lost. It was taken for granted that their brains were too delicately poised to allow them to learn anything. It was presumed that their minds were so exquisitely hung that intellectual effort might disturb them. The present age has gone to the other extreme; and this is seen nowhere more than in the crowding of women into colleges originally designed for men. Oxford, I regret to find, has not stood out against this change.

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To a profound scholar like myself the presence of these young women, many of them most attractive, flittering up and down the streets of Oxford in their caps and gowns is very distressing.

Who is to blame for this and how they first got in I do not know. But I understand that they first of all built a private college of their own close to Oxford, and then edged themselves in foot by foot. If this is so, they only followed up the precedent of the recognized method in use in America. When an American college is established, the women go and build a college of their own overlooking the grounds. Then they put on becoming caps and gowns and stand and look over the fence at the college athletics. The male undergraduates, who were originally and by nature a hardy lot, were not easily disturbed. But inevitably some of the senior trustees fell in love with the first-year girls and became convinced that coeducation was a noble cause. American statistics show that between 1880 and 1900 the number of trustees and senior professors who married girl undergraduates, or who wanted to do so, reached a percentage of —I forget the exact per cent; it was either a hundred or a little over.

I don't know just what happened at Oxford, but presumably something of the sort took place. In any case the women are now all over the place. They

attend the college lectures, they row in a boat, and they perambulate the High Street. They are even offering a serious competition against the men. Last year they carried off the ping-pong championship and took the chancellor's prize for needlework, while in music, cooking, and millinery the men are said to be nowhere.

There is no doubt that unless Oxford puts the women out while there is yet time they will overrun the whole university. What this means to the progress of learning few can tell, and those who know are afraid to say.

Cambridge University, I am glad to see, still sets its face sternly against this innovation. I am reluctant to count any superiority in the University of Cambridge. Having twice visited Oxford, having made the place a subject of profound study for many hours at a time, having twice addressed its undergraduates, and having stayed at the Mitre Hotel, I consider myself an Oxford man. But I must admit that Cambridge has chosen the wiser part.

Last autumn, while I was in London on my voyage of discovery, a vote was taken at Cambridge to see if the women, who have already a private college near by, should be admitted to the university. They were triumphantly shut out; and as a fit and proper sign of enthusiasm the undergraduates went over in a

body and knocked down the gates of the women's college. I know that it is a terrible thing to say that any one approved of this. All the London papers came out with headings that read, "Are our undergraduates turning into baboons?" and so on. The Manchester *Guardian* draped its pages in black, and even the London *Morning Post* was afraid to take bold ground in the matter. But I do know also that there was a great deal of secret chuckling and jubilation in the London clubs. Nothing was expressed openly. The men of England have been too terrorized by the women for that. But in safe corners of the club, out of earshot of waiters and away from casual strangers, little groups of elderly men chuckled quietly together. "Knocked down their gates, eh?" said the wicked old men to one another, and then whispered guiltily behind an uplifted hand. "Serve 'em right." Nobody dared to say anything outside. If he had, some one would have got up and asked a question in the House of Commons. When this is done all England falls flat upon its face.

But for my part, when I heard of the Cambridge vote I felt as Lord Chatham did when he said in Parliament, "Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted." For I have long harbored views of my own upon the higher education of women. In these days, however,

it requires no little hardihood to utter a single word of criticism against it.

So I return with relief to my general study of Oxford.

Viewing the situation as a whole, I am led, then, to the conclusion that there must be something in the life of Oxford itself that makes for higher learning. Smoked at by his tutor, fed in Henry VIII's kitchen, and sleeping in a tangle of ivy, the student evidently gets something not easily obtained in America. And the more I reflect on the matter, the more I am convinced that it is the sleeping in the ivy that does it. How different it is from student life as I remember it!

When I was a student at the University of Toronto thirty years ago, I lived, from start to finish, in seventeen different boarding houses. As far as I am aware, these houses have not, or not yet, been marked with tablets. But they are still to be found in the vicinity of McCaul and Darcy and St. Patrick Streets. Any one who doubts the truth of what I have to say may go and look at them.

I was not alone in the nomadic life that I led. There were hundreds of us drifting about in this fashion from one melancholy habitation to another. We lived, as a rule, two or three in a house, sometimes alone. We dined in the basement. We always had beef, done

up in some way after it was dead, and there were always soda biscuit on the table. They used to have a brand of soda biscuit in those days in the Toronto boarding houses that I have not seen since. They were better than dog biscuit, but with not so much snap. My contemporaries will all remember them. A great many of the leading barristers and professional men of Toronto were fed on them.

In the life we led we had practically no opportunities for association on a large scale, no common rooms, no reading rooms—nothing. We never saw the magazines; personally, I didn't even know the names of them. The only interchange of ideas we ever got was by going over to the Caer Howell Hotel, on University Avenue, and interchanging them there.

I mention these melancholy details not for their own sake, but merely to emphasize the point that when I speak of students' dormitories and the larger life which they offer I speak of what I know. If we had had at Toronto, when I was a student, the kind of dormitories and dormitory life that they have at Oxford, I don't think I should ever have graduated. I'd have been there still. The trouble is that the universities on our continent are only just waking up to the idea of what a university would mean. They were, very largely, instituted and organized with the idea that a university was a place where young men

were sent to absorb the contents of books and to listen to lectures in the classrooms. The student was pictured as a pallid creature, burning what was called the "midnight oil," his wan face bent over his desk. If you wanted to do something for him you gave him a book; if you wanted to do something really large on his behalf you gave him a whole basketful of them. If you wanted to go still farther and be a benefactor to the college at large, you endowed a competitive scholarship and set two or more pallid students working themselves to death to get it.

The real thing for the student is the life and environment that surround him. All that he really learns he learns, in a sense, by the active operation of his own intellect and not as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this active operation what he really needs most is the continued and intimate contact with his fellows. Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that that is how their minds really grow. And they must live together in a rational and comfortable way. They must eat in a big dining room or hall, with oak beams across the ceiling, and stained glass in the windows, and with a shield or tablet here or there upon the wall to remind them between times of the men who went before them and left a name worthy of the memory of the college. If a student is to get

from his college what it ought to give him, a college dormitory with the life in common that it brings is his absolute right. A university that fails to give it to him is cheating him.

If I were founding a university—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable—I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had more money that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some textbooks.

This article has sounded for the most part like a continuous eulogy of Oxford, with but little in favor of our American colleges. I turn, therefore, with pleasure to the more congenial task of showing what is wrong with Oxford and with the English university system generally, and the aspect in which our American universities far excel the British.

The point is that Henry VIII is dead. The English are so proud of what Henry VIII and the benefactors of earlier centuries did for the universities that they forget the present. There is little or nothing in the English to compare with the magnificent generosity of individuals, provinces, and states which is building up the colleges of the United States and Canada. There used to be. But by some strange confu-

sion of thought, the English people admire the noble gifts of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII and Queen Margaret, and do not realize that the Carnegies and Rockefellers and the William Macdonalds are the Cardinal Wolseys of to-day. The University of Chicago was founded upon oil. McGill University rests largely on a basis of tobacco. In America the world of commerce and business levies on itself a noble tribute in favor of the higher learning. In England, with a few conspicuous exceptions, such as that at Bristol, there is little of the sort. The feudal families are content with what their remote ancestors have done; they do not try to emulate it in any great degree.

In the long run this must count. Of all the various reforms that are talked of at Oxford, and of all the imitations of American methods that are suggested, the only one worth while, to my thinking, is to capture a few millionaires, give them honorary degrees at a million pounds sterling apiece, and tell them to imagine that they are Henry VIII. I give Oxford warning that if this is not done the place will not last another two centuries.

THE GREAT STUPIDITY

By William Archer

Few dramatic critics have done more to make people ponder than William Archer. He was instrumental in introducing Ibsen to the English-speaking theater; he did a great deal to encourage Bernard Shaw (whose exact contemporary he is); and after many years of telling people how plays should be constructed, he defied precedent by himself writing a popular melodrama, *The Green Goddess,* which was a lively success. His book, *Play Making* (1912), is said to codify the infallible principles of correct dramaturgy. Every one else who has ambitions toward stage writing has read it, and I firmly intend to myself.

Mr. Archer was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1856. It is pleasant to contemplate the picture of Mr. Archer in his Scottish cradle and Mr. Shaw in his Dublin bassinet, arriving within a few weeks of one another, and all concerned quite unconscious of the stir these bairns were to kick up in the world. At the same time there was a pale urchin in plaid petticoats enjoying the September sunshine in a manse garden outside Edinburgh, gathering impressions that later became a book Mr. Archer was one of the first to applaud—*A Child's Garden of Verses.* Mr. Archer reviewed the little volume in the spring of '85, and Stevenson was so pleased by the notice that he described Archer's talent as "a sober, agile pen; an enviable touch; the marks of a reader such as one imagines for one's self in dreams, thoughtful, critical, and kind." The resulting correspondence between Archer and R.L.S. is highly interesting: R.L.S. was then beginning to visualize himself not as just a writer, but as a Literary Artist; and when Archer, in later articles, was less wholly laudatory, Tusitala found much to argue about in Archer's comments.—The most periculous period of any writer's life is when he begins to think of himself as a Serious Artist. There are many high-spirited creatures who like to call themselves Young Intellectuals, who are more accurately Young Biologicals.

But Mr. Archer's pen is still sober and agile: he is still thoughtful, critical, and kind. On his latest visit to this country in the winter of 1920-21 he contributed to the *Atlantic* (June, 1921) this friendly and understanding paper on transatlantic solidarity.

I

THE cynic who delights in registering human stupidities need never be at a loss for masterpieces to add to his collection. But the masterpiece of masterpieces, the Great Stupidity of these latter days, is surely that of the Britons and Americans who, thoughtlessly or wickedly, say and do things calculated to make bad blood between their two countries.

With those who do so wickedly I am not here concerned. They are not stupid in the ordinary sense of the term, but only as all criminals are stupid. They deliberately subordinate to motives of personal cupidity or spite the manifest interests of their country and, ultimately, of the world. There are, perhaps, more atrocious evildoers, but none meaner or more despicable. In saying this, I have in mind individuals and groups on both sides of the Atlantic.

I put aside also the Irish. Were I an Irish-American, I should probably make use of my opportunities to embroil the two countries with whose destinies that of Ireland is so inextricably interwoven. The historic case of Ireland against England is an enormously strong one, and recent history has enormously strengthened it. No doubt there have been black crimes and egregious blunders on both sides; but that is no defense for England. It was for her, as the stronger

party in the case, to show wisdom and magnanimity; and these qualities have been sadly to seek in the record of her dealings with Ireland. Irish-American tactics are not, in my eyes, far-sighted, but they are extremely human. There is no use in quarreling with our fellow creatures because they are not angels.

It is the thoughtless mischief-makers—the people who are moved by mere ignorant and silly prejudice—who are guilty of the Great Stupidity. Here again I have my eye on individuals, on both sides of the water; but the culprits, in the mass, run into hundreds of thousands—into millions. They are more numerous, no doubt, in America, but they are more inexcusable in England. Americans have certain historic reasons for disliking us—bad reasons, but comprehensible. In England, on the other hand, we have no sane reason for disliking America—or, rather, we have precisely as much reason as the English have for disliking the Scotch, or the Scotch the English. The mutual antipathy of Scot and Southron was, as we know, pretty strong in the eighteenth century; and it lingers on to this day in certain quarters. Our neighbors naturally chafe us more than total strangers. Small differences of temperament, of accent, of standards, of sense of humor, irritate us more in people who are, on the whole, similar to ourselves, than in those who are wholly and inevitably dissimilar. Just

to this extent is mutual dislike between Englishmen and Americans comprehensible; but every one knows that these family jars arise from the foibles of our nature, and are corrigible by a very slight exercise of rational tolerance. The time is long past when the sense of unlikeness-in-likeness between an Englishman and a Scot led them to doubt or ignore the solidarity of their interests.

A patent, yet seemingly unconquerable, fallacy promotes ill-feeling between nations, and is not without its influence between Britain and America. All of us, I suppose, dislike with some intensity a good many of our own countrymen: but we do not, because Mr. Smith is a snob, Mr. Jones a bounder, and Mr. Thompson a tattling bore, go about asserting an unconquerable dislike for "the English" as a nation.

Many English people, on the other hand, will profess to dislike "Americans" in general because they have met two or three of that nation whose manners displeased them. Could there be any greater stupidity? I, for my part, know hundreds of Americans, and have met thousands. I do not profess to love them all, any more than I love all Englishmen. There are even some general traits of American manners,—let us say, for instance, the practice of indiscriminate introductions and hand-shakings,—which, I think, might well be amended. But do I therefore dislike

America? On the contrary, the more I see of her, the more I am convinced that there is no country in the world where the average of human worth, the percentage of admirable human beings, is higher. The average may be somewhat pulled down, no doubt, by the large importation of the mere refuse and wreckage of Europe; but people are not necessarily worthless because they are unfortunate.

This large importation of alien elements is, of course, a factor in the problem by no means to be ignored. It lends color to the old protest—which Mr. Chesterton repeated the other day, as if it were something new and startling—against the bracketing of England and America as "Anglo-Saxon" nations. The term Anglo-Saxon always was unscientific, although not more so than most racial appellations. Ethnology is a science that revises its nomenclature every ten years or so. But though the word corresponds to no ethnological fact, it has a quite real historic and sociological meaning. To be sure, people of British ancestry are no longer largely predominant, in the United States; but it is no less true that the Republic remains in its laws, traditions, and ideals, predominantly an Anglo-Saxon community. No Englishman in America feels himself in a foreign country, as he does in France, in Italy, or in Spain. America is different, but not foreign.

It is this very fact that makes American travel comparatively unattractive to many English people. Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, remind them of English provincial cities on a somewhat larger scale. They have none of the picturesqueness, the romance, the obvious foreignness, of Vienna or Moscow, of Lisbon or Genoa. It takes some effort of imagination to see in them the romantic and fascinating places they really are. It is much more of "a change" to the Englishman to cross the Channel than to cross the Atlantic. Only after a time does he find in America that peculiar charm which England has for the Scot. He says, "This is no my ain hoose, I ken by the biggin' o't"; and the very subtlety of the differences gives him greater pleasure than he receives from the obtrusive foreignness of "Picturesque Europe."

II

To an Englishman who is not entirely devoid of imagination, America brings a sense of incalculable enlargement of the powers and privileges conferred upon him by the accident of birth. His mother-tongue has made him free of this gigantic, this illimitable civilization, with all its stupendous achievements and its fabulous potentialities. He is akin by blood to the people who remain, in spite of all admixture, the lead-

ing factors in that civilization;[1] and he has no doubt that the non-English elements—all but one—will mean ultimate enrichment of the composite stock. For the calamitous presence of the African element he ought to feel co-responsible, since it is largely due to the sins of his forefathers. America, to put it at the very lowest, is a product, an extension of English history. It is born of the follies of English kings, the bigotry of English prelates, the greatness and the littleness of English statesmen, the indomitable tenacity of British pioneers, the liberal conservatism of British nation-builders, and the magnanimity of two world-heroes who, though they never saw the shores of Britain, were none the less of the purest British blood. An Anglo-Saxon nation it certainly is not; but a creation of the Anglo-Saxon spirit it as certainly is. The Englishman is either an ignoramus or a fool who does not recognize in his kinship to America an inestimable enhancement of his birthright.

It is not for a Briton to say how far an intelligent American ought to be moved by similar sentiments: how far he ought to feel his kinship, by blood or by adoption, to Britain and her history, an extension of his personality, an enrichment of his heritage.

[1] Of the thirty Presidents of the United States, only two —Van Buren and Roosevelt—bore non-"Anglo-Saxon" names; and Roosevelt, at any rate, was of partly Anglo-Saxon blood.—THE AUTHOR.

Perhaps I may, without offense, put it in this way: if my ancestors of the fourth or fifth generation had emigrated to America, instead of staying cannily in Britain, I feel sure that no conceivable folly of British politicians, or tactlessness of British tourists, would for a moment tempt me to renounce my hereditary share in the splendors of Lincoln and Durham and Salisbury, the unique beauties of Oxford and Cambridge, the associations of Stratford-on-Avon and the Lakes, of Edinburgh and Westminster.

There are, after all, features in English history which ought to appeal to the very Americanism of Americans. Not to go back to King Alfred or King John, they ought to remember that, if their immediate ancestors "threw a sovereign across the Atlantic," it was their remoter forbears who, along with ours, "garred kings ken they had a lith in their necks" —taught kings that there were joints in their cervical vertebræ. It is easy to argue that that act was, at the moment, impolitic; but does anybody wish it undone? Does anybody doubt that it was, both symbolically and actually, one of the most august of historic transactions?

Again, the reflection that England has, four separate times, at intervals of a century, been largely instrumental in shattering gigantic dreams of World-Autocracy ought not to discommend her in American

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eyes. She saved not only herself, but the Reformation, when she shattered the Spanish Armada. William of Orange and Marlborough saved Europe, and ultimately America, from falling under the domination of France. Trafalgar, the Peninsular War, and Waterloo baffled the grandiose ambitions of Napoleon. And, last but not least, it was British tenacity, leagued with the splendid valor of France, which brought the furious megalomania of Germany crashing to the ground. In all these historic crises Britain was, in a very real sense, fighting the battle of Americanism.

Nothing can ever undo the fact that, in the last and greatest overthrow of autocracy, America bore her part along with Britain and France. She "won the war" in the sense in which the last straw broke the camel's back; but she was a very substantial last straw, and no one can tell what might have happened if that straw had been withheld. Can anything be more ungenerous than to forget and belittle our gratitude to America on the ground that she ought to have come earlier into the struggle? I do not myself think that this is the case; but supposing it were so, are we to repudiate an obligation because it came a little tardily? Could there be a clearer sign of a base and paltry soul? Was it in a spirit of hypocrisy, or simply with an eye to the political exigencies of the moment,

that Mr. Winston Churchill said, on the Fourth of July, 1918,—

"Deep in the heart of the people of these islands, the heart of those who, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, are styled 'our British brethren,' lay the desire to be truly reconciled before all men and all history with their kindred across the Atlantic Ocean, to blot out the reproaches and redeem the blunders of a bygone age, to dwell once more in spirit with them, to stand once more in battle at their side, to create once more a union of hearts, to write once more a history in common. That was our heart's desire. It seemed utterly unattainable, but it has come to pass. However long the struggle, however cruel the victory, that supreme reconciliation will make amends for all. That is the reward of Britain; that is the lion's share."

These words were spoken on the eve of victory—are they to be falsified, forgotten, expunged from the international record, with all the fine phrases that were current in the hour of need? Is there to be no limit to the pettiness of spirit that is leading us to throw away with both hands all the most precious fruits of the great struggle and the great sacrifice?

III

Whatever be the reason, the fact is indisputable that, after our glorious comradeship in the greatest of wars, an impression is abroad on both sides of the Atlantic that Anglo-American relations are worse than they were before 1914. It was possible for Mr. Bernard Shaw to stand up a few months ago, and say that there was only one nation who hated us more than the Americans, and that was the French. Of course, this was fundamentally false; but it is sad that it should have even the superficial plausibility requisite for a Shavian paradox. The fact that such things can be lightly said and lightly accepted is a testimony to the prevalence among us of what I call The Great Stupidity. If it had been true, Mr. Shaw ought to have rent his garments and strewn ashes on his head before giving voice to such disastrous tidings.

That things have gone askew since the Armistice is, of course, true enough and deplorable enough. But to magnify light-heartedly some temporary disillusionment into a permanent, or even serious, breach between the two countries is to treat the situation with a mischievous levity which is entirely out of place in view of the enormous interests at stake.

Let it not be thought that in appealing to the interests at stake I am lowering the plane of my argument.

My plea is, first, last, and all the time, based on frankly utilitarian common sense. Sentiment has no absolute value. It is not a good-in-itself, but only as it ministers to the human well-being. That is the justification even of mother-love and of the love of man for woman; it is the sole and ample justification of the mutual respect and affection which ought to exist between Britain and America, which does exist in many British and American hearts. If I thought that the welfare of the world, or even of Britain, would be promoted by misunderstanding and enmity between the two countries, I would unhesitatingly join the ranks of the mischief-makers. But that opinion, as matters stand, cannot possibly be held by any rational and honest man. Therefore, I dismiss the deliberate fomenters of hatred (Irish apart) as either criminals or lunatics, while the inadvertent, thoughtless, babbling mischief-makers I set down as victims of the Great Stupidity.

The essence of the situation can be stated in very few words. If Britain and America stand back to back, they are so utterly unassailable that no external enmity need cause them one moment's uneasiness, and they can devote themselves without let or hindrance to the solution of their manifold and pressing internal problems. If, on the other hand, they insist on standing face to face, exchanging glances of suspicion and

covert defiance, and even (oh, folly of follies! oh, crime of crimes!) arming against each other, they leave their backs exposed to assaults from many quarters, while they wantonly spend their labor and their substance on that which profiteth not, or profiteth only the profiteer. If they live in amity and act in concert, they have the world at their feet; and the world can afford to leave them in that position, since they have no instinct and no motive to trample on it. Their desire is to live freely among free peoples; nor is there any justice in calling this profession hypocritical because history has brought them into relation with certain peoples as yet incapable of self-government. They possess at this moment—it has been forced upon them by circumstances—that *Weltmacht* in pursuit of which Germany stained her soul and forfeited her place among the nations. They possess it just so long and in so far as they make the most of that unity of sentiment and purpose which their common origin and common language seem to force upon them; but they can easily throw away their magnificent position of advantage, by listening to the mischief-makers, and drawing apart instead of pulling together. The future of the world depends upon whether enlightened magnanimity or pettifogging meanness shall gain the mastery in the souls of Britain and America.

I am not concerned to deny that the danger of the situation arises more from the American than from the British side. There is more active ill-will in America than in England. The average American citizen has been very imperfectly awakened to his citizenship of the world, and, in the lassitude following upon the war-fever, is even inclined to abjure and deny it. Disregarding the plain evidence of his senses, he yields, consciously and deliberately, to the illusion of the Atlantic, and vehemently assures himself that that ocean still exists, as it did in the days of Washington, Monroe, and Canning. He sees (what is quite true) that England needs America more obviously and immediately than America needs England; and he infers (what is quite false) that to admit the solidarity of their interests would be to acquiesce in a bad bargain. His secular tradition of aloofness, reinforced in some cases by historic rancors and antagonisms, blinds him to the enormous access of power, and economy of resources, that would result from a firm friendship and a working agreement between the two great English-speaking nations.

It is not for me to argue against this quite natural, though unenlightened, frame of mind. It is for Americans to demonstrate to their countrymen the advantage—nay, the imperative need—of enlightened magnanimity. My humbler task is to appeal to my

own countrymen not to make the situation more difficult by impertinent criticism, ignorant condescension, and, in general, by silly chatter. It is an old but very true remark that community of speech, while it is undoubtedly the great bond between the two peoples, is also a fruitful source of misunderstanding and irritation.

IV

Sheer ignorance and lack of imagination lie at the root of all that is wrong in the British attitude toward America. We do not begin to realize the magnitude and the majesty of the phenomenon with which we have to deal.

Ask the average Englishman what he associates with the words "New York," what mental picture the name evokes for him, and there are ten chances to one that he will express himself in terms of vague depreciation and distaste. He will tell you of a noisy, nerve-racking city, whose inhabitants are so intent on the pursuit of the elusive dollar that they habitually bolt their food at "quick-lunch" counters, and seek to soothe their chronic dyspepsia by masticating either chewing-gum or big black cigars. He has heard of a clattering abomination called the Elevated Railroad; he has probably never heard of the Subway—most

wonderful, if still inadequate, system of urban transit. The word "sky-scraper" is, of course, familiar to him, connoting, in his imagination, a hideous monstrosity, which the Americans have somehow evolved out of the naughtiness of their hearts. He thanks his stars that such freaks are impossible in England, where municipal wisdom has established a strict correlation between the height of buildings and the width of streets. Furthermore, he has heard of Tammany, a conspiracy of corruption, which keeps the city ill-paved, ill-lighted, and a prey to the alternate—or simultaneous—tyranny of brutal Irish policemen and indigenous "gunmen," who will shoot you as soon as look at you. Here, or hereabouts, his knowledge ends; and he will present this meager caricature in a tone of pharisaism, congratulating himself that London (or Manchester, or Glasgow, as the case may be) is not crude and corrupt after the manner of New York.

No doubt there are shreds and patches of truth in the picture; but they are wholly inessential. The essential fact is that New York is by far the most magnificent and marvelous city in the whole world—a wonder to the eye and an incomparable stimulus to the imagination. Throned between its noble estuaries, it proclaims, in one majestic symbol, the supremacy of Man over Matter. Here we feel, for the

first time in the modern world,—what the Roman of the Empire may have felt in a minor degree,—that, for all our puny proportions, we belong to a race of titans. The sky-scraper was, in its beginnings, ugly and unimaginative enough; forty years of development have made it a thing of beauty, of power, of grandeur. And it is still—I will not say in its infancy, but—in its adolescence. The Singer building, the Metropolitan Tower, and the Woolworth building are not likely to be greatly overtopped. The sky-scraper, essentially a street tilted on end, is also inevitably a cul-de-sac; and a too long cul-de-sac is uneconomic and inconvenient. Besides, the development of the tower form—immense height on a relatively small base—is practically confined to Manhattan Island, with its rock foundations; in few other places would architects dare to pile up such enormous weights to the square foot. But there is boundless room for the lateral development of the moderately high building—the building of, say, 15 to 25 floors. Every year that passes adds some new triumph to the cyclopean architecture of New York. Park Avenue, though it contains no buildings of excessive height, will soon be like a boulevard of Brobdingnag—without any of the rude disproportion, however, that we might look for in the palaces of giants; and it is doubly impressive when we reflect that, unseen and unheard, the railway

traffic of half a continent is gliding to and fro beneath its central gardens.

But this is no place to go into details. My point is that the miscalled sky-scraper—the high building—is not a monstrosity, but a thing of great imaginative daring, sometimes ugly, no doubt, but more often truly grandiose and colossal. It first came into being, for topographical reasons, in the congested toe of Manhattan Island; but, in a modified form, it is certain to spread through all great cities. I do not mean that such windy cañons as lower Broadway and Wall Street will arise in London and Paris, but that in all populous places great islands of beautiful architecture will stand out above the sea of ordinary five- and six-story houses.

The typical New York office-building has enormous advantages. Go to see a publisher or a lawyer in London, and you find him installed in stuffy, dusty, insanitary chambers, perhaps in a converted dwelling-house of the eighteenth century, or two such dwelling-houses inconveniently run together—at all events, in a dingy rabbit-warren of a place. In New York you are shot up in an express elevator to the twelfth or fifteenth floor of a vast building. If your business is with a lawyer, you pass along a spotless clean corridor, paved and lined with white marble, and you find him in a sunny, airy suite of rooms, high above

the noises of the city, and looking out, it may be over the noble Hudson to the New Jersey shore, or over the series of gigantic bridges that span the East River—otherwise Long Island Sound.

If, on the other hand, your visit is to a publisher, you pass along no corridor, for the probability is that the elevator will land you right in his waiting-room. In all likelihood he occupies one whole floor of the great building,—half an acre of glass-partitioned space,—a busy hive of multifarious industry. It is comfortably heated in winter, admirably ventilated in summer: the grubbiness and stuffiness of London are entirely absent. The publisher's own sanctum is probably in a corner, with magnificent views in two directions over the endless expanse of the city, with its cliffs of masonry and its innumerable plumes of white steam. Air and sunshine penetrate everywhere—glorious sunshine being amazingly prevalent in New York.

Business has put off its grime, and has housed itself in the blue spaces of the sky. And we make it our foolish pride that we are earth-bound, and boast of our determined propinquity to the gutter!

People often ask why the practical Americans use four syllables to designate an appliance which we denote by the single syllable—lift. This is at first sight paradoxical; but after a few days in America, you realize that the two words are admirably appropriate

to two very different things. The American elevator exhilaratingly elevates, the British lift laboriously lifts. I confess to taking great delight in the swift, sensitive machines that rush you up in the twinkling of an eye to the twentieth floor of a great hotel or business building. They are to the crawling, doddering British lift as a race-horse to a pack-mule. The tone of mind that professes to shrink in horror from such achievements of "mechanical civilization" is one of the innumerable phases of the Great Stupidity.

But "elevator architecture," though the most prominent feature of New York and other American cities, is not the only evidence of the constructive genius of the race. In every type of building America leads the world. The finest railway-stations in Europe—Frankfort, Cologne, and the Paris Gare d'Orléans—are paltry in comparison with those vast palaces of marble and travertine, the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central termini, with the Union Station at Washington not far behind them. Each of the great New York stations is a city in itself. There has been nothing like them in the world since the Baths of Diocletian or of Caracalla. The Library of Congress and the Public Libraries of New York [1] and Boston are stately

[1] In New York the other day I wanted to look up an illustration in a book of my own. I applied to the publisher of an American edition, but he had mislaid his file-copy. "Never mind," he said, "you can get it at the Public Library." He took up the telephone

and splendid beyond comparison; and even Detroit, which holds only the seventh place among American cities, is housing its library in a superb white-marble palace. In domestic architecture, again, America easily holds the first place, having gone ahead with giant strides during the past quarter of a century. The typical brownstone dwelling of old New York was cramped, stuffy, and inconvenient. To-day the country or suburban homes, even of people of quite moderate means, are models of convenience and comfort —the abodes, in every sense, of the highest civilization.

V

I have dwelt thus far upon architecture because it is the outward and visible sign, if not of inward and spiritual grace, at any rate of a people's energies, and, in no small measure, of its imagination. It may seem that I have weakened my effect by overworking my superlatives; but I know not how to convey the sense of stupendous magnitude in words of one syllable. And it is the stupendous magnitude of America, from

on his desk, and in the course of three minutes he said to me, "You will find the book awaiting you at such and such a desk in such and such a room." I went to the Library, and there it was! Let me commend this incident to the attention of the British Museum authorities—without any disparagement of the courtesy and slow-but-sure efficiency of that great institution.—THE AUTHOR.

every aspect and in every dimension, on which I wish to insist. Nature has made her huge, and man, in his efforts to tame her and harness her vastness, is only working to the scale set by nature. I am not, I think, insensitive to the historic associations of England or of Italy, of Egypt or of India; but in America the imagination is thrilled by the very fact that so much of her history is prehistoric. It is only yesterday that the first explorers blazed their trail into her pathless hinterlands and launched their canoes upon her mighty waters. Is there anything in nature so majestic and spirit-stirring as a great river? And are there any nobler rivers on earth than those of America? The traveler who does not study up his map in advance is constantly coming unawares upon majestic yet uncelebrated streams, which in Europe would be world-famous.

Not long ago, journeying from Massachusetts into New Hampshire, I found the train following for hours a beautiful river for whose existence I was quite unprepared. Inquiring its name, I learned that it was the Merrimac, and was further informed that it drove more spindles than any other river in the world. A little later, business took me to Binghamton, New York, and again a beautiful river lent dignity to an otherwise undistinguished town. Once more I had to confess my ignorance: this was the Susque-

hanna, just entering the State of Pennsylvania on its way to Chesapeake Bay.

Yet these are, so to speak, hole-and-corner rivers, not to be compared to the great arteries of the continent. The superb expanse of the Hudson puts Rhine and Danube to shame. No less grandiose than romantic is the confluence at Pittsburgh of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, with the tiny little blockhouse of Fort Pitt still occupying the tip of the tongue of land, overshadowed by the giant buildings of the City of Steel. And the Allegheny and the Monongahela unite in the mighty Ohio; and the mighty Ohio itself is but a tributary of the still mightier Mississippi, the Father of Waters. Without any disrespect to the Nile, the Euphrates, or the Ganges, great rivers of the past, I venture to find these great rivers of the future every bit as thrilling to the imagination.

There is no mass of territory on earth that combines so many natural advantages as the United States. Other vast political units, such as Russia, China, Brazil, Australia, suffer from marked natural disabilities. The United States has temperate climate, great and varied fertility, enormous mineral resources, magnificent waterways, and two, or rather three, great stretches of seaboard, with many noble harbors. It borders on the Tropics and the Frigid Zone, and it faces the sea-fronts of Europe and Asia. In spite

of all its diversity, it is a natural unit; and its unity has been vindicated and consecrated in a great war. With all its hundred million people, it is still greatly underpopulated. Unless human unwisdom should defeat the manifest tendency of things, the coming century will see it, incontestably and in every respect, the greatest of nations.

And this giant Commonwealth is English in speech, English in tradition, to a large extent English in race. Should we not esteem it a marvelous good fortune, which has linked us to it by so many impalpable yet indefeasible ties? And is it not the height of folly to ignore or make light of this providential relation? Is it not the depth of stupidity to convert what ought to be a source of strength and assurance to both nations into a fertile seed-plot of misunderstanding and disquietude?

VI

The present juncture of mundane affairs is not one in which any nation can afford to neglect sources of strength, or, in Shakespeare's phrase, to "woo the means of weakness and debility." It would scarcely be extravagant to cite the ancient jest, and say that, if America and England cannot hang together, they stand a very good chance of hanging separate. Their solidarity is the one sure cornerstone of world-peace;

and world-peace is indispensable to the fortunate solution of the internal problems which confront America no less menacingly than England. The founders of the commonwealth, while they sought religious and political freedom, brought with them, unchastened and uncriticized, the then current European views on the subject of property, with the result that the enormous resources of the country have been in a very great measure grabbed and exploited by individuals, to the detriment of the community at large. It is very doubtful whether the United States can properly be called the richest country in the world. It is the country of the richest men—a wholly different proposition. And that very fact is bound to make the inevitable economic readjustment a matter of great difficulty. Capital holds gigantic power, and is not going to see it impaired without a bitter struggle. There is a quite real sense in which it is to the interest of capitalism to foment suspicion and hostility between the Republic and the Empire; for insecurity is the one possible excuse for militarism, and militarism is the best ally of capitalism all the world over. It is hard to say how far this motive is consciously present to the minds of some, at any rate, of the people who are deliberately working to keep the two nations apart. But the Machiavellian mischief-maker might safely

be left to do his worst if babbling ignorance and stupidity did not play into his hands. It is against this inadvertently disastrous influence that the present note of warning is raised.

Democracy will, indeed, prove itself to be incapable of self-preservation, if the mass of the people in England and America can long be blinded to the fact that their only hope of a just and (more or less) peaceful solution of the economic problems of the future lies in a cordial understanding between the two great English-speaking nations. If they are going to let themselves be dragooned into wars, or even beguiled into shouldering the burdens of competitive armaments, the reign of social justice is indefinitely postponed, and can be reached only through bloody revolutions.

In the avoidance of such convulsions, moreover, lies the chief hope that the world may escape the gigantic and devastating color-wars with which it is otherwise threatened. Only by presenting an unassailable front to the possible mass-migrations of yellow and black peoples can the white peoples maintain their supremacy over Europe and America, and the present equilibrium of the races be perpetuated. If the colored races see no hope of mass-expansion, they will automatically check their fecundity, and remain content with the extensive portions of the planet which they at present

possess, and from which they are not in the slightest danger of being ousted. If, on the other hand, they see a reasonable chance of supplanting the white occupants of any considerable extent of territory, they will in all probability justify the fears of the alarmists who prophesy race-wars of unexampled magnitude and horror. It is hard to believe that, after the experience of 1914 to 1918, the white peoples will be guilty of the suicidal folly of failing to show a united front. But a firm Anglo-Saxon understanding is certainly the keystone of the arch of the white world; and should that keystone split, who shall set a limit to the disintegration that may follow?

VII

It may seem an anticlimax to descend from world-wars to pin-pricks; but pin-pricks have before now altered the course of history, and gnat-stings have worked greater devastation than fire and sword. The practical upshot of all these reflections is an appeal to men of good-will on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially to my British fellow countrymen, to realize the enormous importance of Anglo-American relations, and not to throw away in childish levity or petulance the priceless advantages which history has conferred upon them. In dealing with America, let

us always think twice before we speak once; and when we are tempted to speak unkindly or patronizingly, let us bite our tongue. Let those of us who know nothing of America at first-hand beware of showing off the second-hand prejudices and misconceptions that cluster round the word. Let us remember that we ourselves may say things about England which we should regard as impertinences in the mouths of strangers; and do not let us blame Americans if they are prone to the same foible. Let us not set up a foolish claim to exclusive proprietorship in the English language, and treat "Americanisms" (which, five times out of six, are good old Anglicisms) as linguistic misdemeanors. Let us realize that any sort of flippancy is painfully out of place in dealing with Anglo-American relations, and that tact and delicacy are even more indispensable among relatives than among strangers.

This is not to say that serious, competent, courteous criticism ought to be tabooed. The time is long past when Americans were morbidly sensitive to the slightest unfavorable comment on their polity or their manners. They are very busy criticizing themselves (is not *Main Street* the popular novel of the day?), and are no more resentful than other people of outside criticism founded on knowledge and animated by goodwill. It is the thoughtless jibe, the ignorant assump-

tion of superiority,—in a word, the pin-prick,—that stings and rankles.

I will conclude with one or two examples. Sir Owen Seaman, in the preface, or prologue, to the latest volume of *Punch,* took it upon himself to read America a lecture in which a very thin veil of good-humor did not conceal a rather bitter undercurrent of ill-feeling. This document was too long to be discussed at length. I will only say that, even if Sir Owen's reproaches had been just (which was far from being the case), he was under no compulsion to utter them, and would much better have held his peace. Furthermore, an Englishman who cites the attitude of England during the Civil War as a model for America to-day reveals a disconcerting depth of ignorance. The attitude of the British ministry and the British upper classes toward the cause of the Union is perhaps the episode in our international relations which Americans find it hardest to forgive.

A week or two after this editorial pronouncement, there appeared in the same paper a brief paragraph that affords an excellent example of the things we had much better leave unsaid:—

"A new type of American warship is expected to be able to cross the Atlantic in a little over three days. It will be remembered that the fastest of the 1914 lot took nearly three years."

Probably the wit to whom we owe this scintillation intended no ill. He had his tale of bricks to supply, and it seemed to him the simplest thing in the world to throw one of them at the alleged tardiness of America in coming into the war. It did not occur to him that, even supposing she was unduly deliberate, she came in at last, came in superbly, saved a precarious situation, and has therefore claims upon the undying gratitude of all sane and right-thinking Englishmen. How base to go back to past faults,—if they *were* faults,—which have been redeemed, many times over, by conspicuous and decisive benefits!

No doubt it is taking a very heavy line to find baseness in an irresponsible comic paragraph; but my point is that, where Anglo-American relations are concerned, irresponsible flippancy is wholly out of place. Such a paragraph can at best do no good, and may do immeasurable harm: neither the world nor the paragraphist would have been perceptibly poorer had it been blue-penciled. I suggest that, when Mr. Punch is tempted to indulge in such merry jibes at the expense of America, he should recall and follow his own sagacious advice—"Don't!"

Another form of mildly offensive insularity which might well be discontinued is the habit of pulling a wry face over American expressions, not because they are inherently bad, but simply because they are Amer-

ican. Here is an example from a review by Mr. J. C. Squire of a translation of the Goncourt *Journal:*

"It is an excellent free version; but one may just wish that Mr. West had not spoken of a pavement as a 'sidewalk.' We shall be getting 'trolley-car' and 'hand-grip' acclimatized next."

I do not pretend, of course, that any sensible American would take offense at a little faddish Anglicism like this; but it none the less indicates a sort of pedagogic habit of mind toward America, which is quite unreasonable and can do no good.

The pedagogue is in this case particularly ill-inspired. The Americans disclaim responsibility for "hand-grip,"—a term unknown to them,—and may fairly inquire in what respect the illogical and inaccurate "pavement" is preferable to the logical and accurate "sidewalk." The thing to be expressed is the portion of a street or road appropriated to pedestrians; and this, always a "sidewalk," is often a "pavement" only by courtesy; while there are many "pavements" which cover large areas and do not serve the purpose in question. It would be pedantry, of course, to suggest that we should drop the word "pavement" because of its inaccuracy; but it is a much more futile pedantry to take offense at the more precise, descriptive, and (incidentally) more English term, because it happens to be preferred in America. As for "tram-car"

and "trolley-car," neither word is such a thing of beauty as to dispose me to perish in its defense. For my own part, I think the word "street-car" preferable to either; but that, too, I fear, is open to a suspicion of Americanism.

The vague and unformulated idea behind all such petty cavilings is that the English language is in danger of being corrupted by the importation of Americanisms, and that it behooves us to establish a sort of quarantine, in order to keep out the detrimental germs. This notion is simply one of the milder phases of the Great Stupidity. The current English of today owes a great deal to America; and though certain American writers carry to excess the cult of slang, that tendency is not in the least affecting serious American literature and journalism. Much of the best and purest English of our time has been, and is being, written in America. Not to speak of books, one may read the better class of American newspapers and periodicals by the hour without finding a single expression with any local tinge in it.

I do not say that the "Pure English" movement, which is being actively pressed in America, is wholly superfluous. There are undoubtedly classes of the population which deliberately employ slovenly and degenerate dialects; but are there none such in England? The broad fact remains that no such degeneracy is

traceable in literature or in the better sort of journalism. If English journalists make a show of arrogant and self-righteous Briticism, it is quite possible that a certain class of American journalists may retaliate by setting afoot a deliberately anti-British movement, and attempting (as an American writer has wittily put it) to "deserve well of mankind by making two languages grow where only one grew before." Already there are symptoms of such a tendency, and, though I do not think they are very serious, they point in a disastrous direction. Let us not foment them by a thoughtless and offensive insularism. To make our glorious common speech a subject of carping contention would be, perhaps, the most gratuitous and inexcusable form of the Great Stupidity.

MUSSOLINI AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Raymond B. Fosdick

Mr. Fosdick's essay gives a graphic account of the practical working of the League of Nations at a very momentous crisis. It is perhaps not clearly enough realized by some Americans that the League is something that actually exists, and is hard at work. Sooner or later, I believe, this fact will sift through to legislators in Washington.

Mr. Fosdick is one of those public-spirited citizens who have contributed much time and energy to the tough and wearisome business of studying the details of politics, which means, literally, how to run a city. He was born in Buffalo in 1883, a brother of Harry Emerson Fosdick, the well-known "modernist" parson. He took his B.A. at Princeton in 1905, practised law, has served as Commissioner of Accounts of New York City, on the New York City Board of Education, as civilian aide to General Pershing in France, as under-secretary of the League of Nations, and has made a careful study of police systems both here and abroad. The League of Nations is nothing more than an international police system, in essence. This essay appeared in the American *Review of Reviews,* November, 1923.

The Corfu incident is closed. The Italian garrison has been withdrawn and Italian guns no longer threaten the peace and safety of the sleepy island. With a salute to the Greek flag, Mussolini's Navy steamed out of the harbor, leaving behind only the memory of an occupation that lasted less than four weeks.

And yet this relatively unimportant episode—this incident that our children will probably never read of

in their histories—marked a grave crisis in the world, a crisis which might easily have affected the course of events for years to come. Future generations will recall the ghastly significance of Serajevo in 1914, not because it was important in itself, but because out of it grew the greatest tragedy in human history. Corfu brought with it no ugly train of consequence, but for nearly a month it flamed with ominous possibilities.

For Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece, both in form and phraseology, was startlingly akin to that other ultimatum with which Austria sounded the doom of the existing order in 1914. It made demands which no self-respecting nation could accept; it spoke in the name of brute force; it was an appeal to the power of violence. And Mussolini meant business. His was no empty gesture. When he told the representatives of the press that "next week the price would be higher" he meant precisely what he said. The seizure of the small islands adjacent to Corfu was calculatingly significant. When Salandra, the Italian delegate in Geneva, stated that Corfu had been formerly a Venetian possession during four centuries, the threat of his historically accurate but singularly ill-timed observation was not wasted—nor was it intended to be.

Mussolini meant business. He was especially in earnest when he pounded the marble top of his office table in Rome and declared that no affair affecting the

honor and dignity of Italy was of any concern to the League of Nations. This was a matter between Italy and Greece and he resented interference. Austria in July, 1914, was no more inexorable than Mussolini. Greece would obey to the last letter of the alphabet the seven points of his ultimatum or she would take the consequences. There was no middle ground, no way of escape, and if the League attempted to inject itself into the situation, Italy would withdraw from membership. It was a reincarnated Napoleon who trod the stage in Rome in the early days of September.

But three weeks later, when the Italian fleet abandoned Corfu, all that remained of Napoleon was the pose. There was scarcely one of the seven points of the ultimatum that had not been materially modified. Instead of Greece presenting official apologies to the Italian Government alone, she presented them jointly to Great Britain, France, and Italy. Instead of a salute to the Italian Navy by Greek ships with the Italian colors flying at their mainmasts, it was given to the navies of the three Allied powers, and was promptly returned. Instead of an inquiry as to the authors of the murders conducted by Greece in the presence of an Italian officer, the inquiry was made by a joint commission presided over by a Japanese and consisting of an Italian, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. Instead of a payment by Greece within five days of an

indemnity of 50,000,000 lire, together with the costs of the Corfu occupation, the indemnity was paid four weeks later, on September 26, the day before the abandonment of Corfu, and Italy's claim for a further sum to cover the cost of occupation was dropped. Finally, instead of Greece having to promise in advance the imposition of the death penalty upon all perpetrators of the crime, the point was waived altogether, and Greece was allowed to proceed with the case in accordance with the provisions of her own criminal law.

Not only were the terms of Mussolini's ultimatum set aside, but it was accomplished through the identical method to which Mussolini had expressed such violent opposition. This was an affair that concerned Italy and Greece alone, he had said; it was not open to international debate, and particularly it was not the business of the League of Nations. And yet, day after day, Mussolini's representative in Geneva, Signor Salandra, sat in the meetings of the Council of the League, debating, explaining, and conceding. At the meeting on September first, he rose merely to state that the matter was not within the competence of the League. On September 4 he was elaborating and defending the point in considerable detail. On the fifth he was protesting that the occupation of Corfu was only temporary and that Italy intended to make provision for the families of the victims of the bombard-

ment. On the sixth, with the perspiration rolling down his face, he was indulging in a passionate defense of his own country as "the center of art" and "the home of sunshine and beauty." As late as September 17 he was arguing all sides of the matter with M. Politis, the representative of Greece, who sat across the table at the meetings of the Council. In spite of Mussolini's belligerent insistence that the affair was not within the competence of the League, his representative sat for nearly three weeks through session after session of the League's Council, discussing the situation from every angle. And in the end, Salandra joined with his colleagues on the Council in approving the new conditions of the withdrawal.

A conversion like this needs explanation. What happened at Rome and Geneva? Why did Mussolini climb down to a more reasonable position? What sort of pressure was exerted to turn a policy of violence into a policy of peace?

The answer to this question furnishes the significant point to this whole Corfu dispute. The League of Nations has harnessed up a new force in the government of the world's affairs—the force of international public opinion. We have never known hitherto what it could do. There has been no way by which it could be concentrated and directed. There has been no machinery by which it could be focussed upon a par-

ticular situation, no method by which it could be brought into play to effect the settlement of an outstanding difficulty.

But at Geneva the representatives of fifty nations united in a judgment which had behind it the force of almost the entire civilized world. From the day when he first rose to challenge the competence of the League, Salandra was facing the public opinion of mankind, speaking through an instrument that gave it coherency and volume. The conscience of the world was aroused, and the League was the trumpet through which the words of condemnation were cried abroad. Before he had been in Geneva two days Salandra knew that Italy was morally isolated and that at the bar of civilization his country stood condemned. At the first meeting of the Assembly on September 3, of all the vice-presidents and other honorary officers that were elected, not one was an Italian. It was a vote of protest. It meant that the gauntlet had been thrown down. It spoke the belief of fifty nations that this open proclamation of violence, if unchallenged, would smash the frail structure of the world's peace and proclaim to the whole earth that brute force was once more unleashed.

But it was not only in this indirect fashion that the world's condemnation was focussed upon Mussolini. At the meeting of the Council on September 6, a

chorus of indignation went round the table. The diplomatic phraseology in which it was cloaked did not conceal the fire. Hymans spoke for Belgium, Branting for Sweden, Cecil for Great Britain and Guani for Uruguay. Their remarks were aimed directly at Salandra across the table. And down the street in the Assembly the representatives of twoscore other nations were waiting the chance to add their words of censure. Not even a Mussolini could easily withstand the weight of such an indictment in that presence.

This is the chief significance of the Corfu incident. It dramatized in vivid fashion one of the possibilities of the League of Nations. It brought suddenly into the light the mark of the new order. Suppose the Italian ultimatum had been launched a dozen years ago. What possible concern would it have been then to Sweden or Belgium or Uruguay? What right would these governments have had to protest or what interest would have prompted them even to express an opinion? How could such a disapproving opinion have been expressed without endangering diplomatic relations? Indeed, under the old order, these nations would have been well satisfied and certainly well advised to keep their indignation to themselves, thankful that the aggressor was far away and that his violence was aimed at another victim. So our early ancestors, in the cruel days before community law was born,

must have barred their doors and thanked their gods that the robbers who with fire and sword were plundering their neighbors had not chosen to plunder them. Ten years ago, therefore, Greece would have been left to the mercy of Italy, and the situation would necessarily have led to one of two results: war or the surrender of the weaker country.

But with the League in existence a different principle is at work. What Italy does to Greece is now the legitimate concern of Uruguay and Sweden and even of far-away countries like China and Japan. The whole scope of law has been widened. Conceptions of order and justice have pushed out beyond their old boundaries. No act of aggression such as Italy commenced can now be carried through without challenge. A new sensitiveness to international unfairness has been stirred, harnessed to machinery that can give it voice. Fifty nations, representing seven-eighths of the population of the world, stand up in the Assembly of the League to tell Italy that she is acting against the conscience of mankind. No other form of coercion is employed. The economic weapons in the armory of the League remain untouched. But Italy becomes suddenly amenable. Certain face-saving gestures are made; the Council of Ambassadors is put forward as the ostensible instrument for achieving the settlement; but a solution is found

which, while not entirely satisfactory, nevertheless comports with the pride of a great country and the claims to justice of a smaller one.

It may not always be possible for the League to avoid the use of sterner measures in the enforcement of the collective conscience of the world. It is conceivable that the economic boycott, for example, may some day be called into play. But in this new instrument of public opinion—this new method of harnessing the moral judgment of fifty nations—the League has a weapon of infinite usefulness.

No more eloquent tribute was paid to the effectiveness of this weapon than came from the lips of Mussolini himself. Three days after Corfu was abandoned, with the Italian Navy once more riding in its own waters, he gave an interview to a special correspondent of a Paris paper in which he made the following naïve comment: "The League," he said, "has the inadmissible defect that it permits small nations to intervene, discuss and regulate the affairs of great powers." Exactly so! The disillusioned Mussolini had run up against a new force that he did not understand. It baffled and angered him. He had not realized that the day of aggression is drawing to a close; he had not appreciated that the time is nearly over when a big nation can throttle a little one without challenge. He forgot that this was 1923 and not

1913, and that there had recently come into the world a new technique for handling international difficulties. With similar anger the strong men of old must have resented that new thing called law, that gave the weak men a chance.

But it was not only in words that Mussolini acknowledged the power of the public opinion which the League had marshaled. It is significant that the Italian Government—perhaps in response to Nansen's eloquent denunciation in the Assembly—remitted to Greece one-tenth of the 50,000,000 lire indemnity, to be applied to the feeding of Greek refugees. Even more significant is the fact that immediately after the settlement, the Serbians decided to register with the League of Nations the Treaty of Rapallo, defining the boundaries of Fiume, although Italy had given private notice that such a step would be regarded as a hostile act. Hearing of this decision, Salandra, on behalf of Italy, asked for three days' delay, so that the Italians might register the treaty at the same time. Mussolini has learned caution from his contact with the League machinery.

Not only does the League create the pressure for peace and provide the atmosphere in which international difficulties can be more easily adjusted, but it has at hand the machinery for effecting the settlement. It is at this point that some misunderstanding has

occurred as to the Greco-Italian affair, particularly with relation to the part in the final settlement played by the Council of Ambassadors. People have imagined that the League possessed, or claimed, a right to impose itself as arbitrator in all disputes. But this is not the fact. The only right which the League has asserted, or can assert under the Covenant, is the right and duty to see that members of the League submit their disputes to some form of arbitration or peaceful settlement. What form the arbitration or settlement is to take, the Covenant does not specify. It is concerned solely with the peaceful liquidation of disputes, with the substitution of conciliation, consultation, and conference for the old argument of force.

In his speech before the Council of the League on September 17, Lord Robert Cecil illuminated the point in the following admirable words:

> It may be well to assert once again what most of us who have studied the League have constantly pointed out, that its function is not to impose any particular settlement in a dispute. Its object is to promote agreement between disputants, to bring them together, to enable them to understand one another's point of view and to arrive at a settlement. That is what we are directed to do in the clearest terms by the Covenant. The League is not a superstate; it is much more nearly a forum for the discussion of international problems and the promotion of agreement with regard to them. It is

only in the last resort, if no agreement can be reached, whether by arbitration, whether by diplomatic negotiation, whether by any other means, that the Council is to proceed to its next step. The object of the Covenant is to promote peaceful settlement, and not to promote the victory of one side or the other, or even a victory of the League over both.

Precisely this technique was applied to the Greco-Italian difficulty. For nearly three weeks Salandra sat at the council table talking with Politis, the representative of Greece. There were proposals and counter-proposals which were discussed back and forth from day to day. Propositions were advanced only to be condemned and withdrawn. Tentative suggestions were put forward to explore possible avenues of progress. The matter was handled precisely as the arbitration of an industrial dispute would be worked out, each side making its demands and its concessions. Finally Quinones de Leon, the Spanish representative, advanced a proposal which, with modifications, became the basis of the settlement. In order to afford Mussolini a graceful method of exit, the Council of Ambassadors was projected into the scene to submit the proposal to the parties concerned and put it into effect. Any agency or influence, private or public, that can promote the world's peace is grist for the League's mill. "The purpose of the League," says Lord Robert Cecil, "is to effect the settlement of disputes. To ac-

complish this result we will travel any road that leads towards the goal."

That is what the League is. It is a way of doing business. It is a means of getting people together. It is a parliament of persuasion. It is an agency for conference and consultation. It is a machinery to promote consent. It is a method of international life.

As one reviews the details of this Greco-Italian difficulty, the contrast between Corfu and Serajevo rises before the mind, and one's memory jumps back to the tragic days of July, 1914, when another ultimatum brought the world to the edge of the abyss. There was then no machinery of arbitration, no regular method of conference. The inchoate panel of judges at The Hague was all that the ingenuity and good-will of mankind had been able to create to avoid international disaster. In vain Serbia tried to get her case considered by some tribunal of the nations, but there was none, and in that pitch of flame and heat nothing could be devised. In vain Sir Edward Grey fought for a conference, using the whole power of the British Empire to get the disputants around a table. But it was too late; there were not sufficient precedents for such a step; no rules for such procedure had ever been laid down. The catastrophe in which twelve million men were sacrificed, and millions more were crippled and maimed, began without

a single conference. A handful of hasty, misunderstood telegrams plunged the world over the brink, with consequences so terrible that no one even yet can appraise them.

In 1923, nine years later, another atrocious political murder is committed, calling forth another ultimatum, and the forces of ruthlessness are once more assembled. The world holds its breath in anticipation of the shock. But instead of violence there is a meeting of nations around a table, getting together in accordance with a procedure that has been definitely determined for just such an emergency. A discussion ensues lasting over two weeks, and out of the discussion comes a settlement of the difficulty. It is not a perfect settlement; at best it is a compromise; but nevertheless it is a liquidation by peaceful processes of a crisis that was leading inevitably to bloodshed and chaos.

What shall we say of this new method? What shall we think of this new technique? Surely those who oppose the League of Nations are under moral compulsion to suggest to the world something better, some approach to peace that holds out a greater promise for mankind.

The revelation of the League's moral strength afforded by the Greco-Italian crisis is the one hopeful sign in the world to-day. And yet it would be idle to pretend that the League is out of the danger zone,

or that it has the certain power to control the forces that are working toward violence. In attempting to correct age-long international practices its task is gigantic. Its enemies are using every weapon of ridicule and abuse to disarm it of its sole power: the faith of the common people of many nations in its moral authority and claim. Every mistake is hailed as fatal. Every evidence of uncertainty in finding the next step forward is greeted with derision. Even the liquidation of the Corfu crisis is widely advertised as a failure, and the fact of settlement is forgotten in the face of one or two unfortunate but incidental details. Corfu has been restored to Greece, but the enemies of the League are still calling attention to the fact that Mussolini challenged its competence. War has been averted, but the League detractors are emphasizing the point that the indemnity was actually paid to Italy before the investigation of the murders was completed. Peace reigns in the Mediterranean, but the critics are still condemning the League for allowing the question of its authority to be submitted to a committee of jurists instead of to the Court of International Justice. In brief, the League is decried because it has not scored a perfect record.

Of course no human institution ever scores such a record. Certainly no new experiment like the League of Nations can be expected to fulfil the entire promise

of its possibilities in the first years of its growth. For the League is something utterly new in history. It has no body of tradition behind it, no precedents to guide it. It must feel its way along from case to case, growing through contact with experience. It must be developed step by step, adapting itself to new conditions and new problems. This is the history of all great social and political experiments. None of them has ever sprung full-armed and powerful into a waiting and friendly world. None has ever been born to its maximum strength or has been able immediately to measure up to its full responsibilities.

America of all nations should realize that patience and persistence are essential qualities in any pioneering of this kind, because 135 years ago we launched just such an experiment—an experiment utterly new and untried. For forty years it wobbled rather weakly, to the gleeful satisfaction of its enemies and the constant despair of its friends. If any one thinks that this statement is an exaggeration, let him read the record of our early days. In 1801 an act of Congress abolished the United States Supreme Court for fourteen months. Said William Plumer in the House of Representatives: "The Supreme Court must go. Its judges are denounced by the Executive as well as by the House. They are obnoxious and

unyielding men and why should they remain to awe and embarrass the administration?" The same year witnessed a vicious and determined attack upon the whole federal judiciary system. "I resist every idea of having suits decided by foreigners," wrote Judge Todd of Kentucky to Senator Breckenridge, in opposing the establishment of Federal courts in the several States.

And how did the friends of the Constitution react to this concerted attack? "A vital blow has been struck," said Alexander Hamilton. "They have battered down the great outwork of the Constitution," wrote Gouverneur Morris. "There will be a new confederacy of the Northern States and the British Provinces," said Charles Pinckney, and the Washington *Federalist* lamented: "Farewell to all our greatness. Our Constitution is no more."

It took patience and courage to weather that storm. The experiment was still very new; it still had to prove itself through trial and error. And in the next three decades, courage and patience were increasingly indispensable. There was conflict and breakdown, and the air was full of the threat of secession. In 1809 the Governor of Pennsylvania called out the State troops to resist an attempt to enforce a decree of the United States Supreme Court. New York and Mas-

sachusetts at different times both refused to recognize the Supreme Court's jurisdiction. Said a Boston paper: "The Supreme Court has no more right to meddle with our questions than the Court of King's Bench." All of New England was nervously talking of secession. "We are ready for separation," said the Boston *Gazette* in 1808, "if our independence cannot be maintained without it. We know and feel our strength and we will not have our rights destroyed by the mad schemes of a Virginia philosopher."

As late as 1832, the State of Georgia, with the quiet approval of President Jackson, snapped her fingers in the face of the Supreme Court and defied its power. "John Marshall has made his decision," said President Jackson, "now let him enforce it"; and newspapers in many quarters expressed astonishment and resentment that "the sovereign State of Georgia" should be "dragged before the bar." Henry Daniel of Kentucky gave utterance to a sentiment that was more than local when he said: "Nearly every State in the Union has had its sovereignty prostrated, and has been brought to bend beneath the feet of the Federal Tribunal. It is time that the States should prepare for the worst and protect themselves against the assaults of this gigantic court."

Meanwhile the Supreme Court, defied and insulted, was humiliated and helpless. "Is that in truth any

longer a government which is too feeble to execute its laws?" asked the Richmond *Whig*. "The Union is in the most imminent danger of dissolution," John Quincy Adams confided to his diary, "the ship is about to founder." Even John Marshall, the heroic figure who for more than thirty years had led the fight for the federal experiment, gave way to a moment of despair. "I yield slowly and reluctantly," he wrote, "to the conviction that our Constitution cannot last. Our opinions are incompatible with a united government even among ourselves. The Union has been prolonged thus far by miracles. I fear they cannot continue."

The despair of those early days has given way to confidence. Through trial and error we have found our way to stable foundations. The battle has been won, and while mistakes and occasional breakdowns continue, we face the future with serenity.

The League of Nations must inevitably go through the same process. Step by step it must win its way forward to a surer footing. There will be moments of discouragement and despair. People will jeer at its errors and condemn its faltering progress. But with courage and patience to sustain it, it will steadily grow in strength and prestige. We cannot afford to let it fail, for upon it depends not only the immediate hope of the world, but perhaps the whole destiny of

Western civilization. Surely the future of the race, if there is to be any future at all, rests upon the victory in this struggle between the power of international law and order and the power of violence and aggression.

MADAME COCAUD

By Alexander Woollcott

I wonder where Phalanx, New Jersey, is? At any rate that's where Mr. Woollcott was born, in 1887. Perhaps it's near Philadelphia, for Mr. Woollcott attended the famous Central High School in that city, before going to Hamilton College, class of 1909. A man born in Phalanx should naturally have a martial strain in him, and this delightful sketch is an echo of Mr. Woollcott's days in the A.E.F.

I found, on a visit to Hamilton College not long ago, that they are very proud of Mr. Woollcott up there: and I think they have reason to be. In his career as a dramatic critic—on the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald*, and the New York *Sun*—his judgment has come to be wholesomely respected. He is one of those happily impassioned creatures who have found exactly the work that suits them. He lives, sleeps, and dreams the theater, he writes of the stage and its people with that gusto and charm and wit that come of lusty enthusiasm. He has sometimes been accused of being unduly enthusiastic: yet I must be the last to hold that charge against him, for I remember with humility that he pronounced a certain play in which I was—but only partly—implicated, one of the Ten Worst of its season.

This is taken from Mr. Woollcott's book *Enchanted Aisles*. His other volumes are *Mrs. Fiske, The Command Is Forward, Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play*, and *Shouts and Murmurs*.

Here he was back in France—back in Paris, and idling pleasantly at one of those sidewalk cafés where you can sit all day and watch the world stream by.

When he sailed from home, it had been in his mind that he would make this trip something of a pilgrimage, that he would tramp once more alone the La Ferté road where first he had watched the Marines going in, find again the Maxfield Parrish forest where

the tattered but triumphant infantry fell back for breath after the smash under Soissons, pay an humble visit to the old friend and great priest who kept the faith during the long ordeal of St. Mihiel, nor turn back (as once another half-hearted runaway had done) at Varennes, but push on to explore the new life at each crest and ravine of the Argonne he knew so well.

Above all, he would seek out Savenay, that little Brittany village where he had been stationed for so many months that the very silhouette of its gaunt cathedral and the very color and lullaby sleepiness of its slow-revolving windmills would make a fond reunion. All these things it had been in his mind to do. Yet his two months' stay in France was almost spent and he had done none of them—or done few of them, and that cursorily.

Why? he wondered. Something was missing. What? He, at least, was not one of those varnished tourists who seemingly had expected each group of Frenchmen to welcome them wildly as the first troops of 1917 were welcomed, and so, perforce, went home in sulks. Served them right. But something *was* missing. Perhaps if a finer use had been made of the victory the unquestioning troops had forged, the old scenes of their sacrifice would have called him now more urgently. Maybe his was a mere nostalgia for the lost companionship, a feeling that he could

not make the old hikes alone, nor with uncomprehending strangers. Not that a reluctance to leave the Café Napolitan needs, *per se*, a subtle explanation.

And yet—well, it *was* an uncomfortable thought that all his happy anticipations, all his eager expectations, all the rendezvous he had made during the fighting, were to be dropped as the mere phantoms of a passing mood, so easily dispelled, so soon forgotten. Surely there must be some continuity, some stamina to his fond desires. One thing he could still do. One thing he need not weakly forfeit to the inertia of the moment. One thing he might carry out to forestall all subsequent regrets. He would at least go back to Savenay.

There was no time to lose. Another week would find him calculating, with furrowed brow, in shillings instead of francs. Another fortnight and he would be toiling up the gangplank at Southampton, tired and homeward bound. If he were going to Savenay, he must start next morning.

So the next morning—it was a Sunday—found him on the platform of the Gare d'Orsay at the incredible hour of seven, armed with a ticket that had cost him about seven times the price he paid when he was one of several million infrequently appreciative public charges. Soon he was tucked in his compartment, a section filled to the brim with bags and bundles and

bourgeoisie. It was a sweltering day, yet he knew from their expressions, from the very shape and quality of their luggage, that it would be idle to suggest that the window be opened even a little way.

Air-tight, hot, crowded, grimy—and Savenay ten hours away. Why, in the name of common sense, had he ever quit Paris? What, in the name of human nature, did he expect these lean Bretons to say to him? Most of them would not remember him at all. And why should they? Old Madame Richard, who had thrashed the life out of his weekly shirt at the village *lavoir;* old Madame Lefeuvre, whose booming voice had always been raised in the proud boast that she never used grease in cooking; scornful little Claire, who had served chocolate in the *patisserie* for the insatiable Americans and had developed there the colorable conviction that they were a species of chocolate soldier—they might remember him. But what of it? Would any one be glad to see him?

Madame Cocaud, perhaps. Yes, Madame Cocaud, if she were still alive. And, as he drowsed off, his memories staged once more the smoky old *buvette,* hung with festoons of sausages and with copper kettles innumerable. There, since her widowhood, had Madame Cocaud served the drinks when once a week market day would bring a strange pageant of Breton folk to Savenay and transform the gray square of

the *Mairie* into a chattering, fluttering county fair. There, since the black morning when the Government reported tersely and with mimeographed sympathy that her son had been killed at the front, she had dwelt alone, a sleepless and a haunted woman. The neighbors shook their heads, and vowed that poor Mother Cocaud's mind was affected, and avoided her. Then one scorching day in 1917, an American had clattered up to the *buvette,* put his head in the door, and roared for food. She protested that hers was no restaurant, and he started to go, but, obeying some sudden impulse, she beckoned him back, put a few fresh twigs on the open fire, and bent over a pan that soon produced a supper of extraordinary savor. It was eaten with gusto and was watched over from the shadow of the kitchen by an old woman who, now and again, would lift her apron to her eyes.

That was the beginning of an unofficial American mess which was crowded to suffocation morning, noon, and night for two years, until the last boatload of the A. E. F. shoved off for home. Somehow, Madame Cocaud knew that in feeding these young strangers she would find peace,—knew, in a way which satisfied something within her, that, in comforting and cheering them, she would be pleasing her lost son.

What plates of *crêpes,* what pans of Breton sausage, what jars of jam, what cellars of wine vanished in

those two years! Which of the boys paid, and how many sneaked away without paying anything, she never knew. She asked only that there be enough funds to keep the supplies moving. She charged so little and her price scale was so sketchy. You would gorge yourself for hours and clamor for your check only to be waved aside, and told to come back another time and settle when she was less busy. If you protested with mock solemnity that you might never come back, she would make a transparent pretense of figuring on a morsel of paper and then, with a comically unsuccessful effort to look severe and commercial, she would emerge with some such absurd charge as three francs.

This utter failure on her part to appreciate the financial opportunities offered by the passing of the crusaders was a source of considerable bewilderment and no little annoyance to her neighbors. They pointed out to her that in time the Americans would be gone, that then the ancient quiet would fall on the village, and that she would have no fortune put away for the after years.

"On whom would I spend it?" asked Madame Cocaud.

The pilgrim would not soon forget that look which used to come into her face when the soldiers ordered to the front came in to kiss her good-by. Madame Cocaud had a thousand sons in the war. Surely she

would remember the least of them, would have a welcome for the meanest of her subjects.

He was thinking of her now and smiling as the train pulled in to Savenay.

It was strange to see the station, once so alive with jostling troops, now quiet and empty. A few folk straggled from the train across the fields. The hill-road to the village square stretched hot and white and steep before him. As he plodded up, he wished devoutly that he had not come. Only one trace of the A. E. F., that was, greeted him as he climbed. It was a little pointing sign which read: "To the American Cemetery."

He dropped his bag at the Hotel of the Green Oak, laid claim to a six-franc room for the night (he wanted to leave on the next train but it would be pusillanimous not to stay till morning) and walked out towards what had been the American hospital.

Here and there along the road, a shopkeeper came out and saluted him cordially but vaguely. It was interesting to find young folk in the street, knots of loitering Willie Baxters as you might find them in any Gopher Prairie of a Sunday afternoon. There had been none in the old days, but now the war was over.

The hospital was gone. The ruddy slanting sunlight fell across the fields where acres of tents and

barracks had stood, all of them gone now, even the theater that was built with such energy by its prospective patrons. Still standing, however, was the stone school-house which had been its nucleus, now a school once more, with all the luxurious American plumbing piously torn out and scrapped lest the young idea be softened by too much new-fangled comfort.

There, in a quondam squad-room, where he himself remembered sleeping for a time, there were traces of school-work, scrawled blackboards and all the debris of a class in Molière. At least the bits of paper left lying on the desks indicated that the teacher had been lecturing (tepidly, perhaps) on the sins of "*L'Avare.*" With something of a start, he discovered that the notes had been taken on the back of old American court-martial papers. On the piece he held in his hand, he read the fragment of an indictment which accused (doubtless with justice) one he had known of having gone A. W. O. L.

Here was reconstruction with a vengeance. There was in it something of the lilt of the rhythm of history. He had felt its thrill before, once when he saw German prisoners filling in the trenches around Rheims, again a year later when he had heard the machines threshing in the wheat at Belleau Wood, and only just the other day, when high in the French Alps, at the blazing, blinding electrical forges of

Ugines, he had seen the armored turrets of crippled tanks and the rusty cases of a million shells being melted and recast into the tools and machinery of peace.

It was getting late. As he started down the road leading back into the town, he could see ahead of him on the right the jaunty sign of the *patisserie*. He vividly remembered how great was the quantity and variety of cakes it had been possible to wash down with chocolate or *vin ordinaire* during the hour before taps—such variety and such delicacy as no trays of French pastry ever evinced in America. Once he had tried to explore the low-ceilinged kitchen where they were fashioned, only to have the scandalized *patronne* drag him hastily from the threshold. Why, even she dared not cross it. She might employ a famous Breton pastry cook, but, by a law of his guild as old and as strong as Chartres Cathedral, she might not get near enough to him to learn the secrets of his art.

The now cheering pilgrim remembered, too, one drizzling night in the late summer of '17, when the newly arrived Americans found the young *patronne* weeping helplessly over her two-weeks' old son. Her husband was at the front, there were no doctors within many miles, and she was left alone and frightened with a baby whom a clumsy and stupid midwife had

blinded at birth. He remembered how the puzzled Americans had carried her off hopefully to where a famous American surgeon, destined for big work in France, was billeted while his orders loitered, how, in two weeks, her boy could see as well as you, and how always thereafter the Americans had a staunch friend at the *patisserie*—that, too, he remembered.

That is why he was sure now that she would be glad to see any of the old crowd. And he was not mistaken. It was not long before the pilgrim was seated in the shop, with the greatly-expanded youngster on one knee and a plate of pastry on the other, while Madame poured steadily from a dusty bottle of Madeira and showered him with questions as to the whereabouts and health of the doctor who had given back her boy's eyes—beautiful eyes, now, and as big as saucers.

She was somewhat taken aback when her guest, in his decadent civilian state, paused far short of the eighteen cakes she had recalled as his wartime record. He protested that he must save some room for one of Madame Cocaud's dinners.

"Oh, I am glad you are going there," the little *patronne* assented eagerly. "She is so lonely now. It has been hard for her these days, when all the boys that had been his schoolmates and companions, have come rattling home from the war. To sit alone

in your shop and hear the shouts and the laughter when your neighbor's son comes home—that is not easy." There was the ghost of a fear in her eyes as she reached then for her own boy and smoothed out the tousle of his hair.

When a few moments later, he stood at the threshold of Madame Cocaud's shop, he knew he had come to the end of his little journey. It was a heart-warming reunion, in which one white coif became sadly disarranged. She wanted to ask after twenty men at once and, at the same time, she felt she must begin cooking for the one at hand without loss of time. Almost instinctively, as she rattled on, her hand reached for her frying pan. She did not ask him what he wanted. She knew and set to work contentedly on a mess of *crêpes et saucisses*. She laid no place for him in the gloomy outer room, but cleared his old one at the little table in the kitchen corner, so near the hearth that it was never outside her range as a juggler to flip her cakes from the fire to the table.

A strange and unfamiliar maid hovered on the outskirts of these proceedings. What had become of the old one, the shy, quiet girl who would never engage in even the mildest banter with the hurrying Americans, nor appear with the other natives at the occasional band concert at the hospital? Once Madame Cocaud had tried to beguile her to such a concert,

which she herself was dreading because she knew she would be overcome (as, indeed, she was) when they reached the *Marseillaise*. But the girl had been too afraid of some criticism from the family of her betrothed, who was at the front and might hear that she was gadding about with the Americans.

"And did the boy come back?"

"Oh, yes," said Madame Cocaud, "he came back. But, after she had waited five years for him, he married some one else."

This seemed very tragic.

"And the girl, did it hurt her deeply? Was she—"

"Oh, yes, she was inconsolable, quite inconsolable."

"Did she—did she—" he trailed off apprehensively.

"Oh, yes," said Madame Cocaud cheerfully, "she married some one else, too."

Then, as the coffee came on, and a great medley of liqueurs from all manner of strange, squat bottles, she delved into her desk and emerged with an armful of letters and Christmas cards and postals, all from America, a curious assortment of penmanship, from the nice chirography of some remote librarian to the painfully achieved superscription by one infrequently given to the habit of writing. They were all affectionate greetings from her lost Americans, some in earnest French, some in English, some in a fantastic blending of the two. She did not know how to answer

them, did not know, indeed, from whom any of them had come. She could only keep them in her desk to be taken out from time to time and held in her lap. The two spent an hour trying to identify the senders. He suggested lightly that she take a page advertisement in an American magazine to acknowledge them, and he had to devote considerable energy to dissuading her from the notion.

"And here," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "here is something that came yesterday."

So saying, she unfurled a deal of paper and string and brandished therefrom a formidable carving set, which had spent six months seeping through the *douane*. An inclosed card identified the gift as coming from one who had been a private in the A. E. F. and who was now resident in Newark, N. J. She shook her head helplessly, for it is not by the names that she remembers them all.

"I think I know who he is," she confided in a whisper, as though it seemed hardly fair to let the old walls know. "It's a boy who borrowed my carving knife one night and lost it."

They carried the stack of American mail back to the rickety escritoire and stuffed it away. There were two other bursting cubbyholes alongside. He pointed questioningly to the first of them.

"They are all the letters about my son," she ex-

plained, eyeing them askance. "Letters from the Government, from monument-makers, from dealers in *deuil,* from the school where he studied, from the university where he lectured, from the people in London with whom he stayed when he lectured there. He was a lecturer on peace, Monsieur. *Quelle ironie!* —The letters are all here. See, I have never opened them."

And she darted a frightened look at him, as though she feared he would propose their being opened and read at once. He shifted hastily to the other collection.

"And these?"

Whereat she chuckled gleefully and her kindly face —it is the kindliest face in all the world—wrinkled with the quizzical amusement of her famous smile. The A. E. F. justified its existence when, even for a little time, it brought back Madame Cocaud's smile.

"Those," she announced, "are all the letters and threats and warnings from the tax-office inquiring about my excess profits during the war. They've heard somewhere—we all have neighbors—that for two years this was a tremendous restaurant. And now they want a part of the loot. I told them I made no money from the Americans. But what tax-collector would ever believe that? They've asked me

now to make out a statement of receipts and disbursements for each day of the war."

And Madame Cocaud, who had often collected only from those who pursued her with insistence that she charge them something, laughed till her white coif shook. But what had she said in reply? Why, she had suggested to the tax-collector that, if he was in such desperate straits, he might go to the war-office and draw the insolent, impious money which was her legal due because her son had been killed for France. For herself, she would never touch a sou of it.

The thought of Madame Cocaud being harried as a profiteer was too much for the visitor. As he uprooted himself at midnight, he asked for his bill. "Oh, you'll be here for breakfast," said she, up to her old tricks. So after breakfast next morning—a very tureen of coffee, and such coffee!—he asked again. "But you will be here for lunch," she suggested, with a baffled look in her eyes. No—see: here was his bag all packed. He was going straight from her door to the cemetery, and then, cutting across the fields, he would catch the morning train back to Paris.

"Ah, then," she said, "I must say good-by. I couldn't be happy if you went away thinking of this as a tavern where you paid like some stranger. This is your home in Brittany."

So she kissed him on both cheeks, and the memory of her standing in the doorway, to watch him as he crossed the square, was with him an hour later as he clambered aboard the Paris train, put his feet up, covered his face with a copy of *Le Phare,* and settled back to drowse his way to the Gare d'Orsay, while the thump and rattle of the wheels took up a refrain which seemed to say, "Glad-you-came, glad-you-came, glad-you-came." There were overtones, too. Over and above the rhythm, there broke clear and satisfying and curiously sad the sound of a page turning in the history of his life.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA

By Henry W. Nevinson

Mr. Nevinson has always enjoyed making a little cheerful fun of us: as will be remembered by those—I wish they were more numerous—who read his fine volume of short stories called *Original Sinners* (1921). This delightful and enigmatic congé was written in February, 1922, when Mr. Nevinson returned to England after representing the Manchester *Guardian* at the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament. (That Conference, by the way, really did have results, for I have been getting pamphlets from the Navy Department announcing with unconscious humor *The Sale of Battleships for Scrapping Purposes.*)

Mr. Nevinson has written many notable books. Let me commend to you, for instance, *Essays in Rebellion.* The service of newspapers has kept him very busy: I hope some day he will give us another volume of ironical tales like *Original Sinners.* Two autobiographical books, *Between the Acts* and *Changes and Chances,* tell us something of his adventures in life.

Nevinson studied at Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford, then entered journalism. He is one of the most brilliant of modern war correspondents: he was present at the Greco-Turkish trouble in 1897, at the Boer War, in Russia during the revolution of 1905-06, and on all fronts in the European War. Perhaps he does not know how greatly he is admired and honored by many younger journalists: honored for his wit, his courage, his candor, his humane sympathy.

Perhaps I might add that his penultimate phrase "the flaming bulwarks of the world" is a quotation from a great Latin poet. I wonder how many readers recognize it? This valedictory—not a real farewell, I am sure, for we need Mr. Nevinson over here often, and he always finds much to entertain him—appeared first in the London *Nation and Athenæum.* Mr. B. W. Huebsch, the high-minded New York publisher, has reissued it in an attractive little booklet that makes a pleasant bon voyage gift for ocean travelers bound East.

In mist and driving snow the towers of New York fade from view. The great ship slides down the

river. Already the dark, broad seas gloom before her. Good-bye, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-bye to glimmering spires and lighted bastions, dreamlike as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision though mainly devoted to commerce and finance! Good-bye to thin films of white steam that issue from central furnaces and flit in dissolving wreaths around those precipitous heights! Good-bye to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and powdered faces, sit leisurely at work or converse in charming ease! Good-bye, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and moldering streets, of ignoble coverts for mankind, extended monotonously over many miles; of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know something of powder but little of silk, and less of leisure and charming ease. Good-bye, New York! I am going home.

Good-bye to beautiful "apartments" and "homes"! Good-bye to windows looking far over the city as from a mountain peak! Good-bye to central heating and radiators, fit symbols of the hearts they warm! Good-bye to frequent and well-appointed bathrooms, the glory of America's art! Good-bye to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend or enemy from enemy!

Good-bye to shady verandas where rocking chairs stand ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the *Saturday Evening Post!* Good-bye, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison—a land of open fires and chilly rooms and frozen water-pipes, of washing-stands and slop-pails, and one bath per household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof, and see no reason to make themselves seasick by rocking upon shore. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the copious meals—the early grapefruit, the "cereals," the eggs broken in a glass! Good-bye to oysters, large and small, to celery and olives beside the soup, to "sea food," to sublimated viands, to bleeding duck, to the salad course, to the "individual pie" or the thick wedge of apple pie, to the invariable slab of ice-cream, to the coffee, also bland with cream, to iced water and home-brewed alcohol! I am going to the land of joints and roots and solid pudding; the land of ham-and-eggs and violent tea; the land where oysters are good for suicides alone, and where cream is seldom seen; the land where mustard grows and whisky flows. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the long stream of motors—"limousines" or "flivvers"! Good-bye to the signal lights

upon Fifth Avenue, gold, crimson, and green; the sudden halt when the green light shines, as though at the magic word an enchanted princess had fallen asleep; the hurried rush for the leisurely lunch at noon, the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business, however little is accomplished, the Jews, innumerable as the Red Sea sand! Good-bye to outside staircases for escape from fire! Good-bye to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, tin pails, empty cans, and boots! Good-bye to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric wires along the streets, in clanking "trolleys," in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main Streets, and isolated wooden houses flung at random over the country-side. Good-bye to miles of advertisement imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat somebody's cod-fish ("No Bones!"), or smoke somebody's cigarettes ("They Satisfy!") or sleep with innocence in the "Faultless Nightgown"! Good-bye to the long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and sleeps at night upon a shelf screened with heavy green curtains and heated with stifling air, while over your head or under your back a baby yells and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your "stopping-off place," and a semi-negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of unction! Good-bye to the house that is labeled "One Hundred Years Old," for the

amazement of mortality! Good-bye to thin woods, and fields enclosed with casual pales, old hoops, and lengths of wire! I am going to a land of the policeman's finger, where the horse and the bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of persistent and silent toil; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honored three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village churches built while people believed in God. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the land of a new language in growth, of split infinitives and cross-bred words; the land where a dinner-jacket is a "Tuxedo," a spittoon a "Cuspidor"; where your opinion is called your "reaction," and where "vamp," instead of meaning an improvised accompaniment to a song, means a dangerous female! Good-bye to the land where grotesque exaggeration is called humor, and people gape in bewilderment at irony, as a bullock gapes at a dog straying in his field! Good-bye to the land where strangers say "Glad to meet you, sir," and really seem glad; where children incessantly whine and wail their little desires, and never grow much older; where men keep

their trousers up with belts that run through loops, and women have to bathe in stockings. I am going to a land of ancient speech, where we still say "record" and "concord" for "recud" and "concud"; where "unnecessarily" and "extraordinarily" must be taken at one rush, as hedge-ditch-and-rail in the hunting field; where we do not "commute" or "check" or "page," but "take a season" and "register" and "send a boy round"; where we never say we are glad to meet a stranger, and seldom are; where humor is understatement, and irony is our habitual resource in danger or distress; where children are told they are meant to be seen and not heard; where it is "bad form" to express emotion, and suspenders are a strictly feminine article of attire. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23, column 5! Good-bye to the weary platitude, accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-bye to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric for sustenance! Good-bye to politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-bye to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred! Good-bye to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous, and Radicals show red! Where Mr. Gompers is called

a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates, emulated and unashamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent; a land where even Coalitions cannot coalesce; where meetings break up in turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage breast; a land fierce for personal freedom, and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where an ancient order of feudal families is passing away, and—Labor leaders whom Wall Street would shudder at are hailed by Lord Chancellors as the very fortifications of security. Good-bye, America! I am going home.

Good-bye to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-bye to the indiscriminating appetite which gulps lectures as opiates, and "printed matter" as literature! Good-bye to the wizard and witches who claim to psycho-analyze my complexes, inhibitions, and silly dreams! Good-bye to the exuberant religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-bye, Americans! I am going to your spiritual home.

THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH

By Basil L. Gildersleeve

This beautiful essay, a little classic in Americana, was written by Dr. Gildersleeve in 1891 for the *Atlantic Monthly*. I print it here in considerably abbreviated form: I hope that many readers will ensue it in its full text. It is easily accessible, together with another essay equally valuable, in a little volume, *The Creed of the Old South,* published by the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, and not widely enough known.

Dr. Gildersleeve has told that he began to write his reminiscence of Southern patriotism light-heartedly; but "at the end I was dipping my pen into something red, into something briny, that was not ink." And William Archer has described how many years ago when he was reading this essay in a public library "I found myself so visibly affected by it that my neighbor glanced at me in surprise, and I had to pull myself sharply together."

Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1831, died in Baltimore in 1924, is a name to which men of learning all over the world have paid loving and respectful tribute. Certainly he was one of the greatest scholars this country has nourished. His memory carried him back to having heard Poe describe the composition of "The Raven"; he graduated from Princeton in the year of Poe's death. He studied in Germany and took his Ph.D.—first of so many, for in later life he was doctored by many of the greatest universities—at the famous old college of Göttingen, in 1853. In 1856 he was appointed professor of Greek at the University of Virginia, where his twenty years of teaching was interrupted by the Civil War. In the prime of young manhood he joined the Confederate forces. His service as a soldier in the cause that he felt inexpressibly sacred was not only the great adventure but also the secret religion of his career. As he has said, "There were those in the South who, when they saw the issue of the war, gave up their faith in God, but not their faith in the cause." These issues seem, to those of our present generation, strangely far away: but one learns in reading this essay—and perhaps nowhere else so clearly—just why it is that the Civil War so stirs the inward valves of the mind. If War can ever be noble, that War was, for one can perceive stainless honor and incontrovertible rightness on both sides. The impasse was absolute: the issue was, as they say, "joined"; every conviction on the one side fitted nicely into the jagged edges of

its opposing passion on the other. There was no possible compromise. Here was the spirit of tragedy indeed, moving darkly among men: and Gildersleeve, student of the old Greek plays, was well fitted to see the panorama not merely in its picturesque and pathetic details, but also in the perspectives of human sorrow.

But surely it would be unseemly for one young enough to have been that great man's grandson to speak opinion here. To resume facts, Dr. Gildersleeve was the first professor appointed at Johns Hopkins when that university opened its modest classrooms in 1870—an event which was the true and genuine celebration of this nation's centennial: far more significant than the grotesque collection of machineries and whatnots at Philadelphia. That was an "exposition"; but the opening of Johns Hopkins was nothing that could be exposed: it was an inward breathing, an inspiration. And at Johns Hopkins, for forty years Dr. Gildersleeve (relieved from the routine of merely undergraduate instruction) carried on research, served as the fountainhead of a broad new river of classical tradition, founded the first American journal of scientific philology, and communicated to whole generations who never saw him the fire and brightness of his ardor. In him, even watching or hearing from afar, one divined the true loveliness of the scholar's Way, the consolation that the mind can win (amid its conflicting passions, its unassuageable doubts, its agonized wearinesses) by immersing itself in the better parts of men.

Poet, humorist, shrewd sentimentalist and undismayed philosopher, he was one of those spirits who keep unbroken the great current of human thinking which is man's best immortality. If there is a "communion of saints," it is among those who have made themselves free in the noble company of poets and scholars. This is "the service which is perfect freedom."

A few months ago, as I was leaving Baltimore for a summer sojourn on the coast of Maine, two old soldiers of the war between the States took their seats immediately behind me in the car, and began a lively conversation about the various battles in which they had faced each other more than a quarter of a century ago, when a trip to New England would have been no holiday jaunt for one of their fellow-travelers. The veterans went into the minute detail that always

puts me to shame, when I think how poor an account I should give, if pressed to describe the military movements that I have happened to witness; and I may as well acknowledge at the outset that I have as little aptitude for the soldier's trade as I have for the romancer's. Single incidents I remember as if they were of yesterday. Single pictures have burned themselves into my brain. But I have no vocation to tell how fields were lost and won; and my experience of military life was too brief and desultory to be of any value to the historian of the war. For my own life that experience has been of the utmost significance, and despite the heavy price I have had to pay for my outings, despite the daily reminder of five long months of intense suffering, I have no regrets. An able-bodied young man, with a long vacation at his disposal, could not have done otherwise, and the right to teach Southern youth for nine months was earned by sharing the fortunes of their fathers and brothers at the front for three. Self-respect is everything; and it is something to have belonged in deed and in truth to an heroic generation, to have shared in a measure its perils and privations. But that heroic generation is apt to be a bore to a generation whose heroism is of a different type, and I doubt whether the young people in our car took much interest in the very audible conversation of the two veterans. Twenty-five

years hence, when the survivors will be curiosities, as were Revolutionary pensioners in my childhood, there may be a renewal of interest. As it is, few of the present generation pore over The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, and a grizzled old Confederate has been heard to declare that he intended to bequeath his copy of that valuable work to some one outside of the family, so provoked was he at the supineness of his children. And yet, for the truth's sake, all these battles must be fought over and over again, until the account is cleared, and until justice is done to the valor and skill of both sides.

The two old soldiers were talking amicably enough, as all old soldiers do, but they "yarned," as all old soldiers do, and though they talked from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to New York, their conversation was lost on me, for my thoughts went back into my own past, and two pictures came up to me from the time of the war.

In the midsummer of 1863 I was serving as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg was in the past, and there was not much fighting to be done, but the cavalry was not wholly idle. Raids had to be intercepted, and the enemy was not to be allowed to vaunt himself too much; so that I gained some experience of the hardships of that arm of the service, and found out by practical participation what

is meant by a cavalry charge. To a looker-on nothing can be finer. To the one who charges, or is supposed to charge,—for the horse seemed to me mainly responsible,—the details are somewhat cumbrous. Now in one of these charges some of us captured a number of the opposing force, among them a young lieutenant. Why this particular capture should have impressed me so I cannot tell, but memory is a tricky thing. A large red fox scared up from his lair by the fight at Castleman's Ferry stood for a moment looking at me; and I shall never forget the stare of that red fox. At one of our fights near Kernstown a spent bullet struck a horse on the side of his nose, which happened to be white, and left a perfect imprint of itself; and the jerk of the horse's head and the outline of the bullet are present to me still. The explosion of a particular caisson, the shriek of a special shell, will ring in one's ears for life. A captured lieutenant was no novelty, and yet this captured lieutenant caught my eye and held it. A handsomer young fellow, a more noble-looking, I never beheld among Federals or Confederates, as he stood there, bare-headed, among his captors, erect and silent. His eyes were full of fire, his lips showed a slight quiver of scorn, and his hair seemed to tighten its curls in defiance. Doubtless I had seen as fine specimens of young manhood before, but if so, I had seen

without looking, and this man was evidently what we called a gentleman.

Southern men were proud of being gentlemen, although they have been told in every conceivable tone that it was a foolish pride,—foolish in itself, foolish in that it did not have the heraldic backing that was claimed for it; the utmost concession being that a number of "deboshed" younger sons of decayed gentry had been shipped to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. But the very pride played its part in making us what we were proud of being, and whether descendants of the aforesaid "deboshed," of simple English yeomen, of plain Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a sturdy stock, of Huguenots of various ranks of life, we all held to the same standard, and showed, as was thought, undue exclusiveness on this subject. But this prisoner was the embodiment of the best type of Northern youth, with a spirit as high, as resolute, as could be found in the ranks of Southern gentlemen; and though in theory all enlightened Southerners recognized the high qualities of some of our opponents, this one noble figure in "flesh and blood" was better calculated to inspire respect for "those people," as we had learned to call our adversaries, than many pages of "gray theory."

A little more than a year afterwards, in Early's Valley campaign,—a rude school of warfare,—I was

serving as a volunteer aide on General Gordon's staff. The day before the disaster of Fisher's Hill I was ordered, together with another staff officer, to accompany the general on a ride to the front. The general had a well-known weakness for inspecting the outposts,—a weakness that made a position in his suite somewhat precarious. The officer with whom I was riding had not been with us long, and when he joined the staff had just recovered from wounds and imprisonment. A man of winning appearance, sweet temper, and attractive manners, he soon made friends of the military family, and I never learned to love a man so much in so brief an acquaintance, though hearts knit quickly in the stress of war. He was highly educated, and foreign residence and travel had widened his vision without affecting the simple faith and thorough consecration of the Christian. Here let me say that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be understood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is an historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed over in summing up the forces of the conflict. "A soldier without religion," says a Prussian officer, who knew our army as well as the German, "is an instrument without value"; and it is not unlikely that the knowledge of the part that faith played

in sustaining the Southern people may have lent emphasis to the expression of his conviction.

We rode together towards the front, and as we rode our talk fell on Goethe and on Faust, and of all passages the soldiers' song came up to my lips,—the song of soldiers of fortune, not the chant of men whose business it was to defend their country. Two lines, however, were significant:—

> Kühn ist das Mühen,
> Herrlich der Lohn.

We reached the front. An occasional "zip" gave warning that the sharpshooters were not asleep, and the quick eye of the general saw that our line needed rectification and how. Brief orders were given to the officer in command. My comrade was left to aid in carrying them out. The rest of us withdrew. Scarcely had we ridden a hundred yards towards camp when a shout was heard, and, turning round, we saw one of the men running after us. "The captain had been killed." The peace of heaven was on his face, as I gazed on the noble features that afternoon. The bullet had passed through his official papers and found his heart. He had received his discharge, and the glorious reward had been won.

This is the other picture that the talk of the two old soldiers called up,—dead Confederate against living Federal; and these two pictures stand out before me again, as I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with the whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work. For my dead comrade of the Valley campaign is one of many; some of them my friends, some of them my pupils as well. The 18th of July, 1861, laid low one of my Princeton College roommates; on the 21st, the day of the great battle, the other fell,—both bearers of historic names, both upholding the cause of their State with as unclouded a conscience as any saint in the martyrology ever wore; and from that day to the end, great battle and outpost skirmish brought me, week by week, a personal loss in men of the same type.

The surrender of the Spartans on the island of Sphacteria was a surprise to friend and foe alike; and the severe historian of the Peloponnesian war pauses to record the answer of a Spartan to the jeer-

ing question of one of the allies of the Athenians,—a question which implied that the only brave Spartans were those who had been slain. The answer was tipped with Spartan wit; the only thing Spartan, as some one has said, in the whole un-Spartan affair. "The arrow," said he, "would be of great price if it distinguished the brave men from the cowards." But it did seem to us, in our passionate grief, that the remorseless bullet, the remorseless shell, had picked out the bravest and the purest. It is an old cry,—

Ja, der Krieg verschlingt die Besten.

Still, when Schiller says in the poem just quoted,

Ohne Wahl vertheilt die Gaben,
Ohne Billigkeit das Glück,
Denn Patroklus liegt begraben
Und Thersites kommt zurück,

his illustration is only half right. The Greek Thersites did not return to claim a pension.

Of course, what was to all true Confederates beyond a question "a holy cause," "the holiest of causes," this fight in defense of "the sacred soil" of our native land, was to the other side "a wicked rebellion" and "damnable treason," and both parties to the quarrel were not sparing of epithets which, at this distance of

time, may seem to our children unnecessarily undignified; and no doubt some of these *epitheta ornantia* continue to flourish in remote regions, just as pictorial representations of Yankees and rebels in all their respective fiendishness are still cherished here and there. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876, by way of conciliating the sections, the place of honor in the "Art Annex," was given to Rothermel's painting of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the face of every dying Union soldier is lighted up with a celestial smile, while guilt and despair are stamped on the wan countenances of the moribund rebels. At least such is my recollection of the painting; and I hope that I may be pardoned for the malicious pleasure I felt when I was informed of the high price that the State of Pennsylvania had paid for that work of art. The dominant feeling was amusement, not indignation. But as I looked at it I recalled another picture of a battle-scene, painted by a friend of mine, a French artist, who had watched our life with an artist's eye. One of the figures in the foreground was a dead Confederate boy, lying in the angle of a worm fence. His uniform was worn and ragged, mud-stained as well as blood-stained; the cap which had fallen from his head was a tatter, and the torn shoes were ready to drop from his stiffening feet; but in a buttonhole of his tunic was stuck the inevitable toothbrush, which continued

even to the end of the war to be the distinguishing mark of gentle nurture,—the souvenir that the Confederate so often received from fair sympathizers in border towns. I am not a realist, but I would not exchange that homely toothbrush in the Confederate's buttonhole for the most angelic smile that Rothermel's brush could have conjured up.

Now I make no doubt that most of the readers of *The Atlantic* have got beyond the Rothermel stage, and yet I am not certain that all of them appreciate the entire clearness of conscience with which we of the South went into the war. A new patriotism is one of the results of the great conflict, and the power of local patriotism is no longer felt to the same degree. In one of his recent deliverances Mr. Carnegie, a canny Scot who has constituted himself the representative of American patriotism, says, "The citizen of the republic to-day is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any State in the country." What it is to be a native of any State in the country, especially an old State with an ancient and honorable history, is something that Mr. Carnegie cannot possibly understand. But the "to-day" is superfluous. The Union was a word of power in 1861 as it is in 1891. Before the secession of Virginia a Virginian Breckinridge asked: "If exiled in a foreign land, would the heart turn back to Virginia, or South

Carolina, or New York, or to any one State as the cherished home of its pride? No. We would remember only that we were Americans." Surely this seems quite as patriotic as Mr. Carnegie's utterance; and yet, to the native Virginian just quoted, so much stronger was the State than the central government that, a few weeks after this bold speech, he went into the war, and finally perished in the war. "A Union man," says his biographer, "fighting for the rights of his old mother, Virginia." And there were many men of his mind, noted generals, valiant soldiers. The University Memorial, which records the names and lives of the alumni of the University of Virginia who fell in the Confederate war, two hundred in number, —this volume, full "of memories and of sighs" to every Southern man of my age, lies open before me as I write, and some of the noblest men who figure in its pages were Union men; and the Memorial of the Virginia Military Institute tells the same story with the same eloquence. The State was imperiled, and parties disappeared; and of the combatants in the field, some of the bravest and the most conspicuous belonged to those whose love of the old Union was warm and strong, to whom the severance of the tie that bound the States together was a personal grief. But even those who prophesied the worst, who predicted a long and bloody struggle and a doubtful result, had

no question about the duty of the citizen; shared the common burden and submitted to the individual sacrifice as readily as the veriest fire-eater,—nay, as they claimed, more readily. The most intimate friend I ever had, who fell after heroic services, was known by all our circle to be utterly at variance with the prevalent Southern view of the quarrel, and died upholding a right which was not a right to him except so far as the mandate of his State made it a right; and while he would have preferred to see "the old flag" floating over a united people, he restored the new banner to its place time after time when it had been cut down by shot and shell.

Those who were bred in the opposite political faith, who read their right of withdrawal in the Constitution, had less heart-searching to begin with than the Union men of the South; but when the State called there were no parties, and the only trace of the old difference was a certain rivalry which should do the better fighting. This ready response to the call of the State showed very clearly that, despite varying theories of government, the people of the Southern States were practically of one mind as to the seat of the paramount obligation. Adherence to the Union was a matter of sentiment, a matter of interest. The arguments urged on the South against secession were addressed to the memories of the glorious struggle for

independence, to the anticipation of the glorious future that awaited the united country, to the difficulties and the burdens of a separate life. Especial stress was laid on the last argument; and the expense of a separate government, of a standing army, was set forth in appalling figures. A Northern student of the war once said to me, "If the Southern people had been of a statistical turn, there would have been no secession, there would have been no war." But there were men enough of a statistical turn in the South to warn the people against the enormous expense of independence, just as there are men enough of a statistical turn in Italy to remind the Italians of the enormous cost of national unity. "Counting the cost" is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics. The great Athenian statesman who saw the necessity of the Peloponnesian war was not above statistics, as he showed when he passed in review the resources of the Athenian empire, the tribute from the allies, the treasure laid up in the House of the Virgin. But when he addressed the people in justification of the war, he based his argument, not on a

calculation of material resources, but on a simple principle of right. Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a State means slavery. To us submission meant slavery, as it did to Pericles and the Athenians; as it did to the great historian of Greece, who had learned this lesson from the Peloponnesian war, and who took sides with the Southern States, to the great dismay of his fellow-radicals, who could not see, as George Grote saw, the real point at issue in the controversy. Submission is slavery, and the bitterest taunt in the vocabulary of those who advocated secession was "submissionist." But where does submission begin? Who is to mark the point of encroachment? That is a matter which must be decided by the sovereign; and on the theory that the States are sovereign, each State must be the judge. The extreme Southern States considered their rights menaced by the issue of the presidential election. Virginia and the Border States were more deliberate; and Virginia's "pausing" was the theme of much mockery in the State and out of it, from friend and from foe alike. Her love of peace, her love of the Union, were set down now to cowardice, now to cunning. The Mother of States and Queller of Tyrants was caricatured as Mrs. Facing-both-ways; and the great commonwealth that even Mr. Lodge's statistics cannot displace from her leadership in the

history of the country was charged with trading on her neutrality. Her solemn protest was unheeded. The "serried phalanx of her gallant sons" that should "prevent the passage of the United States forces" was an expression that amused Northern critics of style as a bit of antiquated Southern rodomontade. But the call for troops showed that the rodomontade meant something. Virginia had made her decision; and if the United States forces did not find a serried phalanx barring their way,—a serried phalanx is somewhat out of date,—they found something that answered the purpose as well.

The war began, the war went on. Passion was roused to fever heat. Both sides "saw red," that physiological condition which to a Frenchman excuses everything. The proverbial good humor of the American people did not, it is true, desert the country, and the Southern men who were in the field, as they were much happier than those who stayed at home, if I may judge by my own experience, were often merry enough by the camp fire, and exchanged rough jests with the enemy's pickets. But the invaded people were very much in earnest, however lightly some of their adversaries treated the matter, and as the pressure of the war grew tighter the more somber did life become. A friend of mine, describing the crowd that besieged the Gare de Lyon in Paris, when the

circle of fire was drawing round the city, and foreigners were hastening to escape, told me that the press was so great that he could touch in every direction those who had been crushed to death as they stood, and had not had room to fall. Not wholly unlike this was the pressure brought to bear on the Confederacy. It was only necessary to put out your hand and you had touched a corpse; and that not an alien corpse, but the corpse of a brother or a friend. Every Southern man becomes grave when he thinks of that terrible stretch of time, partly, it is true, because life was nobler, but chiefly because of the memories of sorrow and suffering. A professional Southern humorist once undertook to write in dialect a Comic History of the War, but his heart failed him, as his public would have failed him, and the serial lived only for a number or two.

The war began, the war went on. War is a rough game. It is an omelet that cannot be made without breaking eggs, not only eggs in *esse,* but also eggs in *posse*. So far as I have read about war, ours was no worse than some other wars. While it lasted, the conduct of the combatants on either side was represented in the blackest colors by the other. Even the ordinary and legitimate doing to death was considered criminal if the deed was done by a ruthless rebel or a ruffianly invader. Noncombatants were espe-

cially eloquent. In describing the end of a brother who had been killed while trying to get a shot at a Yankee, a Southern girl raved about the "murdered patriot" and the "dastardly wretch" who had anticipated him. But I do not criticize, for I remember an English account of the battle of New Orleans, in which General Pakenham was represented as having been picked off by a "sneaking Yankee rifle." Those who were engaged in the actual conflict took more reasonable views, and the annals of the war are full of stories of battlefield and hospital in which a common humanity asserted itself. But brotherhood there was none. No alienation could have been more complete. Into the cleft made by the disruption poured all the bad blood that had been breeding from colonial times, from Revolutionary times, from constitutional struggles, from congressional debates, from "bleeding Kansas" and the engine-house at Harper's Ferry; and a great gulf was fixed, as it seemed forever, between North and South. The hostility was a very satisfactory one—for military purposes.

. . . When social relations were resumed between the North and the South,—they followed slowly the resumption of business relations,—what we should call the color-blindness of the other side often manifested itself in a delicate reticence on the part of our

Northern friends; and as the war had by no means constituted their lives as it had constituted ours for four long years, the success in avoiding the disagreeable topic would have been considerable, if it had not been for awkward allusions on the part of the Southerners, who, having been shut out for all that time from the study of literature and art and other elegant and uncompromising subjects, could hardly keep from speaking of this and that incident of the war. Whereupon a discreet, or rather an embarrassed silence, as if a pardoned convict had playfully referred to the arson or burglary, not to say worse, that had been the cause of his seclusion.

Some fifteen years ago Mr. Lowell was lecturing in Baltimore, and during the month of his stay I learned to know the charm of his manner and the delight of his conversation. If I had been even more prejudiced than I was, I could not have withstood that easy grace, that winning cordiality. Every one knew where he had stood during the war, and how he had wielded the flail of his "lashing hail" against the South and the Southern cause and "Southern sympathizers." But that warfare was over for him, and out of kindly regard for my feelings he made no allusion to the great quarrel, with two exceptions. Once, just before he left Baltimore, he was talking as no other man could talk about the Yankee dialect,

and turning to me he said with a half smile and a deep twinkle in his eye, "I should like to have you read what I have written about the Yankee dialect, but I am afraid you might not like the context." A few days afterwards I received from him the well-known preface to the Second Series of *The Biglow Papers,* cut out from the volume. It was a graceful concession to Southern weakness, and after all I may have been mistaken in thinking that I could read the Second Series as literature, just as I should read the Anti-Jacobin or the Two-penny Post Bag. In fact, on looking into the Second Series again, I must confess that I cannot even now discover the same merits that I could not help acknowledging in the First Series, which I read for the first time in 1850, when I was a student in Berlin. By that time I had recovered from my boyish enthusiasm over the Mexican war, and as my party had been successful, I could afford to enjoy the wit and humor of the book, from the inimitable Notices of an Independent Press to the last utterance of Birdofredum Sawin; and I have always remembered enough of the contents to make a psychological study of the Second Series a matter of interest, if it were not for other things.

On the second occasion we were passing together under the shadow of the Washington Monument, and the name of Lee came by some chance into the current

of talk. Here Mr. Lowell could not refrain from expressing his view of Lee's course in turning against the government to which he had sworn allegiance. Doubtless he felt it to be his duty to emphasize his conviction as to a vital clause of his creed, but it instantly became evident that this was a theme that could not be profitably pursued, and we walked in silence the rest of the way,—the author of the line

Virginia gave us this imperial man,

and the follower of that other imperial man Virginia gave the world; both honest, each believing the other hopelessly wrong, but absolutely sincere.

I have tried in this paper to reproduce the past and its perspective, to show how the men of my time and of my environment looked at the problems that confronted us. It has been a painful and, I fear, a futile task. So far as I have reproduced the perspective for myself it has been a revival of sorrows such as this generation cannot understand; it has recalled the hours when it gave one a passion for death, a shame of life, to read our bulletins. And how could I hope to reproduce that perspective for others, for men who belong to another generation and another region, when so many men who lived the same life and fought on the same side have themselves lost

the point of view not only of the beginning of the war, but also of the end of the war, not only of the inexpressible exaltation, but of the unutterable degradation? They have forgotten what a strange world the survivors of the conflict had to face. If the State had been ours still, the foundations of the earth would not have been out of course; but the State was a military district, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist. The generous policy which would have restored the State and made a new union possible, which would have disentwined much of the passionate clinging to the past, was crossed by the death of the only man who could have carried it through, if even he could have carried it through; and years of trouble had to pass before the current of national life ran freely through the Southern States. It was before this circuit was complete that the principal of one of the chief schools of Virginia set up a tablet to the memory of the "old boys" who had perished in the war—it was a list the length of which few Northern colleges could equal,—and I was asked to furnish a motto. Those who know classic literature at all know that for patriotism and friendship mottoes are not far to seek, but during the war I felt as I had never felt before the meaning of many a classic sentence. The motto came from Ovid, whom many call a frivolous poet; but the frivolous Roman was after all a Roman, and

he was young when he wrote the line,—too young not to feel the generous swell of true feeling. It was written of the dead brothers of Briseis:—

Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent.

The sentiment found an echo at the time, deserved an echo at the time. Now it is a sentiment without an echo, and last year a valued personal friend of mine, in an eloquent oration, a noble tribute to the memory of our great captain, a discourse full of the glory of the past, the wisdom of the present, the hope of the future, rebuked the sentiment as idle in its despair. As well rebuke a cry of anguish, a cry of desolation out of the past. For those whose names are recorded on that tablet the line is but too true. For those of us who survive it has ceased to have the import that it once had, for we have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for

the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend,—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.

GEESE

By W. H. Hudson

W. H. Hudson, who was born in 1841 in a house named "The Twenty Five Ombu Trees" on the Argentine pampas, had in his spirit some special draught of elemental Nature. Many things that seem urgently important to most men he brushed aside as trivial. The habits of birds, the colors of a stormy sky, the unconscious charm of young children, these meant more to him than the negotiations of governments or the bustling anxieties of urban life. Toward all forces and manifestations of Nature he had a strange and intuitive clairvoyance. Except in so far as he and Nature made friends with each other we know little of his life. In 1901 he and Edward Garnett, who has a genius for "discovering" authors, became friends; and partly to that fellowship we owe the literary productivity of Hudson's later years. In this country, Theodore Roosevelt and Professor William James did much to introduce him to appreciative readers.

In books such as *The Purple Land* and *Idle Days in Patagonia* and *Far Away and Long Ago* (in this last, during a six weeks' period of illness Hudson's memory suddenly revived his childhood of seventy years before and set it down in amazing vividness of detail) you will find a delicious translucent style, calm unflagging humor, honest and wise survey of various mankind, not lacking the barb of just indignation in certain notable passages. Hudson wrote with natural grace, and with a philosophy of life that was genuine and not bogus. As an anonymous writer (John Galsworthy, I suspect) says of him in that beautiful book *Twenty Four Portraits by William Rothenstein*, he was not heralded with paragraphs or tin trumpets, but gained his freedom at great price, paying for it with neglect and poverty. "Who that writes to-day has his strange, searching charm, his great simplicity, his love of animals; not as a man, being a god to them and knowing all things: but humble as themselves, humble because his genius shows him that in the scheme of nature one thing certifies the other, and the parts glorify the whole."

And his death (August, 1922) was, to those not intimate with him, as secret as those of the animals he loved. He died (if I remember rightly) just when the cables were thick with obituaries of Lord Northcliffe, a newspaper owner. Under cover of that clamor, he slipped away, and it was not until the mails came over that we in America knew he was gone.

This about Geese is from *Birds and Man.* How many writers would have called such a book—could they have written it—*Men and Birds.*

One November evening, in the neighborhood of Lyndhurst, I saw a flock of geese marching in a long procession, led, as their custom is, by a majestical gander; they were coming home from their feeding-ground in the forest, and when I spied them were approaching their owner's cottage. Arrived at the wooden gate of the garden in front of the cottage, the leading bird drew up square before it, and with repeated loud screams demanded admittance. Pretty soon, in response to the summons, a man came out of the cottage, walked briskly down the garden path and opened the gate, but only wide enough to put his right leg through; then, placing his foot and knee against the leading bird, he thrust him roughly back; as he did so three young geese pressed forward and were allowed to pass in; then the gate was slammed in the face of the gander and the rest of his followers, and the man went back to the cottage. The gander's indignation was fine to see, though he had most probably experienced the same rude treatment on many previous occasions. Drawing up to the gate again he called more loudly than before; then deliberately lifted a leg, and placing his broad webbed foot like an open hand against the gate actually tried to push it open!

His strength was not sufficient; but he continued to push and to call until the man returned to open the gate and let the birds go in.

It was an amusing scene, and the behavior of the bird struck me as characteristic. It was this lofty spirit of the goose and strict adhesion to his rights, as well as his noble appearance and the stately formality and deliberation of his conduct, that caused me very long ago to respect and admire him above all our domestic birds. Doubtless from the esthetic point of view other domesticated species are his superiors in some things: the mute swan, "floating double," graceful and majestical, with arched neck and ruffled scapulars; the oriental pea-fowl in his glittering mantle; the helmeted guinea-fowl, powdered with stars, and the red cock with his military bearing—a shining Elizabethan knight of the feathered world, singer, lover, and fighter. It is hardly to be doubted that, mentally, the goose is above all these; and to my mind his, too, is the nobler figure; but it is a very familiar figure, and we have not forgotten the reason of its presence among us. He satisfies a material want only too generously, and on this account is too much associated in the mind with mere flavors. We keep a swan or a peacock for ornament; a goose for the table—he is the Michaelmas and Christmas bird. A somewhat similar debasement has fallen on the sheep

in Australia. To the man in the bush he is nothing but a tallow-elaborating organism, whose destiny it is to be cast, at maturity, into the melting vat, and whose chief use is to lubricate the machinery of civilization. It a little shocks, and at the same time amuses, our Colonial to find that great artists in the parent country admire this most unpoetic beast, and waste their time and talents in painting it.

Some five or six years ago, in the *Alpine Journal,* Sir Martin Conway gave a lively and amusing account of his first meeting with A. D. M'Cormick, the artist who subsequently accompanied him to the Karakoram Himalayas. "A friend," he wrote, "came to me bringing in his pocket a crumpled-up water sketch or impression of a lot of geese. I was struck by the breadth of the treatment, and I remembered saying that the man who could see such monumental magnificence in a flock of geese ought to be the kind of man to paint mountains, and render somewhat of their majesty."

I will venture to say that he looked at the sketch or impression with the artist's clear eye, but had not previously so looked at the living creature; or had not seen it clearly, owing to the mist of images—if that be a permissible word—that floated between it and his vision—remembered flavors and fragrances, of rich meats, and of sage and onions and sweet apple sauce. When this interposing mist is not present, who can

fail to admire the goose—that stately bird-shaped monument of cloudy gray or crystal white marble, to be seen standing conspicuous on any village green or common in England? For albeit a conquered bird, something of the ancient wild and independent spirit survives to give him a prouder bearing than we see in his fellow feathered servants. He is the least timid of our domestic birds, yet even at a distance he regards your approach in an attitude distinctly reminiscent of the gray-lag goose, the wariest of wild fowl, stretching up his neck and standing motionless and watchful, a sentinel on duty. Seeing him thus, if you deliberately go near him he does not slink or scuttle away, as other domestic birds of meaner spirits do, but boldly advances to meet and challenge you. How keen his senses are, how undimmed by ages of captivity the ancient instinct of watchfulness is in him, every one must know who has slept in lonely country houses. At some late hour of the night the sleeper was suddenly awakened by the loud screaming of the geese; they had discovered the approach of some secret prowler, a fox perhaps, or a thievish tramp or gipsy, before a dog barked. In many a lonely farmhouse throughout the land you will be told that the goose is the better watch-dog.

When we consider this bird purely from the esthetic point of view—and here I am speaking of geese

generally, all of the thirty species of the sub-family Anserinæ, distributed over the cold and temperate regions of the globe—we find that several of them possess a rich and beautiful coloring, and, if not so proud, often a more graceful carriage than our domestic bird, or its original, the wild gray-lag goose. To know these birds is to greatly admire them, and we may now add that this admiration is no new thing on the earth. It is the belief of distinguished Egyptologists that a fragmentary fresco, discovered at Medum, dates back to a time at least four thousand years before the Christian era, and is probably the oldest picture in the world. It is a representation of six geese, of three different species, depicted with marvelous fidelity, and a thorough appreciation of form and coloring.

Among the most distinguished in appearance and carriage of the handsome exotic species is the Magellanic goose, one of the five or six species of the Antarctic genus Chloëphaga, found in Patagonia and the Magellan Islands. One peculiarity of this bird is that the sexes differ in coloring, the male being white, with gray mottlings, whereas the prevailing color of the female is a ruddy brown,—a fine rich color set off with some white, gray, intense cinnamon, and beautiful black mottlings. Seen on the wing the flock presents a somewhat singular appearance, as of two

distinct species associating together, as we may see when by chance gulls and rooks, or sheldrakes and black scoters, mix in one flock.

This fine bird has long been introduced into this country, and as it breeds freely it promises to become quite common. I can see it any day; but these exiles, pinioned and imprisoned in parks, are not quite like the Magellanic geese I was intimate with in former years, in Patagonia and in the southern pampas of Buenos Ayres, where they wintered every year in incredible numbers, and were called "bustards" by the natives. To see them again, as I have seen them, by day and all day long in their thousands, and to listen again by night to their wild cries, I would willingly give up, in exchange, all the invitations to dine which I shall receive, all the novels I shall read, all the plays I shall witness, in the next three years; and some other miserable pleasures might be thrown in. Listening to the birds when, during migration, on a still frosty night, they flew low, following the course of some river, flock succeeding flock all night long; or heard from a herdsman's hut on the pampas, when thousands of the birds had encamped for the night on the plain hard by, the effect of their many voices (like that of their appearance when seen flying) was singular, as well as beautiful, on account of the striking contrasts in the various sounds they uttered. On

clear frosty nights they are most loquacious, and their voices may be heard by the hour, rising and falling, now few, and now many taking part in the endless confabulation—a talkee-talkee and concert in one; a chatter as of many magpies; the solemn deep, *honk-honk,* the long, grave note changing to a shuddering sound; and, most wonderful, the fine silvery whistle of the male, steady or tremulous, now long and now short, modulated a hundred ways—wilder and more beautiful than the night-cry of the widgeon, brighter than the voice of any shore bird, or any warbler, thrush, or wren, or the sound of any wind instrument.

It is probable that those who have never known the Magellanic goose in a state of nature are best able to appreciate its fine qualities in its present semi-domestic state in England. At all events the enthusiasm with which a Londoner spoke of this bird in my presence some time ago came to me rather as a surprise. It was at the studio in St. John's Wood of our greatest animal painter, one Sunday evening, and the talk was partly about birds, when an elderly gentleman said that he was pleased to meet some one who would be able to tell him the name of a wonderful bird he had lately seen in St. James's Park. His description was vague; he could not say what its color was, nor what sort of beak it had, nor whether its feet were webbed or not; but it was a large tall bird, and

there were two of them. It was the way this bird had comported itself towards him that had so taken him. As he went through the park at the side of the enclosure, he caught sight of the pair some distance away on the grass, and the birds, observing that he had stopped in his walk to regard them, left off feeding, or whatever they were doing, and came to him. Not to be fed—it was impossible to believe that they had any such motive; it was solely and purely a friendly feeling towards him which caused them immediately to respond to his look, and to approach him, to salute him, in their way. And when they had approached within three or four yards of where he stood, advancing with a quiet dignity, and had then uttered a few soft low sounds, accompanied with certain graceful gestures, they turned and left him; but not abruptly, with their backs towards him—oh, no, they did nothing so common; they were not like other birds—they were perfect in everything; and, moving from him, half paused at intervals, half turning first to one side then the other, inclining their heads as they went. Here our old friend rose and paced up and down the floor, bowing to this side and that and making other suitable gestures, to try to give us some faint idea of the birds' gentle courtesy and exquisite grace. It was, he assured us, most astonishing; the birds' gestures and motions were those of a human being, but in their

perfection immeasurably superior to anything of the kind to be seen in any Court in Europe or the world.

The birds he had described, I told him, were no doubt Upland Geese.

"Geese!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and disgust. "Are you speaking seriously? Geese! Oh, no, nothing like geese—a sort of ostrich."

It was plain that he had no accurate knowledge of birds; if he had caught sight of a kingfisher or green woodpecker, he would probably have described it as a sort of peacock. Of the goose, he only knew that it is a ridiculous, awkward creature, proverbial for its stupidity, although very good to eat; and it wounded him to find that any one could think so meanly of his intelligence and taste as to imagine him capable of greatly admiring any bird called a goose, or any bird in any way related to a goose.

I will now leave the subject of the beautiful antarctic goose, the "bustard" of the horsemen of the pampas, and "sort of ostrich" of our Londoner, to relate a memory of my early years, and of how I first became an admirer of the familiar domestic goose. Never since have I looked on it in such favorable conditions.

Two miles from my home there stood an old mud-built house, thatched with rushes, and shaded by a few ancient half-dead trees. Here lived a very old

woman with her two unmarried daughters, both withered and gray as their mother; indeed, in appearance, they were three amiable sister witches, all very, very old. The high ground on which the house stood sloped down to an extensive reed- and rush-grown marsh, the source of an important stream; it was a paradise of wild fowl, swan, roseate spoonbill, herons white and herons gray, ducks of half a dozen species, snipe, and painted snipe, and stilt, plover, and godwit; the glossy ibis, and the great crested blue ibis with a powerful voice. All these interested, I might say fascinated, me less than the tame geese that spent most of their time in or on the borders of the marsh in the company of the wild birds. The three old women were so fond of their geese that they would not part with one for love or money; the most they would ever do would be to present an egg, in the laying season, to some visitor as a special mark of esteem.

It was a grand spectacle, when the entire flock, numbering upwards of a thousand, stood up on the marsh and raised their necks on a person's approach. It was grand to hear them, too, when, as often happened, they all burst out in a great screaming concert. I can hear that mighty uproar now!

With regard to the character of the sound: the poet Cowper thought not meanly of the domestic gray goose as a vocalist, when heard on a common or even in a

farmyard. But there is a vast difference in the effect produced on the mind when the sound is heard amid its natural surroundings in silent desert places. Even hearing them as I did, from a distance, on that great marsh, where they existed almost in a state of nature, the sound was not comparable to that of the perfectly wild bird in his native haunts. The cry of the wild gray-lag was described by Robert Gray in his *Birds of the West of Scotland*. Of the bird's voice he writes: "My most recent experiences (August, 1870) in the Outer Hebrides remind me of a curious effect which I noted in connection with the call-note of this bird in these quiet solitudes. I had reached South Uist, and taken up my quarters under the hospitable roof of Mr. Birnie, at Grogarry . . . and in the stillness of the Sabbath morning following my arrival was aroused from sleep by the cries of the gray-lags as they flew past the house. Their voices, softened by distance, sounded not unpleasantly, reminding me of the clanging of church bells in the heart of a large town."

It is a fact, I think, that to many minds the mere wildness represented by the voice of a great wild bird in his lonely haunts is so grateful, that the sound itself, whatever its quality may be, delights, and is more than the most beautiful music. A certain distinguished man of letters and Church dignitary was

once asked, a friend tells me, why he lived away from society, buried in the loneliest village on the dreary East coast; at that spot where, standing on the flat desolate shore you look over the North Sea, and have no land between you and far Spitzbergen. He answered, that he made his home there because it was the only spot in England in which, sitting in his own room, he could listen to the cry of the pink-footed goose. Only those who have lost their souls will fail to understand.

The geese I have described, belonging to the three old women, could fly remarkably well, and eventually some of them, during their flights down stream, discovered at a distance of about eight miles from home the immense, low, marshy plain bordering the sea-like Plata River. There were no houses and no people in that endless green, wet land, and they liked it so well that they visited it more and more often, in small flocks of a dozen to twenty birds, going and coming all day long, until all knew the road. It was observed that when a man on foot or on horseback appeared in sight of one of these flocks, the birds at this distance from home were as wary as really wild birds, and watched the stranger's approach in alarm, and when he was still at a considerable distance rose and flew away beyond sight.

The old dames grieved at this wandering spirit in

their beloved birds, and became more and more anxious for their safety. But by this time the aged mother was fading visibly into the tomb, though so slowly that long months went by while she lay on her bed, a weird-looking object—I remember her well—leaner, grayer, more ghost-like, than the silent, lean, gray heron on the marsh hard by. And at last she faded out of life, aged, it was said by her descendants, a hundred and ten years; and, after she was dead, it was found that of that great company of noble birds there remained only a small remnant of about forty, and these were probably incapable of sustained flight. The others returned no more; but whether they met their death from duck and swan shooters in the marshes, or had followed the great river down to the sea, forgetting their home, was never known. For about a year after they had ceased going back, small flocks were occasionally seen in the marshes, very wild and strong on the wing, but even these, too, vanished at last.

It is probable that, but for powder and shot, the domestic goose of Europe, by occasionally taking to a feral life in thinly-settled countries, would ere this have become widely distributed over the earth.

And one wonders if in the long centuries running to thousands of years, of tame flightless existence, the strongest impulse of the wild migrant has been wholly

extinguished in the domestic goose? We regard him as a comparatively unchangeable species, and it is probable that the unexercised faculty is not dead but sleeping, and would wake again in favorable circumstances. The strength of the wild bird's passion has been aptly described by Miss Dora Sigerson in her little poem, "The Flight of the Wild Geese." The poem, oddly enough, is not about geese but about men—wild Irishmen who were called Wild Geese; but the bird's powerful impulse and homing faculty are employed as an illustration, and admirably described:—

Flinging the salt from their wings, and despair from their hearts
They arise on the breast of the storm with a cry and are gone.
When will you come home, wild geese, in your thousand strong? . . .
Not the fierce wind can stay your return or tumultuous sea, . . .
Only death in his reaping could make you return no more.

Now arctic and antarctic geese are alike in this their devotion to their distant breeding-ground, the cradle and true home of the species or race; and I will conclude with an incident related to me many years ago by a brother who was sheep-farming in a wild and lonely district on the southern frontier of Buenos Ayres. Immense numbers of upland geese in great

flocks used to spend the cold months on the plains where he had his lonely hut; and one morning in August in the early spring of that southern country, some days after all the flocks had taken their departure to the south, he was out riding, and saw at a distance before him on the plain a pair of geese. They were male and female—a white and a brown bird. Their movements attracted his attention and he rode to them. The female was walking steadily on in a southerly direction, while the male, greatly excited, and calling loudly from time to time, walked at a distance ahead, and constantly turned back to see and call to his mate, and at intervals of a few minutes he would rise up and fly, screaming, to a distance of some hundreds of yards; then finding that he had not been followed, he would return and alight at a distance of forty or fifty yards in advance of the other bird, and begin walking on as before. The female had one wing broken, and, unable to fly, had set out on her long journey to the Magellanic Islands on her feet; and her mate, though called to by that mysterious imperative voice in his breast, yet would not forsake her; but flying a little distance to show her the way, and returning again and again, and calling to her with his wildest and most piercing cries, urged her still to spread her wings and fly with him to their distant home.

And in that sad, anxious way they would journey on to the inevitable end, when a pair or family of carrion eagles would spy them from a great distance —the two travelers left far behind by their fellows, one flying, the other walking; and the first would be left to continue the journey alone.

Since this appreciation was written a good many years ago I have seen much of geese, or, as it might be put, have continued my relations with them and have written about them too in my *Adventures Among Birds* (1913). In recent years it has become a custom of mine to frequent Wells-next-the-Sea in October and November just to welcome the wild geese that come in numbers annually to winter at that favored spot. Among the incidents related in that last book of mine about the wild geese, there were two or three about the bird's noble and dignified bearing and its extraordinary intelligence, and I wish here to return to that subject just to tell yet one more goose story: only in this instance it was about the domestic bird.

It happened that among the numerous letters I received from readers of *Birds and Man* on its first appearance there was one which particularly interested me, from an old gentleman, a retired schoolmaster in the cathedral city of Wells. He was a delightful letter-writer, but by-and-by our correspond-

ence ceased and I heard no more of him for three or four years. Then I was at Wells, spending a few days looking up and inquiring after old friends in the place, and remembering my pleasant letter-writer I went to call on him. During our conversation he told me that the chapter which had impressed him most in my book was the one on the goose, especially all that related to the lofty dignified bearing of the bird, its independent spirit and fearlessness of its human masters, in which it differs so greatly from all other domestic birds. He knew it well; he had been feelingly persuaded of that proud spirit in the bird, and had greatly desired to tell me of an adventure he had met with, but the incident reflected so unfavorably on himself, as a humane and fair-minded or sportsmanlike person, that he had refrained. However, now that I had come to see him he would make a clean breast of it.

It happened that in January some winters ago, there was a very great fall of snow in England, especially in the south and west. The snow fell without intermission all day and all night, and on the following morning Wells appeared half buried in it. He was then living with a daughter who kept house for him in a cottage standing in its own grounds on the outskirts of the town. On attempting to leave the house he found they were shut in by the snow, which had

banked itself against the walls to the height of the eaves. Half an hour's vigorous spade work enabled him to get out from the kitchen door into the open, and the sun in a blue sky shining on a dazzling white and silent world. But no milkman was going his rounds, and there would be no baker nor butcher nor any other tradesman to call for orders. And there were no provisions in the house! But the milk for breakfast was the first thing needed, and so with a jug in his hand he went bravely out to try and make his way to the milk shop which was not far off.

A wall and hedge bounded his front garden on one side, and this was now entirely covered by an immense snowdrift, sloping up to a height of about seven feet. It was only when he paused to look at this vast snow heap in his garden that he caught sight of a goose, a very big snow-white bird without a gray spot in its plumage, standing within a few yards of him, about four feet from the ground. Its entire snowy whiteness with snow for a background had prevented him from seeing it until he looked directly at it. He stood still gazing in astonishment and admiration at this noble bird, standing so motionless with its head raised high that it was like the figure of a goose carved out of some crystalline white stone and set up at that spot on the glittering snowdrift. But it was no statue; it had living eyes which without the least

turning of the head watched him and every motion he made. Then all at once the thought came into his head that here was something, very good succulent food in fact, sent, he almost thought providentially, to provision his house; for how easy it would be for him as he passed the bird to throw himself suddenly upon and capture it! It had belonged to some one, no doubt, but that great snowstorm and the furious northeast wind had blown it far, far from its native place and it was now lost to its owner forever. Practically it was now a wild bird for him to take without any qualms and to nourish himself on its flesh while the snow siege lasted. Standing there, jug in hand, he thought it out, and then took a few steps towards the bird in order to see if there was any sign of suspicion in it; but there was none, only he could see that the goose without turning its head was all the time regarding him out of the corner of one eye. Finally he came to the conclusion that his best plan was to go for the milk and on his return to set the jug down by the gate when coming in, then to walk in a careless, unconcerned manner towards the door, taking no notice of the goose until he got abreast of it, and then turn suddenly and hurl himself upon it. Nothing could be easier; so away he went and in about twenty minutes was back again with the milk, to find the bird in the same place standing as before motionless

in the same attitude. It was not disturbed at his coming in at the gate, nor did it show the slightest disposition to move when he walked towards it in his studied careless manner. Then, when within three yards of it, came the supreme moment, and wheeling suddenly round he hurled himself with violence upon his victim, throwing out his arms to capture it, and so great was the impulse he had given himself that he was buried to the ankles in the drift. But before going into it, in that brief moment, the fraction of a second, he saw what happened; just as his hands were about to touch it the wings opened and the bird was lifted from its stand and out of his reach as if by a miracle. In the drift he was like a drowning man, swallowing snow into his lungs for water. For a few dreadful moments he thought it was all over with him; then he succeeded in struggling out and stood trembling and gasping and choking, blinded with snow. By-and-by he recovered and had a look round, and lo! there stood his goose on the summit of the snow bank about three yards from the spot where it had been! It was standing as before, perfectly motionless, its long neck and head raised, and was still in appearance the snow-white figure of a carved bird, only it was more conspicuous and impressive now, being outlined against the blue sky, and as before it was regarding him out of the corner of one eye.

He had never, he said, felt so ashamed of himself in his life! If the bird had screamed and fled from him it would not have been so bad, but there it had chosen to remain, as if despising his attempt at harming it too much even to feel resentment. A most uncanny bird! it seemed to him that it had divined his intention from the first and had been prepared for his every movement; and now it appeared to him to be saying mentally: "Have you got no more plans to capture me in your clever brain, or have you quite given it up?"

Yes, he had quite, quite given it up!

And then the goose, seeing there were no more plans, quietly unfolded its wings and rose from the snowdrift and flew away over the town and the cathedral away on the further side, and towards the snow-covered Mendips; he standing there watching it until it was lost to sight in the pale sky.

COINCIDENCES

By Alexander Black

Mr. Black, who loves New York City and has written so charmingly about her, was born there in 1859. I always think of him as the man who had Walt Whitman's old desk—or what was believed to be Walt's old desk—in the office of the Brooklyn *Times*. So Mr. Black tells in his volume of essays, *The Latest Thing*, from which the following is taken. He joined the staff of the Brooklyn *Times* at the age of fifteen, was literary editor of that paper 1885-95, Sunday Editor of the New York *World* 1905-10, and was also, I believe, one of the earliest experimenters with photoplays. Most of his novels are laid in New York scenes: of these *The Great Desire* (much admired by William Dean Howells) is the best known. He is a frequent contributor of spirited essays in the magazines, and is also a pillar of that international fraternity of writers called the P.E.N. Club. (P.E.N. stands, I think, for "Poets, Essayists, Novelists"; but I don't really know, for being a rustic recluse divided from the banquet board by an indiligent train service, I have not attended its glittering dinners to which Mr. Black has kindly attempted to lure me.)

There can be extraordinary sarcasms in coincidence. One night a thief made off with my overcoat from a restaurant. The restaurant was not of the sort in which one is admonished to be alert. Moreover, I had never been robbed of anything in my life. I was utterly without admonitory experience. Naturally, the incident made a rather profound impression. The weather happened to deepen that impression. It was within the hour that I happened to open my Bible to verify the location of the verse from

which I took the title of a certain book. And in the verse immediately preceding I read, with an entirely new sense of their significance, these startling words: "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments."

On a certain afternoon I was reading a book in a street car. The book was Julian Hawthorne's *The Great Bank Robbery*. Its picture of a beautiful, cultivated, and socially important woman who becomes fascinated by a crook, and under the mesmeric influence of the infatuation actually steals the secret of a safe, set up a lively speculation in my mind. The story was supposed to be founded upon fact—really to transcribe the experiences of a known detective—and the psychology of the thing thus acquired more than merely a speculative interest. All the rest of the story might be true, or be a free transcription of fact, but could this woman be true? I lowered the book in that moment of mental wrestling with skepticism and became conscious that a girl in a greenish-blue dress sat diagonally opposite in the car. It occurred to me that she was very pretty, perhaps even beautiful, and that especially she had about her something exquisite, as of a fine breed, that stood out against the profane average of the public huddle. The truth is that I was awed and thrust quite into the mood of a deeper skepticism about the book. Could

a girl like *that,* for example, do a coarse, unscrupulous thing, a criminal thing at the behest of any man or any emotion? It was incredible. Hawthorne's fiction began to look tawdry, like a trick to make a melodrama. I should have to say so in my review. Then the car came to a stop. The girl opposite arose. A man on the front platform got off. So did a man on the rear platform who had been standing beside the conductor. Presently I saw that the girl was between them in the street, and when I glanced backward I became aware that the three figures disappeared into the Greene Avenue police station. In a state of disturbed curiosity I went to the conductor. The girl? That was Jenny Hansen. The coppers called her the queen of the shoplifters.

Again: And note that the scene is once more a public conveyance and that once more I am reviewing. Of course a reviewer should be wearing a velvet jacket and be seated in a large place, graciously quiet, and framed against the intrusions of mere life by towering barricades of books. Here, attuned and sheltered, the reviewer should measure the precise degree in which the print in hand synchronizes with Literature. But I was in the cross seat of an elevated train. In that day elevated trains were operated by steam, and this one was bowling along at what seemed to be a hastening rate. My book was Virginia Titcomb's *Mind*

Cure on a Material Basis, then a comparatively new subject. I reached a paragraph in which there was speculation upon the ultimate power of thought and will to influence external things. Call it creative imagination, mediumistic projection, or the faith that moves mountains, this power, by whatever name, latent or limited, suggested enormous potentialities. Yet with the most eager cordiality toward the theory one could not avoid bewilderment as to the boundaries. One might influence his own chemistry. This was already admitted. Would it be held that wholly external matter might, as in the Miracles, yield to the white heat of individual wish? Fancy, I said to myself, willing, willing fiercely and with a tremendous concentration, that this train, now midway of two stations, should come to an utter halt, that I, taking the train by the throat, as it were, should screech to it, "Stop!" At that instant (the instant is essential to my drama) the train *did* halt, with so complete a suddenness, with a sharpness so preposterously violent, that I was thrown forward against the seat in front, to the damage of my face. A child fell to the floor of the car. One or two women screamed in fright. For another instant, before there could be room for reason, I had the thrill of an absolutely apocalyptic confirmation, with a twinge that blended chagrin and awe. The world had, at a stroke,

acquired a fearful, a prodigious instability. Nothing is too fantastic to last for a second. When I thrust my head out of the window (in company with a dozen others) I discovered that the engineer had quite peremptorily changed his mind and decided to take water at a huge tank which hung about a hundred feet from the point where I had applied the mental brakes.

Others may have had profounder experience. These are my three perfect coincidences.

THE DECAY OF SYNTAX

By R. W. Chapman

This comes from Mr. Chapman's exquisite little book, *The Portrait of a Scholar,* containing essays written while their author was on active service in Macedonia, 1916-18. He speaks of their composition "in camps and dug-outs and troop-trains"; but no one writing with all the comforts and reference resources of his home study ever conveyed a finer flavor of the literary essay at its best. Indeed, the oftener I look at it, the more I believe that little book to be one of the great achievements of the War. When I consider Mr. Chapman, in the intervals of his duty as an artillery officer, consoling himself with such topics as Rime, Spelling Reform, Silver Spoons, Reading Aloud, and Dr. Johnson in Scotland, I say to myself that this book gives an alluring portrait of another Scholar beside the one intended in the title essay (Professor Bywater)—a portrait of Mr. Chapman himself, a portrait that makes one eager to know the original.

Mr. Chapman was born in 1881, studied at St. Andrews (Scotland) and at Oriel College, Oxford. Dr. Johnson is one of his hobbies: he discovered and reprinted, not long ago, Johnson's vanished *Proposals for Printing the Dramatick Works of William Shakespeare.* He is a member of the staff of the Oxford University Press, which is undoubtedly just the kind of heavenly job he deserves Tourists in Oxford always make the round of the colleges, but they omit the two factories in the town which are among the world's great institutions of beneficence—the Clarendon Press and Cooper's marmalade works.

The morbid state of modern English prose is generally recognized by competent judges. "Mr. Bevan was right," says Professor Phillimore in the preface to his translation of Propertius, "when he argued that the present state of the language is peculiarly favorable to translators. The incipient senile ataxy of English restores us something of the receptiveness

which in the Elizabethans was an effect of juvenal elasticity." If this judgment is true, it is apparent that any beauty in modern English prose can be only the beauty of decay; and the supposed imbecility of modern English can be only one symptom of a deep-seated national corruption. More sanguine censors of modern tendencies may hope that the maladies under which most modern writing labors are due to temporary causes, to preoccupation and negligence which may in time be cured.

An examination of everyday speech will perhaps suggest that it is our written rather than our colloquial English that betrays the languor of senility. The spoken English of all classes is now commonly most invertebrate and flaccid when it relies upon a literary tradition to which it owes no more than a formal allegiance; and most virile when it trusts its native wit and coins phrases from the accidents of daily life or borrows them from foreign experience. The modern Englishman in his talk pays little regard to propriety of diction; he is ignorant of etymology and careless of euphony; but he has a keen sense of the picturesque, and a significant interest in phonetics. The inherited modes of expression have ceased to interest him; and accordingly the ordinary journalistic English, which is almost purely traditional, is not merely decadent; it is formless, incurious, and life-

less. Soldiers' letters, which are a kind of journalism, are one-half formulary. "I take great pleasure in writing these few lines in answer to your welcome letter." The remainder is mainly an echo of the popular newspapers; only an insignificant fraction reflects the writer's natural and nervous speech.

The decline of literary English is not recent; it has been going on for more than a century. Written English reached its highest general level in the latter part of the eighteenth century. That age, like the Augustan age of Rome, which also reached a high level of literary form, was an age in which it seemed to the orthodox majority that human discovery and development had gone nearly as far as they were likely to go; that the great discoveries had been made, and the fundamental doctrines of science and religion established. It remained only to elaborate details, to put the coping-stone on the wall of knowledge. Men were thus at liberty to study the vehicle of accepted truth, and to add elegance to knowledge which no longer needed support. Johnson once believed it possible, by judicious selection from the works of approved writers, to standardize an English vocabulary which would need no innovation, and would allow expression to any ideas that might require it.

What is called the Romantic Revival was, as it affected English prose style, not a revival but a re-

volt. The poets, indeed, by drawing on the past and the present, were able to enrich the poetic vocabulary and to burst the narrow metrical banks in which poetry had been condemned to flow. But the prose revolutionists of the early nineteenth century were rather iconoclasts than builders. The revolt was a real revolt. In the half-century which followed the death of Johnson old idols had been shattered, and men's minds were seething with new ideas. But the instrument of language is a thing in its nature traditional. It is easily damaged, and painfully mended. Lamb and his contemporaries did much to impair its structure, and what they destroyed they did not rebuild. Their writing, great and vital as it is, was therefore in its formal aspect rather decadent than renascent. The most popular qualities of their style, its delicate allusiveness and wealth of reminiscence, are characteristic of a silver age.

The formlessness which is incipient in the essayists of the early nineteenth century was rapidly aggravated. The results may be studied in the writings of some of the most popular of the Victorian novelists. What has been admired or derided as the style of Charles Dickens does not deserve to be called a style. It is a mere collection of indifferent tricks. Anthony Trollope, who is free from mannerism, is entirely without style. His writing is not offensive, and at

its best it has an attractive simplicity; but at its worst it might almost be called illiterate. It is perhaps significant that these two writers are supreme masters of dialogue. Trollope's own writing is nothing; when he makes his people talk he is inspired.

Poetry is a form highly artificial and conventional: colloquial speech is the child of circumstances constantly in flux. Both, therefore, vary widely from age to age, alike in vocabulary and in arrangement. But most descriptive and deliberative prose deals far more with the permanent than with the shifting elements of life and language; and as it is not necessary, neither is it desirable that it should suffer rapid changes. The vocabulary and structure of English prose as they were used by Swift, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and as they were in the main preserved by many of the best writers among the historians and essayists of the nineteenth century, are sufficiently rich and elastic to afford ample room for that expression of individual genius which is style. There is no question of seeking to perpetuate an outworn fashion, but of eradicating certain innovations which can be shown to be definitely vicious. The most serious and orderly prose, the prose of narration, criticism, and argument, of historians, statesmen, and lawyers, is naturally and rightly conservative. It would be easy to show that modern prose of this

kind is, in fact, composed of the same materials as the prose of Dryden. Very little has been added to the vocabulary of deliberation and reflection, because there was little to add. The words are the same; but they are used with less accuracy and arranged with less care.

Misapprehension may, perhaps, be most conveniently avoided by naming some of the best living writers of English prose, having regard to their manner only. Such an illustrative list—for it need be nothing more—might include Mr. Robert Bridges, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Hilaire Belloc (when he chooses), Mr. E. V. Lucas, and Mr. John Masefield. All these writers have clearly formed their style by the study of seventeenth and eighteenth-century models: and as prose style must be formed upon models, their prose is good because their models are good. But they are in no way archaistic; they abstain from no modernism that really aids their expression. They are not traveling by post-chaise because they think railways vulgar. They have merely adopted the structure of the best English prose, and have found it adequate to the most exacting demands of their twentieth-century fancy and invention.

It will be said of the examples quoted below that it is improper to compare the great artists of the past with the journeymen of the present, or to expect the

hasty writer of a paragraph to write like Burke. The answer is that the prose of Burke's humbler contemporaries is in its simple elements not very different from his, and that the prose of the modern journalist only exaggerates faults which are to be found in the writing of most modern historians and men of letters. The journeyman of 1780 studied good models, and wrote with some care. To-day even the High Priests are not always orthodox; and professors whose business is literary criticism permit themselves to write in a manner which nullifies their authority. This is a painful subject, and quotation would be invidious; but it would be easy to cite from the writings of eminent critics paragraphs written with a contempt of linguistic decency which it should be their business to castigate in the essays of their pupils.

The most serious vices of modern prose are indifference to the etymology and proper meaning of words; neglect of order and rhythm; impatience of anything that can be called inversion; love of periphrastic prepositions; a tendency to prefer the abstract to the concrete and to use nouns instead of verbs; and an indolent acquiescence in worn-out phrases. The first fault, which is obviously connected with the decline of classical knowledge, is seen in *transpire* meaning *happen;* in *constitutes a leading feature;* in *somewhat unique;* in the slang use of *incidentally;* in *the*

individual in question, meaning *this person;* and in a hundred laxities in the application and combination of words, less flagrant than these notorious solecisms, and therefore more insidious; as *ascertain* for *find out, anticipate* for *expect* or *foresee.* An example of this kind of deterioration is supplied by a curious use of the word *emphatically* to mean something like *undoubtedly* or *unmistakably.* "The stories," says one journalist, "are emphatically of the ghostly order." "The situation," says another, "is emphatically central." This is of course impossible; emphasis may be predicated of an assertion, not of the fact asserted.

Many such abuses of language have been recently the subject of lively discussion in *The Times Literary Supplement.* But these, since they are at once more generally recognized and more easily rectified, are less dangerous than the general paralysis of structure which deforms almost all modern writing, and to which even critical ears have grown indifferent. The order of the eighteenth-century sentence was no doubt too formal and its rhythm too regular. Thus it was held inadmissible to close a sentence on an insignificant word. One of the few rules of composition that still command assent forbids a sentence to end with a preposition. But in general the modern sentence has neither rhythm nor structure; it goes on till it drops. The practice of dictation to a stenographer may have

something to do with this. Dictation abhors second thoughts and erasures, and a first draft looks more plausible when neatly typewritten than it does in manuscript.

The sequence of words has become fixed, and any variation is now resented. This is perhaps partly due to the vicious habit of reading by the eye. The result is often to increase the number of words necessary to lucidity, and, in particular, periphrastic formulas are employed which have no relation to the architecture of the sentence. Johnson could write "But of the works of Shakespeare the condition has been far different"; and "the explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right." In modern writing these sentences would almost certainly begin "But in the case of Shakespeare" and "With regard to the explanations." This is pardonable in extemporary speech; a man says "With regard to Shakespeare" when he knows he has something to say about Shakespeare but has not quite made up his mind what it is to be; *but it cannot be called composition.* The fact is that *in the case of* and *with regard to* have no definite meaning at all; they are mere labels, like the "Reference so-and-so" of commercial or military correspondence. These phrases are defended as being necessary, or as being convenient, or as avoiding ob-

scurity. Necessary they are not; for English prose did without them for centuries. Convenient they doubtless are; for it is always easier to say in twenty words what should be said in ten. Lucidity may sometimes be gained: "Jones's nose was red" may be less clear than "In the case of Jones (as distinguished from Smith's) his nose was red" or "Jones was red as to his nose"; but at what a cost! Far more often these formulas conceal ambiguity or looseness of thinking. "Shirt-sleeves will be worn in all cases" was the order of an angry Staff officer who had met a man wearing a coat contrary to regulations and was determined that the practice should cease. But neither he nor any one else knew what was meant.

Once phrases such as these are by any pretext introduced, they are welcomed by that pleonasm which is the original sin of language, and used for their own sweet sakes. "In numerous instances," writes Cobbett, "the farmers have ceased to farm for themselves." It is not clear even from the context whether Cobbett meant "in many districts" or simply "many farmers"; he must have meant one or the other. The proper word for a passage in a book is *place;* critics speak of "a place in Aristotle's Poetics." But this use is obsolescent even in the language of criticism. I have examined a valuable recent work on a great poet, and have failed to find it. Numberless places

in the poet's works are quoted or referred to, but they are all *cases* or *instances*. The proper use of the word *case* is seen in "a case of conscience" or *The Case is Alter'd;* lines of poetry are not cases. The inroads of this disease are remarkable; *case* is employed not only to avoid some trifling difficulty of construction, but where there is no apparent motive. It is possible to find newspaper paragraphs in which every other sentence furnishes a *case* or an *instance*. "Fifteen men were wounded, but none died," becomes "but in no case were the injuries mortal." "Most of the wounds were caused by machine-gun bullets, very few by shell-fire," becomes "The wounds were in most cases caused, &c.; in very few instances were they due, &c." The proper use of "that is not the case" may be seen from a use which is now growing obsolete, "that is not my case." (We now say, "With me the case is different.") "That is not the case" should not mean merely "that is not so"; and "It is not the case that Napoleon died of a broken heart" is inaccurate: no case has been stated.

It should not be supposed that too great stress is laid on these words. *Case* and *instance* are the commonest and the most dangerous of a number of parasitic growths which are the dry rot of syntax. It seems worth while to examine the use of these particles in some detail, even at the risk of a tedious

multiplication of examples. Accumulation of evidence imposes conviction; and the following quotations, most of which are drawn from respectable sources, should dissipate any notion that the fictitious specimens given above are exaggerated.

The least unnatural use of *case* is to indicate emphasis or to escape a difficulty of arrangement. "In the case of cigars sold singly they were made smaller." "In the case of my old school-fellows a smaller proportion would seem to have become famous than in the case of my contemporaries at Oxford." Here *in the case of* marks an antithesis which the eighteenth century would have conveyed by inversion: "of my old school-fellows fewer have become famous than of my contemporaries at Oxford": but *than of* has, it seems, become obscure, and it is hardly found in modern English, which substitutes *than in the case of* or *than is the case with*. Even "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" has been thought to require elucidation: an eminent grammarian explains that "*where = in cases where*." Even commoner than this, and less explicable, is the substitution of, *e.g., books in many cases* for *many books*. "Individual landowners, who in many cases will have to pay" (that is *many of whom*) is one of five exactly similar phrases in a single article by Mr. Harold Cox. A shipwreck produced these narratives: "The occupants of the frail

crafts were in the majority of cases only partially clad." "Women were in many instances the only occupants of the boats." "The survivors were in many cases so exhausted." In the description of a thunderstorm it was stated that "in two instances buildings were struck."

Case and *instance* are often used as dummies instead of other nouns. A learned journal, reviewing a book on screens, complained that "there are four cases in which good old screenwork is still to be found in Middlesex churches, and not one of these instances is so much as named" by the authors. Thus *case* means *church:* but it means also a parliamentary division: for we find that "a survey of their holdings in the expiring Parliament shows their tenure to be precarious in more than a score of instances, extending from Scotland to Devonshire." It is so easy to translate these sentences into English that it is difficult to understand why the average writer finds it more natural, as he plainly does, to deal in counters than in coin. It is easier to see why counters are used when their presence betrays that the writer has not taken pains to express his meaning, or has, perhaps, no meaning to express. "As regards enemy aliens, in no instance was a case of danger suggested by any witness" (Mr. Justice —— quoted by the *Star*). "In some instances names of the localities mentioned in

the text are not given in the maps." This probably means "some place-names": but it might mean that some (not all) of the maps were defective. Finally, apologists for modern syntax are invited to consider how much meaning they could extract from the following sentence, if it were in a language not their own. The writer wishes to convey that when Sainte-Beuve in his *Causeries* wrote two essays on the same topic, the second is not a mere rehash of the first. He expresses his meaning thus: "In the cases above noted, when two or more handlings of the same subject by the author exist, the comparison of the two usually suffices to show how little vamping there is in the case of the latter."

A recognized symptom of the decay of a language is the confusion of prepositions. This has long been apparent in English: yet though people vex themselves over such an isolated anomaly as *different to,* the indiscriminate use of the composite prepositions *as to* and *in the case of* is hardly noticed. The examples quoted are from the novels of Trollope, who makes *as to* do duty for *of, about, on, for,* and *to;* "proper notions as to (*of*) a woman's duty": "sarcastic as to (*about*) his hunting": "said a good word as to (*for*) Dingles, and bantered himself as to (*on*) his own want of skill": "a great impropriety, as to (*to*) which neither could be got to assent." When this is done

by a famous writer, we cannot be surprised if military authority ordains that "strict attention will be paid as to saluting," and a Government official calls for "a full explanation of the circumstances as to why."

Most redundant expressions have their origin in some attempt to cope with a real difficulty of construction. Many adjectives and adjectival expressions have in English no corresponding abstract noun. A writer describing a motoring accident wishes to convey that a by-road was hidden and to attribute the collision to that circumstance; and, having committed himself to a certain form by writing "There can be no doubt that the accident was caused," cannot proceed "by the hiddenness of the by-road," and is driven to periphrasis. He may write "by the by-road's being hidden"; but the gerund is an awkward tool, and in many contexts is impossible. Otherwise he has his choice of "the fact that" and "the hidden character." There are, of course, better ways out; but the difficulty is real, and the journalist must get out quickly. Having found the subterfuge useful, he uses it again when he has no need of it; and so we find a whisky commended "on account of its light character, purity, and age." Still commoner is the purely otiose use of *nature, character,* &c., in such phrases as "foundations of a circular character." The motive is, perhaps, an indistinct aspiration after

emphasis or balance; but again the periphrasis is so attractive that it is used when no motive can be assigned. "The book is of a most interesting nature"; "the weather is expected to be of a less windy character"; "unemployment of a chronic character"; "a *mésalliance* of a pronounced order"; "hats of the cartwheel persuasion." Verbiage of this kind is not only bad in itself; its effect is to empty words of their proper meaning. A word which means everything means nothing; and as *character* is degenerating into a suffix "He is a man of bad character" begins to sound archaic.

The vices here illustrated are typical of many more, and most of them are comprehended when it is said that modern writing is abstract when it should be concrete. The simplest statements are involved in a cloud of abstraction; not because journalists are philosophers, but because the abuse of abstract terms has become an almost universal habit. The origin of the evil is obscure, but it may be suspected that a principal cause is cowardice. A man who is uncertain of his facts will write without a twinge of conscience such a sentence as this: "The percentage of mortality due to measles is often exaggerated." If he had said that *fewer people die of measles than is supposed,* he might have asked himself if he were sure it was true. It is certain that abstract writing is the convenient

and natural refuge of confused thinking. Every man who understands the art of writing, and has tried to write well, is aware that the process of composition is commonly not the simple transference of thought into language, but the laborious attempt to work into a coherent shape ideas which have been in his mind but which have still to be clarified and arranged; and the temptation to gloss over weak places by deliberate ambiguity is often unmistakable. A writer with an inaccurate mind is doubtless unconscious of this, and is the more likely to fall into the trap.

The habit of verbosity reacts strongly upon the intelligence. The modern reader, whose eye is accustomed to gallop over columns of flaccid print, reads Bacon's Essays at the same pace and with the same attention, and is surprised to find them obscure. A man of intelligence, not addicted to literature, picked up a volume of Johnson's *Rambler,* and after a few minutes was heard to exclaim, "This is very odd stuff: I have to read it three times before I can understand it." Yet has the *Rambler* been called platitudinous! The ear, and even the mind, are now so corrupted that abstract jargon is not only more palatable, but even more easily digested, than clean and terse English. A specimen of local history, intended for children and prepared by a master of simple concrete prose, was unanimously rejected by a committee of

elementary schoolmasters as being "more suitable for secondary schools."

It is needless to multiply illustrations, however entertaining, of a jargon which infects every newspaper paragraph. But it does not seem to be generally grasped that this habit of abstract expression is the gravest of all diseases of language. Most essays in admonition are directed against the corruption of single words or against such venial inelegancies as the split infinitive. When a wider generalization is advanced, it usually dissuades us from indulgence in Latinisms and polysyllables. It is true that big words should be avoided where little words will serve, and that words of Latin origin are often to be avoided as cumbrous or as unfamiliar. But it is incomparably more important to resist the invasion of parasitic circumlocutions and abstractions, which are far worse than inelegant. The man who writes "instances of premature mortality are more frequent in the case of men than in the case of women," when he means that *more men die young than women,* sins against the light. Such writing is vicious not because it is pompous but because it is dishonest. It uses unnecessary and obscure abstractions to misstate the fact, and is a cause, as well as an effect, of inaccurate and insincere thinking. Yet we find a critic complaining that "the effort of some writers to attract their readers

by writing as they talk furthers the degeneracy of the written language." *O si sic omnes!* The English we speak is often inaccurate and ungrammatical, and disfigured by the unintelligent use of slang; but it is at least straightforward, and gets to its meaning by the shortest road.

VIGNETTES OF THE SEA

By Felix Riesenberg

These are two of a series of sea sketches that Captain Riesenberg wrote, I am proud to recall, for my former column, *The Bowling Green*, in the New York *Evening Post*. There are many self-conscious stylists who esteem themselves highly for "beautiful prose" who have never approached the loveliness of his description of the homeward voyage from the Canaries. As for the anecdote about the Bibles, I shall not forget Captain Riesenberg telling it to me as we were browsing about at the rear of Mendoza's old bookstore on Ann Street, New York. Whether it was the story itself, or the fact that we had just been enjoying a congenial lunch, I cannot say: but it struck us both, during the narration, as so amusing that I laughed too violently to listen and he too fiercely for recognizable utterance. At my request he confided the incident to paper so that I might have a chance to enjoy it in peace.

Captain Riesenberg has had a remarkable career. Born in Milwaukee in 1879, he graduated from the old *St. Mary's* of the New York State Nautical School in 1897. For the next ten years he was mostly at sea in vessels of the U. S. merchant marine. His fine book, *Under Sail*, tells of his experiences before the mast in the American ship *Fuller* on a voyage round the Horn. This book is admired by deep-water men as a vivid and truthful story of square-sail ships: when you read it much of the merely sentimental hankering for the sea drops away, and you are likely to be mighty thankful for a snug bed ashore. Riesenberg was the navigator of the airship *America* in Wellman's Polar Expedition, 1909-07; after the failure of the dirigible he and others spent the winter in Spitzenbergen, where he beguiled the arctic darkness with the advertisements in old newspapers and inventing new ways of cooking beans. He then studied at Columbia University, where he took a degree as Civil Engineer in 1911. He has been a building inspector, a hawser expert in a large rope factory, engineer in the New York City Department of Parks, and editor of nautical journals. During the War he commanded the schoolship *Newport*, and resumed command of her in 1923.

Captain Riesenberg has written two technical books on maritime subjects, *The Men on Deck* and *Standard Seamanship for the Merchant Service;* also *Under Sail*, which ranks with *Two Years Before the Mast* and *The Brassbounder* as an unvarnished record

of the sea; and he has lately taken to writing fiction. If one were to choose a resourceful companion with whom to be cast away on an ice-pack or to face any hazardous emergency, he would be the ideal man.

I. BIBLES AT HELL GATE

Schoolships (and what finer place for a school than on board a ship?) have had a rather bad name in days past on this little island of Manhattan. Very old citizens may remember the *Mercury,* filled with really bad boys. This old hulk for many years cast a shadow of reproach over the schoolship *St. Mary's,* on which the New York Nautical School began its great career in 1875. People, even as far along as 1896, referred to the old *St. Mary's* as a reform school.

But any school worthy of the name must be somewhat of a reform school, of character and perhaps also of ideas. The *St. Mary's,* a wooden sloop of war, ship rigged, built at Washington in 1844, of live oak framing and white oak planking, fastened with mighty bolts and spikes of red copper, had wrought into her ribs and keel a strength and durability unknown to the steel ships of to-day. This old craft housed a hundred boys, more or less bad, many from the crowded slums, and a large proportion from the respectable comfort of plain homes. She even held a few wild spirits cast off, or run away, from luxuri-

ous moorings. Let us admit that the old ship was a tough packet.

Built as a slave chaser, her underbody had the sharp lines of a yacht. Her copper sheathing, her tall spars, her great spread of sail, filled the youth upon her clean white decks with a spirit of romantic abandon that obtuse persons often interpreted as vicious. Of course there were a great many fights on board, conducted regularly forward of the mast. Loose talk always led to blows. There was very little disturbance in the way of vocal bickering under this system. But the stern rule on board gave the hard-fisted youth an exaggerated air of piratical importance. They were tough as hell and liked to show it.

Something must be done to save these boys. It was the duty of certain good persons to care for their souls. A consignment of fifty Bibles was sent on board, the idea being that the Bibles would work watch and watch, as the youngsters did, four on and four off, when at sea. A spirit of commendable economy divided the good books on this system and also caused them to be stamped in a dozen different places with the name of the society, to prevent loss by theft.

These Bibles had reposed under a large locker in the little cubbyhole of the ship's library, down on the berth deck, for many years. The writer's literary career began as librarian on the old *St. Mary's*. Be-

ing librarian carried with it many great privileges. Not the least of these was the discreet use of the snug cabin itself. A small round port light pierced the thick oak sides of the hull, not more than two feet above the water line, and on the inside of the ship's skin a huge "dagger knee," a broad diagonal brace of oak, was providentially set below the light. The librarian often reclined on this wide hook of oak, the light over his left shoulder, a book in hand, enjoying such ease and comfort as even the captain might have envied. Of course this secret pleasure was unknown to the executive officer and first lieutenant.

The cabin also had other secret advantages. It was small, lined with shelves, and might be used for the modest stowage of private provisions behind the upper rows of books. Just previous to the starting of the foreign cruise, while anchored in the East River off Twenty-third Street, a large box of groceries was received on board, a consignment from the mother of the librarian. This contraband had to be hidden from the searching eye of the executive. Deposited in the library, after a great deal of manœuvering, a problem presented itself. Where might the dozens of jars and cans of potted chicken, marmalade, pickles, and so forth, be stowed?

The one locker, under the dagger knee, was filled

with the fifty Bibles—musty, soggy, unread Bibles, Bibles marred by great red stamps of an admirable society. These Bibles were below the water line of the hull. They had been there in dank confinement for nearly twenty years.

On the deck, on top of the locker, and all about, were cans and bottles and jars filled with seductive jellies, sparkling, enticing juices, and mouth-watering condiments. Outside was the entrance to the ward-room country, the sacred habitat of officers. On deck one of these lordly beings walked back and forth between the gangway and the horse block. It was late forenoon of a Saturday. The washdown was over. Liberty would be granted after dinner, and at Sunday morning inspection the library door would be opened and the librarian, cap in hand, would stand by while the captain, the executive, and the surgeon peered into the ordered neatness of the den of books.

The huge consignment (only a mother can do these things largely) must be hidden. A great resolve, a huge wrench, half conscience lifting from its moorings, half relief, and the port light was unscrewed. The locker was quickly opened, and Bibles began to drop through the open port.

Suddenly there was a rap at the door. The last Bible had been pushed out into the waters.

"What in the name of blankety blank are you doing?" a voice called through the lattice. I opened cautiously. It was my chum, Dick Rush.

"Come up on deck, quick!"

We gained the spar deck and stepped to the port gangway. A few feet from the ship and drifting up the East River with the flood tide was a fleet of fifty floating Bibles, stretching a quarter mile and drifting in single column towards Hell Gate.

"My God, Dick! I thought they would sink," I exclaimed.

For a half hour we stood breathless, lest the officer of the deck walk to port and sight the slowly departing flotilla of the Gospel.

Then we went below and stowed the empty locker with the delights of the flesh and ate unwholesome quantities of jam and pickles.

II. THE NORTHEAST TRADES

Schoolship *Newport.*
Lat. 22° 58′ N.
Long. 35° 20′ W.
September 14th, 1923.

We left Santa Cruz de Tenerife on September 6, sailing with the first breath of the land breeze in the wake of the immortal Admiral who put to sea from

Tenerife on September 6, 1492. This place was worth visiting if for no other reason than the appointment (subject, of course, to the approval of the Steward) of the Hotel Orotava as Canary Island Headquarters of the Three Hours for Lunch Club. The official luncheon tipple (by kindly advice of the proprietor) is *Vino Tinto de Tenerife* (Cosechado en fa Matanza) *Especialmente embotellada para.* Of course, other drinks are available; in fact, *all* drinks are available at exceedingly moderate cost. The place has its wet and dry seasons, referring entirely to the climate. The Tenerife onion is especially recommended by no less an authority than Señor Ernesto Pestana Nobrega, a worthy man who recalls the last Yankee sailing ship to fly Uncle Sam's pennant, the Frigate *Constellation,* anchored in Santa Cruz Roads thirty years ago while on a training cruise. The *Newport,* minus propeller, under sail alone, followed her.

Santa Cruz de Tenerife in 1797 held out against the mighty Nelson, and here he lost an arm, and two British ensigns, captured by the Spaniards in that action on the venerable mole, adorn the walls of the Concepcion Cathedral, so high up, however, that no British midshipman may again steal and carry them to England, as once was done, the tattered flags returning to Tenerife with apologies after a stormy exchange of diplomatic notes.

Las Palmas, on Grand Canary, is filled with tourists; Santa Cruz is not. The Island of Tenerife grows abundant crops of the plain Irish potato; and Argentine beef of superior quality and flavor is always to be had free of duty. Bull fights are held, concerts enliven the night in front of the San Francisco tower, under the fronded palms, and a poet, overheated with internal pressures and humors, may climb the mountain until he arrives at a just balance of temperature and temperament.

Aside from again strongly recommending the climate, the victuals, the beverages, and the amiable people, I nominate this island as an occasional retreat for the happily married man. The onions are beyond compare, the eggs are pale yellow in the yolk, and crack with a merry sound as they prepare their omelets. The air is suited to bland and mellow smoking and contemplation and the mind may always be at ease as to supplies, for Santa Cruz de Tenerife is a *free port;* there are no duties either on merchandise or men. Also the place is completely free, so far as I know, from all dross of accumulated literary failures. From the practical standpoint of the publisher it is admirable, as the industrious bookworm works day and night to reduce surplus stocks of assorted tomes, keeping the market ready at all times for the assimilation of newly printed works. In mentioning

the place as a retreat for the married male, a word to the ladies may be in order. They may appreciate the fact that the ambitious and adventurous climber ant, laying aloft, as it were, along the smooth surface of silken hose, raised a cry of alarm in the sedate dining room of the Pino de Oro. Experienced waiters at once sprinkled yellow lethal powders on the polished floor and beneath the ladies' skirts.

We left this excellent island on September 6, as noted before, and in a leisurely way we now follow the course of the caravels across the historic sea route of the trades. H. M. Tomlinson could do this region justice, but it would require a whole book at least to catch even a passing of the passion of wind and sea constantly playing upon each other under these tropic skies. It is a warm and wilful sea hardly to be described in words. It changes momentarily with the sky, the wind, and the terrific depths and whatever may be going on below three or four miles down. Then, too, it changes with the quick sympathy of a perfect fluid pulsing to great storms a thousand leagues away. The color is now that of cold steel blued to an oily luster in some terrestrial retort.

Then we have the Northeast trades, winds with a touch of coolness, but still warm when measured by Fahrenheit, and of a not too perfect constancy. We fly thirteen kites to-night, the thin raven's duck of a

large jib topsail bellying ahead of us from the fore-topgallant stay. Everything draws, the water purrs against the polished copper with a whisper of soft miles dropping swiftly astern. Cloud forms roll and change, bells sound their periodic knell as time departs, watches are relieved, whistles pipe, feet patter on deck —the bare feet of youth, springy and hopeful, and boys' voices sing in the last dog watch about the fore-mast. Old sailors, talking to groups of boys on the forecastle head, stop to tamp and puff at pipes, glowing mysteriously in the dark. They tell of this and more distant seas, of corposants, and derelicts, and of Russian Finns, those men who bring wind, or withhold it. I doubt if things have changed so very much since Columbus came this way in the old *Santa Maria*, cruising westward with the flotillas of tiny Portuguese men o' war. Vesey Street was different in 1492, but here things are about the same.

These regions of the sea, just south of Cancer, between the meridians of twenty-five and sixty, also have their swift, unreasonable squalls. Hoarse high seas toss their combers close astern as we run for it, four hands at the double wheel, and boys awake at halliards, clew-lines, and downhauls, the barkentine yawing fearfully with the wind. The great black swells slide forward beneath her keel from quarter to bow, swinging the protesting mastheads in gigantic flourishes

amid the drenching downpour of warm sweet rain that cuts through oilskins and wrinkles and whitens the skin.

The skipper on nights such as this forgets his couch on the cabin locker and hangs on to the weather topmast backstay of the mizzen, a small wind pennant a foot above his head where he can see it, conning the wheel lest she gybe the spanker and wrench off the high gaff or tear away the sheet and heavy boom. For we carry on; no snugging down to sleep and sloth with such a willing wind snorting astern of us through the tropic night.

A boy, on a night like this, standing a few feet aft, the life buoy watch, his eyes bright with adventure, uttered a cry. Turning, I saw a huge white bird soaring across the glare of the stern light, poised for an instant in the trembling wedge of reflecting rain. It seemed to veer astern of us in the gale, then shot off screeching into the impenetrable dark. No birds had followed us for days; we saw none on the morn. On that night the wind rose before the coming of day and the lee clew of the great foretopsail parted in a blast, ripping the heavy canvas free from the restraining bolt ropes, crashing it to leeward, while masts and yards strained and groaned and sharp commands thundered over the deck. Brave boys clambered above the sheerpoles that night, out over the futtocks and up on

the kicking yard to fight the canvas. Happily their mothers at home slept all unconscious of the high adventure.

But now it is quiet. Stars have come out and the sea has changed to liquid ebony multiplying the heavens in streaks and gleams of fire. Off to the southwest by west the S. S. *Prinz der Niederlanden*, Lat. 21° 38′ N, Long. 37° 13′ W, from Paramaribo towards Madeira, sends us a correct report by radio. "N. E. Trade wind strong for last week—no hurricane warnings."

AUTUMN TINTS IN CHIVALRY

By C. E. Montague

The greatest single adventure of the year 1922, for me, was reading Mr. Montague's *Disenchantment*—of which the following is a chapter. I believe *Disenchantment* (it is, in sum, an essay on the intellectual disintegrations caused by the War) to be one of the really great books of our time. The wit and loveliness of Mr. Montague's pen-manners are commensurate with the tenderness, magnanimity and rich fine shrewdness of his insight into human nature.

Whichever chapter I had chosen from *Disenchantment,* I should have hankered for others too. If I were a teacher, and had a promissory pupil whose powers I wanted to give a solid testing, I should set him to write an essay on the books of Mr. Montague. I should want to see (for instance) whether the young critic would discern how Montague is steeped and reddened in the juices of Shakespeare. I should want to see if he realized the affinity of story-telling method in Montague and Kipling. (See Mr. M.'s volume of short stories, *Fiery Particles.*) I should hope for some account of the reasons why my young zealot might find Mr. Montague's novels (for instance, *The Morning's War*) not facile to read. For Mr. Montague's astounding fertility of allusion, his dexterous acuteness of phrase, sometimes make him a difficult pastor for the simpler sort of sheep. Then, some consideration of his charm as a dramatic critic—what a fascinating book is his *Dramatic Values.* Mr. Montague as a sporting reporter, as a critic of the journalistic profession (reference to his almost too potent satire, *A Hind Let Loose,* lately republished in this country), Mr. Montague as a lover of life in all its happier and more winsome phases—these would be some of the topics I might suggest to my imagined aspirant. But I doubt whether he, or any of us except some extraordinarily gifted critic, could do justice to the curious subtlety and glory of Mr. Montague's quality as a prose artist. The late Dixon Scott, whose *Men of Letters* is of great value to any serious student of criticism, was an extraordinarily gifted student of these matters, and it is pleasant to see how, in his essay on Mr. Montague, Scott teased himself almost into vertigo attempting to account for the peculiar and sometimes distracting exhilaration of *The Morning's War.* Scott's conclusion was that "it is perfectly awful to think" that Montague's books "will be pounced

on as their special perquisite by the dilettanti, by the connoisseurs and esthetes and auditors," when (so Scott furiously contended) they should be happy meat for "farmers and sailors and lovers and pioneers." So let you and I, being neither dilettanti nor esthetes, rejoice in Mr. Montague, and find him savory and thrilling. The annoyingly brief précis of his career in the British *Who's Who* tells us he was awarded a medal for saving life from drowning. Indeed that is just what he does in the realm of the mind: he saves the spirit from foundering in the tide-rips of post-War pessimism and hysterics. His clean and gay and upclimbing gusto (one never forgets that his passion is mountaineering) is a sovereign tonic. In one of his own odd phrases, we "commit ourselves to his vestiges."

Charles Edward Montague (for we must bring this memorandum to a close: the royalties on anthologies are not high enough to warrant such extensive editorializing) was born on New Year's Day, 1867. He studied at Balliol College, Oxford, where he was an oarsman. Some of his undergraduate humorous parodies are preserved in that excellent little collection *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*. Since 1890 he has been on the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*.

I

In either of two opposite tempers you may carry on war. In one of the two you will want to rate your enemy, all round, as high as you can. You may pursue him down a trench, or he you; but in neither case do you care to have him described by somebody far, far away as a fat little short-sighted scrub. Better let him pass for a paladin. This may at bottom be vanity, sentimentality, all sorts of contemptible things. Let him who knows the heart of man be dogmatic about it. Anyhow, this temper comes, as they would say in Ireland, of decent people. It spoke in Porsena of Clusium's whimsical prayer that Horatius might swim the Tiber safely; it animates Velasquez'

knightly *Surrender of Breda;* it prompted Lord Roberts's first words to Cronje when Paardeberg fell—"Sir, you have made a very gallant defense"; it is avowed in a popular descant of Newbolt's—

> To honor, while you strike him down,
> The foe who comes with eager eyes.

The other temper has its niche in letters, too. There was the man that "wore his dagger in his mouth." And there was Little Flanigan, the bailiff's man in Goldsmith's play. During one of our old wars with France he was always "damning the French, the parle-vous, and all that belonged to them." "What," he would ask the company, "makes the bread rising? The parle-vous that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? The parle-vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?"

Well, your first aim in war is to hit your enemy hard, and the question may well be quite open—in which of these tempers can he be hit hardest? If, as we hear, a man's strength be "as the strength of ten because his heart is pure," possibly it may add a few foot-pounds to his momentum in an attack if he has kept a clean tongue in his head. And yet the production of heavy woolens in the West Riding,

for War Office use, may, for all that we know, have been accelerated by yarns about crucified Canadians and naked bodies of women found in German trenches. There is always so much, so bewilderingly much, to be said on both sides. All I can tell is that during the war the Newbolt spirit seemed, on the whole, to have its chief seat in and near our front line, and thence to die down westward all the way to London. There Little Flanigan was enthroned, and, like Montrose, would bear no rival near his throne, so that a man on leave from our trench system stood in some danger of being regarded as little better than one of the wicked. Anyhow, he was a kind of provincial. Not his will, but that of Flanigan, had to be done. For Flanigan was at the center of things; he had leisure, or else volubility was his trade; and he had got hold of the megaphones.

II

In the first months of the war there was any amount of good sportsmanship going; most, of course, among men who had seen already the whites of enemy eyes. I remember the potent emetic effect of Flaniganism upon a little blond Regular subaltern maimed at the first battle of Ypres. "Pretty measly sample of the sin against the Holy Ghost!" the one-legged child

grunted savagely, showing a London paper's comic sketch of a corpulent German running away. The first words I ever heard uttered in palliation of German misdoings in Belgium came from a Regular N.C.O., a Dragoon Guards sergeant, holding forth to a sergeants' mess behind our line. "We'd have done every damn thing they did," he averred, "if it had been we." I thought him rather extravagant, then. Later on, when the long row of hut hospitals, jammed between the Calais-Paris Railway at Etaples and the great reinforcement camp on the sandhills above it, was badly bombed from the air, even the wrath of the R.A.M.C. against those who had wedged in its wounded and nurses between two staple targets scarcely exceeded that of our Royal Air Force against war correspondents who said the enemy must have done it on purpose.

Airmen, no doubt, or some of them, went to much greater lengths in the chivalrous line than the rest of us. Many things helped them to do it. Combatant flying was still new enough to be almost wholly an officer's job; the knight took the knocks, and the squire stayed behind and looked after his gear. Air-fighting came to be pretty well the old duel, or else the medieval mêlée between little picked teams. The clean element, too, may have counted—it always looked a clean job from below, where your airy notions got mixed

with trench mud, while the airman seemed like Sylvia in the song, who so excelled "each mortal thing upon the dull earth dwelling." Whatever the cause, he excelled in his bearing towards enemies, dead or alive. The funeral that he gave to Richthofen in France was one of the few handsome gestures exchanged in the war. And whenever Little Flanigan at home began squealing aloud that we ought to take some of our airmen off fighting and make them bomb German women and children instead, our airmen's scorn for these ethics of the dirt helped to keep up the flickering hope that the post-war world might not be ignoble.

Even on the dull earth it takes time and pains to get a clean-run boy or young man into a mean frame of mind. A fine N.C.O. of the Grenadier Guards was killed near Laventie—no one knows how—while going over to shake hands with the Germans on Christmas morning. "What! not shake on Christmas Day?" He would have thought it poor, sulky fighting. Near Armentières at the Christmas of 1914 an incident happened which seemed quite the natural thing to most soldiers then. On Christmas Eve the Germans lit up their front line with Chinese lanterns. Two British officers thereupon walked some way across No Man's Land, hailed the enemy's sentries, and asked for an officer. The German sentries said, "Go back, or we shall have to shoot." The Englishmen said "Not

likely!" advanced to the German wire, and asked again for an officer. The sentries held their fire and sent for an officer. With him the Englishmen made a one-day truce, and on Christmas Day the two sides exchanged cigarettes and played football together. The English intended the truce to end with the day, as agreed, but decided not to shoot next day till the enemy did. Next morning the Germans were still to be seen washing and breakfasting outside their wire; so our men, too, got out of the trench and sat about in the open. One of them, cleaning his rifle, loosed a shot by accident, and an English subaltern went to tell the Germans it had not been fired to kill. The ones he spoke to understood, but as he was walking back a German somewhere wide on a flank fired and hit him in the knee, and he has walked lame ever since. Our men took it that some German sentry had misunderstood our fluke shot. They did not impute dishonor. The air in such places was strangely clean in those distant days. During one of the very few months of open warfare a cavalry private of ours brought in a captive, a gorgeous specimen of the terrific Prussian Uhlan of tradition. "But why didn't you put your sword through him?" an officer asked, who belonged to the school of Froissart less obviously than the private. "Well, sir," the captor replied, "the gentleman wasn't looking."

III

At no seat of war will you find it quite easy to live up to Flanigan's standards of hatred towards an enemy. Reaching a front, you find that all you want is just to win the war. Soon you are so taken up with the pursuit of this aim that you are always forgetting to burn with the gem-like flame of pure fury that fires the lion-hearted publicist at home.

A soldier might have had the Athanasian ecstasy all right till he reached the firing line. Every individual German had sunk the *Lusitania;* there was none righteous, none. And yet at a front the holy passion began to ooze out at the ends of his fingers. The bottom trouble is that you cannot fight a man in the physical way without somehow touching him. The relation of actual combatants is a personal one—no doubt, a rude, primitive one, but still quite advanced as compared with that between a learned man at Berlin who keeps on saying *Delenda est Britannia!* at the top of his voice and a learned man in London who keeps on saying that every German must have a black heart because Cæsar did not conquer Germany as he did Gaul and Britain. Just let the round head of a German appear for a passing second, at long intervals, above a hummock of clay in the middle distance. Before you had made half a dozen sincere

efforts to shoot him the fatal germ of human relationship had begun to find a nidus again: he had acquired in your mind the rudiments of a personal individuality. You would go on trying to shoot him with zest—indeed, with a diminished likelihood of missing, for mere hatred is a flustering emotion. And yet the hatred business had started crumbling. There had begun the insidious change that was to send you home, on your first leave, talking unguardedly of "old Fritz" or of "the good old Boche" to the pain of your friends, as if he were a stout dog fox or a real stag or a hare.

The deadliest solvent of your exalted hatreds is laughter. And you can never wholly suppress laughter between two crowds of millions of men standing within earshot of each other along a line of hundreds of miles. There was, in the Loos salient in 1916, a German who, after his meals, would halloo across to an English unit taunts about certain accidents of its birth. None of his British hearers could help laughing at his mistakes, his knowledge, and his English. Nor could the least humorous priest of ill-will have kept his countenance at a relief when the enemy shouted: "We know you are relieving," "No good hiding it," "Good-by, Ox and Bucks," "Who's coming in?" and some humorist in the obscure English battalion relieving shouted back, with a terrific assumption of accent, "Furrst Black Watch!" or "Th'

Oirish Gyards!" and a hush fell at the sound of these great names. Comedy, expelled with a fork by the dignified figure of Quenchless Hate, had begun to steal back of herself.

At home that tragedy queen might do very well; she did not have these tenpenny nails scattered about on her road to puncture the nobly inflated tires of her chariot. The heroes who spoke up for shooing all the old German governesses into the barbed wire compounds were not exposed to the moral danger of actually hustling, *propria persona,* these formidable ancients. But while Hamilcar at home was swearing Hannibal and all the other little Hamilcars to undying hatred of the foe, an enemy dog might be trotting across to the British front line to sample its rats, and its owner be losing in some British company's eyes his proper quality as an incarnation of all the Satanism of Potsdam and becoming simply "him that lost the dog."

If you took his trench it might be no better; perhaps Incarnate Evil had left its bit of food half-cooked, and the muddy straw, where it lay last, was pressed into a hollow by Incarnate Evil's back as by a cat's. Incarnate Evil should not do these things that other people in trenches do. It ought to be more strange and beastly and keep on making *beaux gestes* with its talons and tail, like the proper dragon slain

by St. George. Perhaps Incarnate Evil was extinct and you went over its pockets. They never contained the right things—no poison to put in our wells, no practical hints for crucifying Canadians; only the usual stuffing of all soldiers' pockets—photographs and tobacco and bits of string and the wife's letters, all about how tramps were always stealing potatoes out of the garden, and how the baby was worse, and was his leave never coming? No good to look at such things.

IV

With this guilty weakness gaining upon them our troops drove the Germans from Albert to Mons. There were scandalous scenes on the way. Imagine two hundred German prisoners grinning inside a wire cage while a little Cockney corporal chaffs them in half the dialects of Germany! His father, he says, was a slop tailor in Whitechapel; most of his journeymen came from somewhere or other in Germany—"Ah! and my dad sweated 'em proper," he says proudly; so the boy learnt all their kinds of talk. He convulses Bavarians now with his flow of Silesian. He fraternizes grossly and jubilantly. Other British soldiers laugh when one of the Germans sings, in return for favors received, the British ballad "Knocked

'em in the Ol' Kent Road." By the time our men had marched to the Rhine there was little hatred left in them. How can you hate the small boy who stands at the farm door visibly torn between dread of the invader and deep delight in all soldiers, as soldiers? How shall a man not offer a drink to the first disbanded German soldier who sits next to him in a public house at Cologne, and try to find out if he was ever in the line at the Brickstacks or near the Big Crater? Why, that might have been his dog!

The billeted soldier's immemorial claim on "a place by the fire" carried on the fell work. It is hopelessly bad for your grand Byronic hates if you sit through whole winter evenings in the abhorred foe's kitchen and the abhorred foe grants you the uncovenanted mercy of hot coffee and discusses without rancor the relative daily yields of the British and the German milch cow. And then comes into play the British soldier's incorrigible propensity, wherever he be, to form virtuous attachments. "Love, unfoiled in the war," as Sophocles says. The broad road has a terribly easy gradient. When all the great and wise at Paris were making peace, as somebody said, with a vengeance, our command on the Rhine had to send a wire to say that unless something was done to feed the Germans starving in the slums it could not answer for discipline in its army; the men were giving their

rations away, and no orders would stop them. Rank "Pro-Germanism," you see—the heresy of Edith Cavell; "Patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred or bitterness in my heart." While these men fought on, year after year, they had mostly been growing more void of mere spite all the time, feeling always more and more sure that the average German was just a decent poor devil like every one else. One trembles to think what the really first-class haters at home would have said of our army if they had known at the time.

V

Even at places less distant than home the survival of old English standards of fighting had given some scandal. In that autumn of the war when our generalship seemed to have explored all its own talents and found only the means to stage in an orderly way the greatest possible number of combats of pure attrition, the crying up of unknightliness became a kind of fashion among a good many Staff Officers of the higher grades. "I fancy our fellows were not taking many prisoners this morning," a Corps Commander would say with a complacent grin, on the evening after a battle. Jocose stories of comic things said by privates when getting rid of undesired captives be-

came current in messes far in the rear. The other day I saw in a history of one of the most gallant of all British divisions an illustration given by the officer who wrote it of what he believed to be the true martial spirit. It was the case of a wounded Highlander who had received with a bomb a German Red Cross orderly who was coming to help him. A General of some consequence during part of the war gave a lecture, towards its end, to a body of officers and others on what he called "the fighting spirit." He told with enthusiasm an anecdote of a captured trench in which some of our men had been killing off German appellants for quarter. Another German appearing and putting his hands up, one of our men—so the story went—called out, "'Ere! Where's 'Arry? 'E ain't 'ad one yet." Probably some one had pulled the good general's leg, and the thing never happened. But he believed it, and deeply approved the "blooding" of 'Arry. That, he explained, was the "fighting spirit." Men more versed than he in the actual hand-to-hand business of fighting this war knew that he was mistaken, and that the spirit of trial by combat and that of pork-butchery are distinct. But that is of course. The notable thing was that such things should be said by any one wearing our uniform. Twenty years before, if it had been rumored, you would, without waiting, have called the rumor a lie invented by some

detractor of England or of her army. Now it passed quite unhissed. It was the latter-day wisdom. Scrofulous minds at home had long been itching, publicly and in print, to bomb German women and children from aeroplanes, and to "take it out of" German prisoners of war. Now the disease had even affected some parts of the non-combatant Staff of our army.

VI

You know the most often quoted of all passages of Burke. Indeed, it is only through quotations of it that most of us know Burke at all—

> But the age of chivalry is gone . . . the unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Burke would never say a thing by halves. And as truth goes by halves, and declines to be sweeping like rhetoric, Burke made sure of being wrong to the tune of some fifty per cent. The French Revolution did not, as his beautiful language implies, confine man-

kind for the rest of its days to the procreation of curs. And yet his words do give you, in their own lush, Corinthian way, a notion of something that probably did happen, a certain limited shifting of the center of gravity of West European morals or manners.

One would be talking like Burke—talking, perhaps you might say, through Burke's hat—if one were to say that the war found chivalry alive and left it dead. Chivalry is about as likely to perish as brown eyes or the moon. Yet something did happen, during the war, to which these wild words would have some sort of relation. We were not all Bayards in 1914; even then a great part of our Press could not tell indignation from spite, nor uphold the best cause in the world without turpitude. Nor were we all, after the Armistice, rods of the houses of Thersites and Cleon; Haig was still alive, and so were Gough and Hamilton and thousands of Arthurian subalterns and privates and of like-minded civilians, though it is harder for a civilian not to lose generosity during a war. But something had happened; the chivalrous temper had had a set-back; it was no longer the mode; the latest wear was a fine robust shabbiness. All through the war there had been a bear movement in Newbolts and Burkes, and, corresponding to this, a bull movement in stocks of the Little Flanigan group.

CONRAD AND MELVILLE

By Henry Seidel Canby

The steadily increasing influence of Dr. Canby's work as teacher, editor, public lecturer, and critic at large are plainly due to his generous qualities of mind and temperament. At a time when mere cleverness has been rather at a premium, he has never condescended to claptrap. He has never allowed himself to become hardened (as some teachers of literature tend to do) in classifications and formulas: his lucid, straightforward, sturdy, and good-humored sensibility remains always hospitable to new reality of every sort, while shrewdly aware that often what looks very new is really oldest of all. His happily constituted humor leads him to say what needs to be said, unperturbed whether it may seem Elder Statesmanship or shocking modernism. He has been known to utter the most startling benedictions over literature of a very ruddy tinge in the same equable and urbane tone with which he was, a few minutes ago, praising Addison or Goldsmith. In short, he is a genuine liberal (as are all true Quakers) and responsible only to his own inward candle, not to any faction or fashion. Industrious, reasonable, humorous, and a charming persuasive indefatigable arguer about intellectual problems, he is also much more than that: he carries in his bosom (one is permitted to suspect) the bright mystical ember which is so characteristic of the American dominie, and which ever and again warms his temperate prose into strong eloquence.

My only possible grievance against Dr. Canby is that, born in Wilmington, Delaware (1878), of old Quaker stock and on the banks of the historic Brandywine creek, he did not go to college, as most young Quakers of that region were supposed to, at Haverford. For, speaking as a Haverfordian, it would have been agreeable, now, to be able to claim Dr. Canby as a distinguished alumnus. The best we can do is call him the most eminent man who should normally have gone to Haverford, but didn't.

Instead, he went to Yale, where he graduated in 1899 and Ph.D.'d in 1905. He has been connected with the teaching staff of that university since 1900, and since 1920 has also edited the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*. The essay here reprinted is from his volume *Definitions*. He has edited numerous valuable textbooks, and is the author, *inter alia*, of *The Short Story in English*, *College Sons and College Fathers*, *Education by Violence*, and a novel, *Our House*.

THE appearance of the definitive edition of Joseph Conrad, with his interesting critical prefaces included, was a provocation to read and reread his remarkable series of books, the most remarkable contribution to English literature by an alien since the language began. But is it a reason for writing more of an author already more discussed than any English stylist of our time? For myself, I answer, yes, because I have found no adequate definition of the difference between Conrad and us to whom English thinking is native, nor a definition of his place, historically considered, in the modern scheme; no definition, that is, which explains my own impressions of Conrad. And therefore I shall proceed, as all readers should, to make my own.

If you ask readers why they like Conrad, two out of three will answer, because he is a great stylist, or because he writes of the sea. I doubt the worth of such answers. Many buy books because they are written by great stylists, but few read for just that reason. They read because there is something in an author's work which attracts them to his style, and that something may be study of character, skill in narrative, or profundity in truth, of which style is the perfect expression, but not the thing itself. Only connoisseurs, and few of them, read for style. And, furthermore, I very much doubt whether readers go

to Conrad to learn about the sea. They might learn as much from Cooper or Melville, but they have not gone there much of late. And many an ardent lover of Conrad would rather be whipped than go from New York to Liverpool on a square-rigged ship.

In any case, these answers, which make up the sum of most writing about Conrad, do not define him. To say that an author is a stylist is about as helpful as to say that he is a thinker. And Conrad would have had his reputation if he had migrated to Kansas instead of to the English sea.

In point of fact, much may be said, and with justice, against Conrad's style. It misses occasionally the English idiom, and sometimes English grammar, which is a trivial criticism. It offends more frequently against the literary virtues of conciseness and economy, which is not a trivial criticism. Conrad, like the writers of Elizabethan prose (whom he resembles in ardency and in freshness), too often wraps you in words, stupefies you with gorgeous repetition, goes about and about and about, trailing phrases after him, while the procession of narrative images halts. He can be as prolix in his brooding descriptions as Meredith with his intellectual vaudeville. Indeed, many give him lip service solely because they like to be intoxicated, to be carried away, by words. A slight change of taste, such as that which has come

about since Meredith was on every one's tongue, will make such defects manifest. Meredith lives in spite of his prolixities, and so will Conrad, but neither because they are perfect English stylists.

I am sure also that Conrad, at his very best, is not so good as Melville, at his best, in nautical narrative; as Melville in, say, the first day of the final chase of Moby Dick; I question whether he is as good in sea narrative as Cooper in the famous passage of Paul Jones's ship through the shoals. Such comparisons are, of course, rather futile. They differentiate among excellences, where taste is a factor. Nevertheless, it is belittling to a man who, above almost all others in our language, has brooded upon the mysteries of the mind's action, to say that he is great because he describes so well the sea.

We must seek elsewhere for a definition of the peculiar qualities of Conrad. And without a definition it is easy to admire but hard to estimate and understand him.

I believe, first of all, that Conrad has remained much more a Slav than he, or any of us, have been willing to admit. A friend of mine, married to a Slav, told me of her husband, how, with his cab at the door, and dinner waiting somewhere, he would sit brooding (so he said) over the wrongs of his race. It is dangerous to generalize in racial characteristics,

but no one will dispute a tendency to brood as a characteristic of the Slav. The Russian novels are full of characters who brood, and of brooding upon the characters and their fates. The structure of the Russian story is determined not by events so much as by the results of passionate brooding upon the situation in which the imagined characters find themselves.

So it is with Conrad, always and everywhere. In *Nostromo* he broods upon the destructive power of a fixed idea; in *The Rescue* upon the result of flinging together elemental characters of the kind that life keeps separate; in *Youth* upon the illusions, more real than reality, of youth. No writer of our race had ever the patience to sit like an Eastern mystic over his scene, letting his eye fill with each slightest detail of it, feeling its contours around and above and beneath, separating each detail of wind and water, mood and emotion, memory and hope, and returning again and again to the task of description, until every impression was gathered, every strand of motive threaded to its source.

Henry James, you will say, was even more patient. Yes, but James did not brood. His work was active analysis, cutting finer and finer until the atom was reached. His mind was Occidental. He wished to know why the wheels went round. Conrad's, in this

respect, is Oriental. He wants to see what things essentially are. Henry James refines but seldom repeats. Conrad, in such a story as *Gaspar Ruiz* for example, or in *Chance,* gives the impression of not caring to understand if only he can fully picture the mind that his brooding imagination draws further and further from its sheath. It is incredible, to one who has not counted, how many times he raises the same situation to the light—the Garibaldean and Nostromo, Mrs. Travers marveling at her knowledge of Lingard's heart—turns it, opens it a little further, and puts it back while he broods on. Here is the explanation of Conrad's prolixity; here the reason why among all living novelists he is least a slave to incident, best able to let his story grow as slowly as life, and still hold the reader's interest. As we read Conrad we also brood; we read slowly where elsewhere we read fast. Turns of style, felicities of description, as of the tropic ocean, or the faces of women, have their chance. And, of course, the excellence, the charm of Conrad's style is that in its nuances, its slow winding paragraphs, its pausing sentences, and constant suggestion of depths beyond depths, it is the perfect expression of the brooding mind that grasps its meaning by the repetition of images that drop like pebbles, now here, now there, in a fathomless pool.

This is to define Conrad in space, but not in time. In time, he may be Slav or English, but certainly is modern of the moderns. The tribute of admiration and imitation from the youth of his own period alone might prove this. But it is easier to prove than to describe his modernity. To say that he takes the imagination afield into the margins of the world, where life still escapes standardization and there are fresh aspects of beauty, is to fail to differentiate him from Kipling or Masefield. To say that he strikes below the act and the will into realms of the subconscious, and studies the mechanism as well as the results of emotion, is but to place him, where indeed he belongs, among the many writers who have learned of Henry James or moved in parallels beside him.

To get a better perspective of Conrad's essential modernity I should like to propose a more cogent comparison, and a more illuminating contrast, with a man whose achievements were in Conrad's own province, who challenges and rewards comparison, Herman Melville.

It may be that others have set *Moby Dick* beside the works of Conrad. Some one must have done it, so illuminating in both directions is the result. Here are two dreamers who write of the sea and strange men, of the wild elements and the mysterious in man; two authors who, a half century apart, sail the same

seas and come home to write not so much of them as what they dream when they remember their experiences. Each man, as he writes, transcends the sea, sublimates it into a vapor of pure imagination, in which he clothes his idea of man, and so doing gives us not merely great literature, but sea narrative and description unsurpassed:

> And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical seas, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wretched hideousness of his jaw.

Melville, writer of vivid descriptions of the South Seas, *Typee, Omoo,* which were perfect of their kind, but still only superlative travel books, distinguished in style but seldom lifting beyond autobiography, began another reminiscent narrative in *Moby Dick.* In spite of his profound intellectual growth away from the cool and humorous youth who paddled the Marquesan lake with primitive beauties beside him, he seems to have meant in *The White Whale* to go back to his earlier manner, to write an accurate though highly personal account of the whaler's life, and to that end had assembled a mass of information upon the sperm whale to add to his own memories. Very literally the story begins as an autobiography; even

the elemental figure of the cannibal, Queequeg, with his incongruous idol and harpoon in a New Bedford lodging house, does not warn of what is to come. But even before the *Pequod* leaves sane Nantucket an undercurrent begins to sweep through the narrative. This brooding captain, Ahab (for Melville also broods, though with characteristic difference), and his ivory leg, those warning voices in the mist, the strange crew of all races and temperaments—the civilized, the barbarous, and the savage—in their ship, which is a microcosm, hints that creep in of the white whale whose nature is inimical to man and arouses passions deeper than gain or revenge—all this prepares the reader for something more than incident. From the mood of Defoe one passes, by jerks and reversions, to the atmosphere of *The Ancient Mariner* and of *Manfred*.

When Conrad could not manage his story he laid it aside, sometimes for twenty years, as with *The Rescue*. But Melville was a wilder soul, a greater man, and probably a greater artist, but a lesser craftsman. He lost control of his book. He loaded his whaling story with casks of natural history, deck-loaded it with essays on the moral nature of man, lashed to its sides dramatic dialogues on the soul, built up a superstructure of symbolism and allegory, until the tale foundered and went down, like the *Pequod*.

And then it emerged again a dream ship searching for a dream whale, manned by fantastic and terrible dreams; and every now and then, as dreams will, it takes on an appearance of reality more vivid than anything in life, more real than anything in Conrad —the meeting with the *Rachel* and her captain seeking his drowned son, the rising of Moby Dick with the dead Parsee bound to his terrible flank, the grim dialogues of Ahab. . . .

In this bursting of bounds, in these epic grandeurs in the midst of confusion, and vivid realities mingled with untrammeled speculation, lies the secret of Melville's purpose, and, by contrast, the explanation of Conrad's modern effect beside him. Melville, friend of Hawthorne and transcendentalist philosopher on his own account, sees nature as greater and more terrible than man. He sees the will of man trying to control the universe, but failing; crushed if uncowed by the unmeasured power of an evil nature, which his little spirit, once it loses touch with the will of God, vainly encounters. Give man eyes only in the top of his head, looking heavenward, says Ahab, urging the blacksmith, who makes him a new leg buckle, to forge a new creature complete. He writes of man at the beginning of the age of science, aware of the vast powers of material nature, fretting that his own body is part of them, desirous to control them

by mere will, fighting his own moral nature as did Ahab in his insensate pursuit of Moby Dick, and destroyed by his own ambitions, even as Ahab, the *Pequod,* and all her crew went down before the lashings and charges of the white whale.

"Oh, Life," says Ahab, "here I am, proud as a Greek god, and yet standing debtor to this blockhead [the carpenter] for a bone to stand on! . . . I owe for the flesh in the tongue I brag with." And yet as they approach the final waters "the old man's purpose intensified itself. His firm lips met like the lips of a vise; the Delta of his forehead's veins swelled like overladen brooks; in his very sleep his ringing cry ran through the vaulted hull: 'Stern all! The white whale spouts thick blood!' "

Conrad comes at the height of the age of science. The seas for him are full of dark mysteries, but these mysteries are only the reflections of man. Man dominates the earth and sea, man conquers the typhoon, intelligent man subdues the savage wills of the barbarians of the shallows, man has learned to master all but his own heart. The center of gravity shifts from without to within. The philosopher, reasoning of God and of nature, gives place to the psychologist brooding over an organism that is seat of God and master of the elements. Melville is centrifugal, Conrad centripetal. Melville's theme is too great for him;

it breaks his story, but the fragments are magnificent. Conrad's task is easier because it is more limited; his theme is always in control. He broods over man in a world where nature has been conquered, although the mind still remains inexplicable. The emphasis shifts from external symbols of the immensities of good and evil to the behavior of personality under stress. Melville is a moral philosopher, Conrad a speculative psychologist.

The essentially modern quality of Conrad lies in this transference of wonder from nature to the behavior of man, the modern man for whom lightning is only electricity and wind the relief of pressure from hemisphere to hemisphere. Mystery lies in the personality now, not in the blind forces that shape and are shaped by it. It is the difference, in a sense, between Hawthorne, who saw the world as shadow and illusion, symbolizing forces inimical to humanity, and Hardy, who sees in external nature the grim scientific fact of environment. It is a difference between eras more marked in Conrad than in many of his contemporaries, because, like Melville, Hawthorne, and Poe, he avoids the plain prose of realism and sets his romantic heroes against the great powers of nature—tempests, the earthquake, solitude, and grandeur. Thus the contrast is marked by the very resemblance of romantic setting. For Conrad's tempests blow only

to beat upon the mind whose behavior he is studying; his moral problems are raised only that he may study their effect upon man.

If, then, we are to estimate Conrad's work, let us begin by defining him in these terms. He is a Slav who broods by racial habit as well as by necessity of his theme. He is a modern who accepts the growing control of physical forces by the intellect and turns from the mystery of nature to brood upon personality. From this personality he makes his stories. External nature bulks large in them, because it is when beat upon by adversity, brought face to face with the elemental powers, and driven into strange efforts of will by the storms without that man's personality reaches the tensest pitch. Plot of itself means little to Conrad and that is why so few can tell with accuracy the stories of his longer novels. His characters are concrete. They are not symbols of the moral nature, like Melville's men, but they are nevertheless phases of personality and therefore they shift and dim from story to story, like lanterns in a wood. Knowing their hearts to the uttermost, and even their gestures, one nevertheless forgets sometimes their names, the ends to which they come, the tales in which they appear. The same phase, indeed, appears under different names in several stories.

Melville crossed the shadow line in his pursuit of

the secret of man's relation to the universe; only magnificent fragments of his imagination were salvaged for his books. Conrad sails on an open sea, tamed by wireless and conquered by steel. Mystery for him lies not beyond the horizon, but in his fellow passengers. On them he broods. His achievement is more complete than Melville's; his scope is less. When the physicists have resolved, as apparently they soon will do, this earthy matter where now with our implements and our machinery we are so much at home, into mysterious force as intangible as will and moral desire, some new transcendental novelist will assume Melville's task. The sea, earth, and sky, and the creatures moving therein again will become symbols, and the pursuit of Moby Dick be renewed. But now, for a while, science has pushed back the unknown to the horizon and given us a little space of light in the darkness of the universe. There the ego is for a time the greatest mystery. It is an opportunity for the psychologists and, while we are thinking less of the soul, they have rushed to study the mechanics of the brain. It was Conrad's opportunity also to brood upon the romance of personality at the moment of man's greatest victory over dark external force.

THE CARY GIRLS

By Edmund Lester Pearson

Librarians, I have always contended, are the nicest people in the world: but even librarians are not often as charming and witty as Mr. Pearson. The phrase that I like to apply to him, in the privacy of my own thoughts, is The Twinkling Sage. He is a sage, a man of great erudition; but he carries his wisdom with a most disarming brightness in the eye and bonhomie in the heart. There seem to be a certain number of topics on which he and I are doomed to disagreement: he does not care much for Joseph Conrad's books, nor I for bouillabaisse. This latter, a much overrated pottage I insist, he consumes at least once a week, and gluts himself with sentimental confirmation in Thackeray. It is odd that a New Englander (Mr. Pearson was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1880) should be so keen about the French version of chowder, when the native liquefaction of clam is so much more palatable.

Mr. Pearson, after graduating from Harvard in 1902, took a degree in Library Science at the New York State Library School. From 1906 to 1920 he wrote a weekly column, "The Librarian," in the Boston *Transcript,* which, as a combination of urbane chaff and serious literary comment, has rarely been equaled. In conspiracy with Mr. John Cotton Dana, another eminent librarian with a powerful sense of humor, Mr. Pearson concocted in 1909 an elaborate hoax which deceived all the leading newspapers and bibliothecaries. This was *The Old Librarian's Almanack,* supposed to have been published in New Haven in 1773 by an eremitical eccentric hight "Jared Bean." This excellently novanglican pseudonym was, of course, no other than Pearson himself: but the almanac was compiled with so judicious a blend of synthetic archaisms and pawky humor, together with its anatomy of the cockroach, its recommendation of celibacy for librarians, its appended cure for rattlesnake-bite, &c., that while one might well have suspected the jape, yet it is not surprising that even such students as Hamilton Wright Mabie and Sir William Osler were taken in.

Since 1914 Mr. Pearson has been editor of publications at the New York Public Library. He served as a lieutenant (both kinds) in the infantry in 1917-18. He is the author of several delightful volumes, *e.g., The Secret Book, The Voyage of the*

Hoppergrass, The Believing Years, and *Books in Black or Red* (from which this essay is taken).

It should be added that Mr. Pearson, the most amiable of men, is a specialist in the literature of crime, particularly murder. The story is told that one evening his wife, returning to their apartment, found the furniture in disorder and her husband stretched on the floor in an attitude of violent decease. She exclaimed with horror, but he spoke up, adjuring her not to touch anything. He had been mentally reconstructing some famous unsolved assassination: had placed the moveables as nearly as possible to reproduce the setting of the crime, and laying himself out as the body of the victim was peacefully perpending the riddle. This hobby has flowered in his jovial work, *Studies in Murder.*

THERE was once a bashful old professor of literature at Yale, who ended a course of lectures on American writers by uttering a deprecatory cough, and an apology. "Gentlemen," he explained, "when I commenced these lectures, I intended, if time allowed, to embrace both Phœbe and Alice Cary."

As I write this, I am sitting at a window from which I have many times seen the Cary sisters—their blue veils flying—go by to their work. Not Phœbe and Alice, but Miss Hattie and Miss Ellen Cary, who were much concerned with the art of literature in our town.

The Twentieth Century has altered Lanesport. The town hall where we used to see Ullie Akerstrom, "Lanesport's Favorite Actress," in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (with the blood-hounds led through the street in procession before the show), is now a Community Hall, housing the Plaza Picture Palace. Mrs. Bag-

ley's millinery establishment is replaced by the Up-To-Date Garage; and Mr. Davenport's little shop, with its low and dingy ceiling, where he would sell you delicious molasses candy, or open at your demand innumerable oysters which he or his son had taken from their beds early that morning—this place now appears with flamboyant decoration and enlarged area as Kondokoupolos Brothers' House of Sweets. But more than anything I resent the transformation of Miss Cary's circulating library into La Fortune's Phonograph Parlor and Souvenir Post-Card Emporium.

About twenty minutes before nine every morning the Cary girls would trot down our street, Miss Hattie to open the reading-room in the public library, and Miss Ellen to her own little circulating library, where she sat all morning and afternoon, renting books at two cents a day. They were white-haired women when I first knew them, but they had never married, and so by the custom of the town, they were and would remain the "Cary *girls*," even though they lived to fourscore and ten.

Miss Hattie was tall and slender; Miss Ellen, short and stout. Miss Ellen might have posed for Queen Victoria. Indeed, some years later, when the fashion for "Living Pictures" reached Lanesport, I am not sure she was not induced to put on a black gown and

a widow's cap, and impersonate that diminutive and dignified monarch. Both sisters parted their hair in the middle, and wore long blue cloaks in summer and "fur-lined circulars" in the winter. Their bonnets were not unlike those now worn by the Salvation Army girls, except that they were complicated by the windings of yards and yards of blue veils.

You may be inclined to dismiss them as a couple of "New England old maids," since spinsters, it is well known, exist only in New England. They appear to you, perhaps, as relics of that Puritanism which so many people are now engaged in deriding. But it is not in this light that I remember them. They had their standards and their limitations, and their points of conservatism, but that they were just as eager for human progress as many of the platitudinous "liberals" and "radicals" who haunt the book-shops of Greenwich Village, there is not in my mind an atom of doubt.

Like those radicals, they were opposed to bloodshed. But instead of the healthy and necessary bloodshed of Germans in Belgium and France—which so disturbed the radicals—the trial of brute force which horrified Miss Hattie and Miss Ellen was the projected fight between John L. Sullivan and Corbett in New Orleans. They thought it disgraceful that such a spectacle should be allowed "in this nineteenth cen-

tury." They grieved at my interest in it. But when I met them, on my way to school the morning after the fight, their concerted, excited, and altogether human inquiry was: "Who won the fight?"

Miss Ellen Cary's circulating library was all contained in a small room. The walls were lined and the floor-space covered with book-cases and the books were protected and disguised by brown-paper covers. Surely *The Purple Pagan,* the radical book-shop near Washington Square, which I occasionally visit nowadays, is a brighter, more vivid, and apparently more exciting place. But for all its color and uneasy exploitation of various egotisms, it does not inspire my imagination as much as Miss Cary's dismal-looking collection. And this is curious, since all its art is supposed to set the imagination afire; its sculptors scorn to model more of a human figure than an elbow sticking out of a solid block of clay. Your imagination is called upon to supply the rest of the figure.

In Miss Cary's library you stood and wondered what was behind those paper covers. What strange voyage or extraordinary chapters of wonder might be disclosed if you took one of those volumes home? There had been some great moments. A tale of a suicide club, and the story of a rajah's diamond had been found in one called *The New Arabian Nights,* by a Scotchman whose life was then drawing to a

close in the South Sea Islands. There were some crisp and tingling little stories about India by a newspaper man from Lahore, who had just offended America by his flippant account of his visit to this country. My brother had recently come home with two poems which he had committed to memory—two extraordinary poems which filled me with delight. They were also by this newspaper man from India, and they were called "Gunga Din" and "Mandalay." And for the next ten years I never hesitated to horrify my elders by saying that Kipling and Stevenson were far better than Sir Walter Scott. Now it is my turn to be horrified and disgusted when I hear that boys in school and college think that only old fogies read Kipling and Stevenson. Who is better? I tremulously cry. Not ——? or ——? Don't make me laugh!

Miss Cary lent me a book called *The Three Impostors,* by Arthur Machen (who had been reading *The New Arabian Nights,* I could see), and it was very much to my taste. The proprietor of *The Purple Pagan* has just discovered Arthur Machen (more than twenty-five years after Miss Ellen Cary) and offers me his books at a fancy price.

It would be wrong to say that the Cary girls have no representatives to-day. There is Mr. Falcon, the owner of a quiet book-shop in New York. He is the

gravest book-dealer in the city. He raises his head from his desk and surveys me with his mild blue eyes. He bows courteously as I come in his shop, and asks how he may serve me. His hair and beard are so fine and silvery that I would liken him to an etching by—but I never can remember who did the etching. The Curator of Prints, to whom I submitted the question, says that Seymour Haden is not the man. The Curator does not know my old book-dealer, and I am shaky about Seymour Haden. So the point may never be settled.

"I would like to look about," I tell the book-dealer.

"Is there some subject in which you are particularly interested?"

There are fifteen subjects, and this news is imparted to the dealer. He shows polite disbelief and fatherly amusement. I am still under sixty, and I can see that the old book-dealer thinks it distressing that so young a reader should play with the truth. I mention one or two of my interests, but it does no good. He regards them as frivolous. Mine is not a case needing learned guidance. Jimmie—who is about thirteen—is called, and instructed to lead me to see some of the books I have indicated. Jimmie and I walk down the shop together, and I feel grateful not to be given a fairy-tale and told to trot away home.

It is not surprising that many book-dealers arrive

at this frame of mind. Shyness in the presence of books is not peculiar to one side of the counter.

The older and more experienced dealers may carry too far their manner of paternal tolerance for the limitations of the young. I knew a girl who was attracted by the pretty edition of *The Compleat Angler,* edited by Mr. Le Gallienne, and published a dozen years ago by Mr. Lane. Happening to be in a strange city—famed for its book-shops—she decided to buy a copy as a gift. She was neither wrinkled, gray, nor bespectacled—far from any of these—but she had spent two or three years in the order division of a public library, during its organization, and more books new and old had passed through her hands and under her observation in a week than the clerks in the book-shop to which she applied were apt to handle in a month. A nice old gentleman came to wait on her, and to him she mentioned her wish, saying that it was a new edition, and adding some details about it.

His eyes twinkled behind his gold eyeglasses. Here was a funny story to tell his friends. This pretty young schoolgirl, who had gone about as far into literature as Richard Harding Davis's romances! His voice was so soothing as he replied, that she expected him to pat her hands.

"My dear young lady," said he, prolonging the

word "dear," "*The Compleat Angler* is a very, *very* old book, written a great many years ago—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, "but there is a new edition—"

"By Izaak Walton," he continued, and having informed her so far, and wagging his head in a sort of solemn merriment, to show that he was not angry at her preposterous inquiry, he fairly backed her out of the shop, closed the door, and left her to go and acquire age and wisdom.

My searches in the shop of the old dealer are not often successful. As soon as Jimmie and I pass the section near the door, devoted to novels of the present year, we are immersed in the Black Walnut period of American literature. That fascinating decade when Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson were writing ballades, when Frank Stockton was writing and A. B. Frost picturing the comedies of American country life —this pleasant era seems to be despised by my old gentleman. He has no past except that of the Beecher trial and the Danbury News Man. I may buy a biography of Adoniram Judson, if I wish, or *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp.* Miss Madeleine Smith, the Glasgow beauty, read the latter, by the way, about the year after its publication, and nearly at the same time when she was refreshing her lover,

M. L'Angelier, with cocoa thoughtfully mixed (so it was asserted) with arsenic. She did not enjoy the novel, but it was all the amusement she had on a rainy Sunday.

It is a matter of fifty-one blocks in distance to *The Purple Pagan,* and the change is from Clarissa Harlowe to Ann Veronica. The place is bright with new book-covers, and posters full of yellows and greens. It is the "greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" school of English estheticism, dished up again forty years later and enlivened by one jigger of Cubism, one of Vorticism, a dash of Communism, the whole mingled with that which Keats long ago saw upon a Grecian urn two thousand years old—the spirit of youth, "forever panting and forever young."

It is all giddy and bright and a little loony. Here comes Alys, the very spirit of America's Bohemia. Born in Nebraska, she has moved to New York "to live her own life." To her fellow-townsmen this suggests awful memories of George Sand and her carryings on, but it really means nothing worse than dining when she feels so inclined on chocolate caramels, cooked on an alcohol flame in the bath-tub. She has a dear friend called Bernice who is even more modern. Back in 1920 I saw Bernice one afternoon turning into Eighth Street; she was dressed in a kind of

green burlap. She wore no stockings but had carefully painted pansies on her ankles. Two dogs backed growling into an area as she passed by, and a baby in a perambulator, seeing her, set up a terrific howl. "I hope you don't think we dress with *attractiveness* in mind!" she said to her brother, who had come on to visit her. "Well, what do you dress for?" he replied faintly; "political reasons?"

Poor Bernice! She is so busy in being modern that there is no chance that she will ever discover how ancient she really is. As she is vowed never to read anything a year old she will never see herself as Lady Jane, Angela, Saphir, and all the others in W. S. Gilbert's *Patience*. Yet there she was forty years ago, green burlap and all,—or as Lady Jane said: "a cobwebby gray velvet, with a tender bloom like cold gravy, which made Florentine Fourteenth Century, trimmed with Venetian leather and Spanish altar lace, and surmounted with something Japanese —it matters not what—" And Bernice has much in common with Mrs. Cimabue Brown, a creation of a social satirist named Du Maurier, of whom, however, she has never heard. *She* offended the eye with peacock-feathers; Bernice does it with *batik;* but they look alike as two string-beans.

Alys and Bernice are much "intrigued" (for they still use that base-born verb) by Morris, who came a

few years ago, when he was fifteen, from southern Russia. There he had to be revolutionary in order not to be classed with the stupid and illiterate. Here he keeps on being revolutionary to prove that he is still intellectual, and as nobody asks him what he wishes to revolutionize, the mental effort is almost negligible. Looking about for tyrants, he descries in the President another Nicholas II, and thinks that the Governor of New York is practically as good, for his purposes, as the old Procurator of the Holy Synod. All the people he knew in southern Russia were very gloomy, and he is convinced that it is so with the Americans. An annoying cheerfulness, which is sometimes forced upon his attention, is easily dismissed. The Intellectuals are not that way, he reflects. For reasons connected with his digestion, it is not difficult for Morris to fight off cheerfulness, and so there he is, both intellectual and pessimistic, without the slightest exertion.

And yet they are uneasy. Alys and Morris and Bernice are perpetually uncomfortable, are suffering pangs which are no part of their program. Partly this is because they need exercise and a change from eccentric food. The biliousness of their art is symbolic. But their troubles are deeper than that; they live in constant dread,—dread of being conventional, of being called Puritanical or Mid-Victorian. Life is

difficult in a circle where the rules for poetry or painting are laid down anew each Monday afternoon, upset by another authority on Wednesday in favor of a new code of laws, which are, in turn, declared Mid-Victorian on Thursday morning. Like a girl from the country, who dreads to be called a prude, and so hastens to light a cigarette before she has even had time to get settled at her table in a Bohemian restaurant, they have subjected themselves to a tyranny of ideas as cruel as those of the Puritans.

The books which cover the tables in *The Purple Pagan,* fresh, bright, and attractive, show that the writers are fearful that somebody may not remember that "male and female created He them." There has been a lapse into forgetfulness about sex on the part of the human race, it appears, and something ought to be published on the subject. Here are a few attempts to supply the want. But they scream a little too loud. They forever want to tell somebody "the facts of life." Like the old lady who wakened her confessor at two in the morning, to confess her one sin, which was committed fifty years ago, they "likes to talk about it." Their liberalism is a tight little doctrine which keeps its hottest hatred for liberals of other stripes. Toward the arch-Tories of the world they are more than friendly. Their pacifism objects to the shedding of blood in any formal manner. But

a bomb tossed nonchalantly into a crowd, or the shooting of unarmed men in the back—since these require no degrading drill nor discipline on the part of the performer—are perfectly tolerable to them. To keep their own skins whole and safe is their notion of the noblest conduct,—and they call themselves "idealists" forty times a day. Their novelists hold up the slacker, the sneak, and the deserter for sympathy and admiration; their story-tellers discuss their own bodily functions as if they were old grannies gossiping in a sanatorium, or wheezy clubmen with disordered livers. And this senile chatter is hailed, in *The Purple Pagan*, as "the cry of youth."

On the whole, the worst thing about them is their complexions. They are as sallow as their paintings, as puffy and muddy as their clay and wax figurines. Old Mr. Falcon, with his bright blue eyes and pink cheeks, looks as if he could give Morris ten yards in a hundred yard dash. Morris, I believed, claimed exemption in 1918, not because he objected to putting bullets into other men, nor was afraid some other man might put a bullet into him. But the thought of being made to get up early and take some exercise revolted his proud soul. His personal freedom to remain a little greasy looking was in danger. An hour's drill and a shower-bath would brighten his views on politics, art, and literature. But he would denounce

me as a militarist and a slave to capitalism if I told him so. And he would smile a sad, greenish smile to show what he thinks of the mental equipment of cheerful persons.

As for the comparative liberality of their literary notions—I suppose it must be admitted that *The Purple Pagan* is much narrower than Miss Cary. They both have their crotchets. Miss Cary disapproved of *Peck's Bad Boy* for persons of my age, and so inspired me with an unholy desire to read it. She did or she did not—I really cannot remember—keep solely for her older readers a little book by Grant Allen, called *The Woman Who Did,* which (laughable to recall) was then sold, after whispered conversations and with a great show of secrecy, by newsboys on the trains. To-day it sits neglected on the book-shelves, middle-aged, obscure, and only occasionally sought for its Aubrey Beardsley title-page.

The Purple Pagan is still devoted to the theory that to be in trouble with the police is the sign of the artist. The proprietor of that gaudy shop always patronizes Poe, not on account of his poetry, for that is diametrically opposed to all the Pagan's ideas of verse-making, but because of his enjoyment of the belief that Poe was a drunkard. Nothing could be more amusing than to have Poe come back, sit at his editorial desk for a week, and release the torrent

of his critical rage upon the *vers librists* and others of their stripe.

Miss Cary first brought to my notice the fact that the current *Lippincott's Magazine* had in it a yarn of a new and admirable detective who dosed himself with cocaine and owned a friend named Watson. At about that time there appeared in the same magazine a weird story, slightly sweet, slightly sickish, called *The Picture of Dorian Gray.* Miss Cary said that the author was a donkey, but that he could write. She lent me a novel called *Tess of the d'Urbervilles,* but at that time it seemed to me to have "too much scenery" in it. Aside from a murder and a hanging there was little to attract me. Miss Cary had not yet heard—and neither had any one of us—of an Irish critic named Shaw; perhaps a curious, thin book named *The Time Machine,* by H. G. Wells, had come to her library. If so, knowing my tastes, she certainly passed it on to me. Mark Twain had just published a book—with delightful illustrations—which I enjoyed then as I have never been able to enjoy it since. It was *The Connecticut Yankee.* Miss Cary talked less about liberalism but believed in it rather more than the Purple man does. She allowed authors freedom in choice of subject; he would pin them down to a pretty narrow range. The themes of both *Othello* and *Macbeth* were great themes in her opinion; *The*

Purple Pagan would vote for *Othello* and despise the theme of *Macbeth*. She cared not at all about the politics of a novelist or a poet, but he would insist that even the writer of nursery rimes must believe in Communism, or whatever cure-all he happened to favor at the moment. If Miss Cary were Czar, I think it would be an easy sort of tyranny, but one has only to look at the fanatic's eyes of *The Purple Pagan* to know that his firing-squads would never stop until they had cleared the earth of all who did not share his beliefs, down to his last economic or artistic dogma.

MANÈGE

By MAURICE HEWLETT

It was one of Maurice Hewlett's grievances that six readers out of ten expected every new book of his to be in the vein of his famous *Forest Lovers*. That enchanting book, published in 1898, really did a great deal to embitter its author's life, for (as always happens) he was constantly besought to "write another one." But those who know him best as the medieval romancer and the lover of Italy may be interested to see how tellingly he wrote, in his later years, about the Wiltshire countryside to which he retired and where he studied every detail of village life with infinitely close and loving attention. This is from his *Wiltshire Essays* (1921).

Maurice Hewlett was born in 1861, died 1923.

A MAN I know, something of a poet, with a pronounced inclination towards living his poetry as well as imagining it, married out of his caste, a village girl. When I went to see him the other day he told me something about his wife which I have taken the pains to confirm by observation. He did the thing thoroughly, you must understand, when, at the call of instinct or love, he decided to step down—or up, as he claimed it; for he lived unaffectedly in a cottage and did not concern himself to earn more than was subsistence on or about the cottage scale for the two of them, and what else their union might involve. He had something, and he made something. I suppose, at the outside, £300 a year came in. That don't

go very far in these days. He did his full share of household duty, ran the garden, and an allotment, and would never suffer her to undergo any of the heavy daily jobs. It was he who wound up the bucket from the draw-well, carried the coals, chopped the fire-wood, cleaned the boots. He was always down before her, to light the kitchen fire and make her a cup of tea. In the intervals of these tasks he observed nature, birds chiefly, and scribbled when the fancy invited. But really nothing of that matters, except to point out the brisk, conscientious, theoretical fellow he was, and is.

He said, "My wife is a beautiful woman, as you will allow,"—I did, and I do—"and she is at the same time the most innately good woman I have ever known; but the most beautiful feature she has, at once the most expressive of herself and beneficent to mankind, is her hands. Have you ever noticed them? Do, when you can, without her finding you out. She knows that I admire them, and it makes her shy. But watch her handle a loaf of bread when she is cutting it; observe how the fingers travel and adjust themselves, each doing a definite piece of work. Watch her sewing, and don't omit to observe the play of the hand which is hidden in the work. Watch her, above all, knitting. The hand-play then is like the running of some exquisitely-timed engine. I can sit

and look at it for hours' together, and gain thereby higher hopes of our *genus* than I have ever been able to afford myself until now. Some day there may be reared in this place boys and girls with hands like their mother's to carry on the tradition."

I asked him, "Do you allow so little for your share in the transaction? Does brain go for nothing?"

He faced it. "You are confusing substance and accident; mental capacity with education. I am more educated than she is, but my mental capacity is not necessarily higher. Or, in any case, it is her hands against my head. I prefer to look at final causes when I can; and here the heart, or the will, if you please, is the important thing. What are we actually here for? The scientists, the clergy, the engineers, and the grocers all say, Progress. Progress to what end? Each of them names a different end."

"The scientists, at least," I said, "and very possibly the clergymen also, would name Knowledge as the end."

"No doubt they would. The engineer would put it at ease of production, and the grocer at wealth. My answer to all of them would be this: We are here in a world which we did not make and cannot fundamentally alter. The utmost we can do is to make it more tolerable for ourselves. I don't mean by that oneself: I mean for our *genus*. Now the virtues

which will do that are moral rather than intellectual. If you wish for a tolerable world it must be one in which you can be happy. To be happy, you must be good. Happiness, in short, is an affair for the heart and hands rather than for the mind. Quite certainly you nourish the mind at the expense of the other two; and if you do that, you make the world in the long run a less tolerable place. I don't say that pure science—mathematics, metaphysics, and such like—won't give exquisite happiness to the qualified practitioner. But that is incommunicable happiness—not like religion, or applied art, or domestic labor, or agriculture, all of which give communicable happiness."

"Medicine?" I asked him. "Surgery?"

"Both altruistic," he replied, "and one at least an affair of the hands." I could have pressed him, but I let him have his way.

"My wife's virtues," he resumed, "are beneficial to mankind. She is happy in their exercise; she makes happiness. She is good, because her heart is good; she is efficient because her hands are perfectly trained. Her excellencies are the result of traditional use which is eons old; custom handed down *vivâ voce, vivâ manu,* from the inconceivably bygone age when this land was peopled by her ancestors. She is of Iberian lineage; you can see it in every line and every hue. She herself, then, you may say, is an instance of

high specialization, infinite slow adjustment to a time and place which have imperceptibly altered. You can't go wrong when, as seems to have happened with her family, no violence from outside has broken in, to shake the tradition. Her hands and her heart are *in pari materiâ*. One symbolizes the other. Both are the result of continuous exact adjustment to what has confronted them. It would have been criminal folly if I, a *parvenu,* either spoilt bourgeois, or strayed descendant of peasants who had lost the tradition, had done anything to dislocate a sequence which, in her case, has been so wonderfully preserved."

His vehemence interested me. I said, "You are indeed a lover."

"Watch her hands," he said. So I did.

She came in by-and-by from her village affairs, took off her hat, put on her apron, and busied herself with tea-making. I watched her cut bread-and-butter, as Werther watched Charlotte, and admired. It was deftly and quickly done; and true enough the fingers traveled about over the uneven surface of the loaf as stone-crop embraces a boulder. She was tall for a woman, and had large, capable hands, tanned by the sun to a warm brown on the back, well-shaped certainly. The fingers were long and flexible, narrow, but not pointed at the tips, which were as sensitive,

or seemed so, as the horns of a snail. They worked and felt about for holding-ground just in a snail's way. I saw that, as her husband had said, each had its appointed office; that, as in a boat's crew, each pulled its full weight; and I wondered if that was not the case with every child of Eve. Study afterwards convinced me that indeed it was not. My own hands, to go no further afield, are grotesquely clumsy. There seems to be no tactile virtue in my fingers at all. If I try to pick up a postage-stamp I must claw it with my nails; if I want to take an envelope from the rack I must always bring out two. As for cutting bread-and-butter—what a botchery, what a butchery! I am no doubt an extreme case: you must compare like with like. I am now observing the ladies of my acquaintance, and their maids. I must say that the maids support my enamored friend's argument.

With her knitting, which occupied her after tea, the same activity of all the fingers was very noteworthy. The ring-finger was particularly adept, and with most of us it is the drone of the bunch. While she knitted she conversed with me, sitting at the open door of the cottage. Like all beautiful women, she was sparing of speech, but by no means tongue-tied. Her talk, like her movements, was natural, unconscious, in harmony with herself. Though she had no general ideas, she was not unwilling to receive them, and was quick

to give them particular application to things and persons of her acquaintance. And presently one thing struck me: her favorite word. It was "manage." When I had offered to carry out the tea-things to the scullery for her, she thanked me with a smile, and said that she could manage. When it was a question of a boy under a cloud, and the Vicar who was going to discharge him from the choir, she looked shrewdly out and thought that she could manage the Vicar. She dropped a stitch in her knitting—and managed. She managed any thing, and most bodies, so easily. No word was more often on her lips. Then etymology threw a beam of light. Manage—*manège*—handling! I was hugely pleased with my discovery. My friend took it as a matter of course. But it was getting late, and the time had come for me to go.

I had to walk round by the bridge in order to reach the starting-place of the motor omnibus. In time, therefore, I was again in full view of my friend's cottage, removed from me now by the width of the river and valley-bottom. It stood up bravely on its high bank, radiant in the setting sun. The stone was warm gray, the thatch pale gold. The door was still open, and as I looked across the water-meadows towards it my recent hostess came out, a pannikin of chicken-food propped against her hip, and stood for a moment to look, shading her eyes from the sun. Presently

she saw me, and waved her hand—that strong, large, good hand, so careful over many things, and so capable. It is very possible my friend was right; that the energy of her handiwork was a radiant energy.

THE SMELL OF A BRUSH FIRE

By Arthur G. Staples

This is the kind of cheerful and wise and racy thinking in print that has always been characteristic of the better sort of American "provincial" journalism. Mr. Staples, who is the editor of the Lewiston (Maine) *Journal,* writes a daily sketch similar to this in the regular course of his job. His theme is usually based on the picturesque colors and memories of the country life he knows so well. But it is more than merely moralizing: it is full of humor and carries the scent of winter winds and baking beans and all the flavor of Down East.

Mr. Staples, born July 4, 1861, graduated from Bowdoin College in 1882, and has worked on the Lewiston *Journal* since 1883. He has collected two books of his newspaper essays—*Jack in the Pulpit* (from which this comes) and *Just Talks on Common Themes.* They are published in his own newspaper plant, and he has made no effort (so far as I know) to market them widely. But various metropolitan papers—for instance, the New York *Tribune*—have reprinted a number of his essays, and his unpretentious but flavorsome talent is gaining in the country at large the honor he has long had in the State of Maine.

Nearly every one likes the smell of a bonfire. You can recall when you leaped forth, five feet at a leap, with whoops at each landing, after supper of some April evening, to follow the smell of a distant brush fire. The odor seemed to put pep in your legs. You gamboled like a young kid on the hills of the psalmist.

Often when you found it, there was nothing but a pillar of smoke from a back-yard rubbish heap, but none the less would you stay and watch its slow spirals

to the evening sky. It fitted your mood. It soothed the perturbed, longing spirit of the boy, in you. If the man would let you rake a bit and pile on more stuff to make the smudge and you could afterward stand in the smoke, you were happy. And later, you crawled in between the sweet sheets of home smelling like a dump heap, but satisfied.

But if you could find a real bonfire, what exhilaration! To see it from afar lighting up the evening sky and the surrounding barns and houses; to come nearer and see the sparks flying up and roll over crackling in the night; to catch the shadows of the dancing children as you speeded up the streets and through the back-lots; to see the curls of the girls floating out behind them as they ran about; to smell the ineffable odors of the spruce, pine, fir, and hemlock, mingled in ecstasy of perfume on the altars of the vernal gods—this was the apotheosis of joy.

And it was not without its larger recompense; potatoes baked in the ashes raked out with a crotched stick and eaten raw and hot, with hard hearts and mealy outsides—just like some people whom we have come to know later; potatoes with burnt skins and unsavory appearance, mealy all through, like some other people whom we have also known. The leaping through the flames with daring that made the small girls appear transfixed with admiration and terror, the

bringing of fresh boughs to hear the roar of the flames as they bite into the pitch of the fir and hemlock, and finally the dying down of the fire into red coals with groups of boys standing around silently and thoughtfully in the sweet April night.

You know of Meleager. He was a sort of mythological chap whose life was to be measured by a brand laid upon the fire. I think of him often as I watch the fire on the hearth, for Meleager was born to trouble with the Fates who told his mother, Althæa, when the infant was seven days old that he should live until the brand on the fire was consumed. The mother plucked the brand from the burning and hid it in her bosom. All this is told in the Ode of Bacchylides, how in the wasting warfare of the times, Meleager killed his brothers when Althæa in anger laid the brand from her bosom on the fire once again and watched it calmly as poor Meleager went up in smoke with the burning brand. We boys did not know about that; but something about the moods of those after hours around the red coals of the brush fires must have touched us with the passing of life. At any rate it was something more than the mere worship of fire, which is innate in most of us. How many Meleagers went up in the bonfires! What a complex chemical reaction had been set up, we did not know; but we did know that here was mystery. Something struck the deeper being of

the boy! He felt his wings beating against the bars of life. It had its voice for him; for fire is not mute. It has a distinct speech; it roars in the bonfire, a sort of eager chant just suited to a boy, who likes to shout to the four winds of heaven. The fire on the hearth is sedate, like age, respectful and considerate, driving its wedges into the wood and peeling off the bark like the blue flame of the blowpipe. The fire in the grass goes like a snake stealthily hissing along. The fire in the furnace seeps through in silence or else with no more noise than the lapping of waves of milk on a shore of cotton-wool. But the bonfire shouts like a boy and leaps like a boy and rollicks like a boy and is soon worn out like a boy. It must have taken its name from boy-fire, which is not far from bonfire.

Bonfires are good for boys. I would have the legislature provide a fund for bonfires. It will improve their morale; develop their thought; warm their spiritual as well as physical natures. Flame purifies, even the soul, which is accounted as nothing but Promethean heat.

All this from smelling a distant odor of a brush fire the other night built of leaves, a piece of burlap, and a few sprigs of hemlock. When there is to be a real bonfire will some good friend notify me?

REJECTION

By Alice Meynell

The company of those who have loved and praised Mrs. Meynell's art is perhaps not a vast one, but it includes some greatly honored names. The hand that was praised by such men as George Meredith, John Ruskin, Coventry Patmore, William Sharp, Francis Thompson—yes, and many others, too—was a sure hand and lovely. One likes to imagine the ink running from her pen in the most dainty precision of script, small and curious and strong: and it would be an honest black ink, one fancies—none of your pale blues and violets, sprawled in angles and thin zigzags. As different as possible, for instance, from the handwriting of Ouida: though that lady also was a genius in her own sort.

This little piece (from *The Rhythm of Life*, 1893) seems to have been omitted from the volume of Mrs. Meynell's collected prose. Very likely she dropped it herself, in the course of that "whole endless action of refusal" she mentions hereunder. Yet it is not unimportant, for in its few sentences it crystallizes a whole theory of living—and may remind one, perhaps, of her superb sonnet *Renouncement*, much favored by the anthologists.

I had intended to include in this book a little essay by Dixon Scott on "The Art of Mrs. Meynell," but the publisher of Mr. Scott's book said me nay. Therefore I urge you to look it up in Scott's *Men of Letters*. Scott says admirably, of Mrs. Meynell's prose: "It isn't prose-poetry; it isn't rhetoric or singsong. It is all as honest as machinery, it does its work with absolute economy, and every touch is strong as a hammer-stroke, though timed and directed so perfectly that it just skims like a caress the tremulous nerves of the eye."

Alice Meynell, poet herself and friend of so many poets (indeed her personality was one of the most fruitful and generous in the recent years of English letters) was born Alice Thompson, married Wilfrid Meynell in 1877, and died in 1923. In one of her essays she speaks of a friend who "always prayed temperate prayers and harbored probable wishes." My temperate prayer is that as time goes on her pure and shining work may be kept alive in the minds and memories of those who are happily fit to understand her. Even if she had never written a line, she would be secure in our literature for having, with her husband, saved and strengthened that strange ghost Francis Thompson.

Simplicity is not virginal in the modern world. She has a penitential or a vidual singleness. We can conceive an antique world in which life, art, and letters were simple because of the absence of many things; for us now they can be simple only because of our rejection of many things. We are constrained to such a vigilance as will not let even a master's work pass unfanned and unpurged. Even among his phrases one shall be taken and the other left. For he may unawares have allowed the habitualness that besets this multitudinous life to take the pen from his hand and to write for him a page or a word; and habitualness compels our refusals. Or he may have allowed the easy impulse of exaggeration to force a sentence which the mere truth, sensitively and powerfully pausing, would well have become. Exaggeration has played a part of its own in human history. By depreciating our language it has stimulated change, and has kept the circulating word in exercise. Our rejection must be alert and expert to overtake exaggeration and arrest it. It makes us shrewder than we wish to be. And, indeed, the whole endless action of refusal shortens the life we could desire to live. Much of our resolution is used up in the repeated mental gesture of adverse decision. Our tacit and implicit distaste is made explicit, who shall say with what loss to our treasury of quietness? We are de-

frauded of our interior ignorance, which should be a place of peace. We are forced to confess more articulately than befits our convention with ourselves. We are hurried out of our reluctances. We are made too much aware. Nay, more: we are tempted to the outward activity of destruction; reviewing becomes almost inevitable. As for the spiritual life—O weary, weary act of refusal! O waste but necessary hours, vigil and wakefulness of fear! "We live by admiration" only a shortened life who live so much in the iteration of rejection and repulse. And in the very touch of joy there hides I know not what ultimate denial; if not on one side, on the other. If joy is given to us without reserve, not so do we give ourselves to joy. We withhold, we close. Having denied many things that have approached us, we deny ourselves to many things. Thus does *il gran rifiuto* divide and rule our world.

Simplicity is worth the sacrifice; but all is not sacrifice. Rejection has its pleasures, the more secret the more unmeasured. When we garnish a house we refuse more furniture, and furniture more various, than might haunt the dreams of decorators. There is no limit to our rejections. And the unconsciousness of the decorators is in itself a cause of pleasure to a mind generous, forbearing, and delicate. When we dress, no fancy may count the things we will

none of. When we write, what hinders that we should refrain from Style past reckoning? When we marry— Moreover, if simplicity is no longer set in a world having the great and beautiful quality of fewness, we can provide an equally fair setting in the quality of refinement. And refinement is not to be achieved but by rejection. One who suggests to me that refinement is apt to be a mere negative has offered up a singular blunder in honor of robustiousness. Refinement is not negative, because it must be compassed by many negations. It is a thing of price as well as of value; it demands immolations, it exacts experience. No slight or easy charge, then, is committed to such of us as, having apprehension of these things, fulfil the office of exclusion. Never before was a time when derogation was always so near, a daily danger, or when the reward of resisting it was so great. The simplicity of literature, more sensitive, more threatened, and more important than other simplicities, needs a guard of honor, who shall never relax the good will nor lose the good heart of their intolerance.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By Edward Townsend Booth

I remember very well the exhilaration with which I read in the *Literary Review*, in the spring of 1922, an article called "The Intellectuals and Religion." The name of the author, Edward Townsend Booth, was new to me, and in that essay I had the excellent experience of encountering genuine thought lucidly transferred upon paper. Since that time I have tried to keep an eye open for anything Mr. Booth might write, and I counsel you to do the same. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines; the following sketch appeared in *The Freeman*, that extremely able radical weekly whose four years' career (1920-24) was studiously watched by many lovers of candor. In its political philosophy I found *The Freeman* almost unnecessarily morose, but in matters of literary editing it was admirable.

Mr. Booth was born at Bergen Point, New Jersey, in 1890, a year that I have a special affection for. He studied at Yale (class of 1912) and now lives in Plainfield, N. J.

A row of unpainted bath-houses, a ramshackle casino with a sagging gallery and dim interior of uneven flooring and scurfy wainscoting, a small booth at the water's edge where a few cartons of chewing-gum, cheap candy, and cigarettes were offered for sale beneath a sign that urged one to buy a ticket for the trip in the glass-bottomed boat, $1.50—these blemishes chilled my enthusiasm for the Fountain of Youth so thoroughly that I was about to turn on my heel and retreat the hundred miles I had driven from South Florida for the sole purpose of beholding this place. Could this dingy picnic-ground be the world-wonder

of tourists of the 'seventies, so floridly celebrated in the guide-books of that decade and in "Picturesque America," and visited only after Niagara and Mammoth Cave by all traveled Americans and by foreigners making the American tour? The rusty, wood-burning locomotive on an overgrown narrow-gage road near by; the derelict hulk of a small stern-wheeler by a crumbling wharf; the spectral, empty casino; these were the only survivals of that fame which surely must have been fabricated out of the irreducible minimum of natural beauty in the interest of railway, steamboat, and hotel companies.

The tourists and honeymooners, finding themselves sold after so many miles of travel, had shamelessly joined the conspiracy of the guide-books and fostered the popular illusion that this sizeable pond in the forest of North Florida was one of the great "sights of picturesque America." Their disappointment had been tempered, no doubt, by the shining brass of the decayed little engine, by the tidy accommodations of the stern-wheeler with its beacon of pine-knots lighting the night voyage on the Oklawaha River, by the "elegant" hospitality of the casino in the wilderness. But with these important stage-properties now in the last state of dissolution, the Fountain of Youth presented a sorry spectacle indeed to one who had viewed it first in the romantic representations of Harry Fenn.

Fortunately the boatman had made up his mind that I must be a third passenger in his glass-bottomed craft. His drawled importunities checked my flight. After all, having come so far, I might as well peer through the floor of his boat into the sources of the full-grown river that arose here before the candy-booth, and flowed away with volume enough to float a small steamboat through a forest of cypress to the St. John's. "If it ain't worth the money, I'll give you back your dollar and a half, and a dollar to boot," the boatman urged me with lazy assurance. It seemed extortion for such a short excursion as the circuit of the pool; but the boatman's confidence, and a glimpse of one of the two passengers he had already persuaded, tipped the scales of indecision.

A moment later, as the glazed box at my knees moved past the precipitous edge of the shallows, I was absolved of extravagance and the seeming folly of having driven a hundred miles of indifferent road to behold the Fountain of Youth. Instantly I became deaf to the boatman's statistical patter of depth and gallons per minute. My fellow-passengers, an oldish man and a very pretty young woman, who a moment before had promised to be the chief interest of the tiny voyage, ceased to exist. Even the lumbering boat, and the water it fastened its eye upon, seemed to have vanished as my vision plunged through them

to the fissured floors and walls of the basin, and began to roam over meadows of flowering, bronze waterweeds and small, bright fields of sand that quaked and glittered like mercury in the imperceptibly filtered light of high noon. It was so very much clearer in those lucid depths, forty or fifty feet below, than in the atmosphere of the crystal February day, that air and water seemed to have exchanged specific gravity. My world was aqueous; and that one beneath, where crimson fish soared and hovered over bronze and silver or darted swiftly in and out of indigo shadows, almost incredibly ethereal. Strangely enough, as I gazed raptly into its utter clarity, I seemed to be violating the secrets of a foreign element, to be spying through a keyhole, almost with a sense of shame, upon the intimacies of another way of life.

As the first shock of the revelation wore away, I became aware again of my companions, of the slow, mechanical drone of the boatman, the childlike ejaculations of the pretty young woman, the frugal comment of the oldish man, as he responded to her cries: "Oh, look, honey! that great big old turtle on that ledge! . . . Flowers blooming right on the bottom of a pond, I declare! . . . See that litty-bitty red fish, honey. Why, he's no bigger than a fly!" The man rested his badly shaven chin heavily on a blanched, flabby hand, and replied with a gentle, bored "Uh-

huh, I see, dear," or "Some turtle, ain't he? . . . Some fish!" I scrutinized the reflection of his large, gaunt features in the glass we leaned over, and decided that he was not the elderly man my first glimpse had reported. There was an expression of pent exasperation at the corners of his heavy mouth and in the furrows of his brow, as if he were amazed and petulant over a less gradual default of his forces than the normal, slow ageing of sixty-five. A convalescent invalid, of course, and fully ten years younger than I had supposed; a man of uncommon strength of body and will, bearing impatiently the languor of a recent illness, and eager to take up again his career of politics or business, traveling with his daughter to recuperate health, so I told myself. She was wheedling him with her little-girl airs "to keep his mind off himself." But how to account for that glint of calculation, of avidity even, that I seemed to see in her lively dark eyes when they took in her companion, for that suggestion of exasperation reflecting his own, but unmixed with lassitude? She was anxiously studying his mood, perhaps—a filial duty that had begun "to get on her nerves" after weeks of affectionate care.

The boatman was telling some fatuous story of Juan Ponce de León's discovery of this sylvan pool. I checked a pedantic impulse to refute him from Peter Martyr's *Decades*. This local myth was as shabby

as the other mercenary appointments of the Fountain of Youth, so called. But it was giving my fellow-passengers a meretricious thrill, perhaps. It would be boorish to dampen their interest with the historical fact that de León had never seen this extravagant upwelling of diamond water. Then, I was rather inclined, quite as romantically perhaps, to believe that this was actually the fountain he had sought. The largest of its kind in the Peninsula, its fame may very well have spread through the Bahamas to the Greater Antilles, gathering on its way the glamor of magic properties especially interesting to a middle-aged soldier of fortune with a young wife. Or, that part of the story (the youth-restoring quality of these waters, that is) may have been invented for de León's credulous ear by his political rivals, Juan Ceron and Miguel Diaz, who would be glad to inspire their popular predecessor in the island of Porto Rico to a romantic voyage of discovery.

As I played thus gratuitously with the few facts that are known about Ponce de León's circumstances on the eve of his discovery of Florida, and began to stare with dimming interest at the floor of the great spring that he may have been seeking, my fancies suddenly sharpened into belated perception of the modern version of de León's romance here before me. As abruptly as my eye had plunged to the bright fields

and meadows of the basin when the boat slid over the edge of the shallows, I now perceived the true relation of the oldish man and the pretty young woman, and accounted for the blind spot that had kept me from seeing what would have been evident at once to almost any one else. I understood the curious conceit that I had been invading some privacy when I had first gazed into the immaterial water, why the glass eye of the boat had seemed a keyhole. This place was sacred to the honeymoon of my father and mother, and would not serve as the scene of such a tragicomic one as this. But that to which a transferred sense of modesty had blinded me, I had nevertheless seen obliquely with a clarity as perfect as the water of the spring.

"Yes," drawled the boatman to the spare Cracker in the candy-booth, after the pretty young woman and the oldish man had taken the 'bus for the faded hotel in Alamassee, "The Senator's done himself proud. Pretty as a picture, ain't she—and he's old enough to be her father."

"Reckon that's why he's making a trip to the Fountain of Youth," cackled the lantern jaws in the candy-booth.

FIDO AND PONTO

By Elizabeth Bibesco

Princess Bibesco's first appearance in literature, I think, was in the Diary of Wilfrid Blunt. Mr. Blunt, with the famous Coquelin, went to lunch with Margot Asquith; and little Elizabeth, then aged twelve, was called upon to recite poems. Coquelin good-naturedly suggested that "perhaps Mademoiselle would be shy," but Mrs. Asquith was firm. "There is no shyness in this family," she said.

Yet I doubt whether that is wholly true: any one who writes so enchantingly and with such tenderly witty insight into the human mind as Elizabeth Asquith Bibesco is sure to have some secret regions of intense sensitiveness. In the two books of hers that I have read, *I Have Only Myself to Blame* and *Balloons,* I find the comedy of sophisticated manners at its finest: a lovely and bitter sense of intimate human vibrations, a secret fiddling on the daintiest nerves of social perception. Her father, former Prime Minister of Britain, is a famous man, and her mother is a brilliant woman, but I am not sure that their daughter's gift is not rarer than either.

She is the wife of Prince Antoine Bibesco, Roumanian minister at Washington since 1920.

Fido was a Dalmatian—of the race described by some as blotting paper and by others as plum pudding dogs. Every line of his body had been formed by hundreds of years of tradition. You can find his ancestors in tapestries and petit point in Italian primitives and Flemish family groups, nestling in voluminous satin petticoats, or running at the heels of skating children—moving in sedate indifference beside the cortège of a pope, or barking in gay derision at the tidy Dutch snow. Not "a dog" or "the dog" but

"dog" unspecified and absolute. True, till 1700 it was largely a matter of silhouette, the lissom outline was there, but with a certain variety of coloring. Then the 18th century stepped in and made spots de rigueur—Dalmatians invaded new territory. They conquered the kingdom of china and occupied a commanding position in coaching prints. An unaccompanied post-chaise, deplorable in life, because unknown in art, and the expression "carriage dog" came into use for the first time.

The 18th and 19th centuries were the golden age of Dalmatian rule, and when their dynasty was finally overthrown, it was not by a new upstart race of dogs, but by a new upstart production of that blind and ugly mother of strong and hideous children—progress. Motors were invented.

If machinery had a conscience, what a procession of ghosts would it not be haunted by—ghosts of white fingers and humming spinning wheels, ghosts of parasols—stiff pagodas of taffetas or rippling fountains of lace—ghosts of victorias and barouches and tandems—ghosts of spotted streaks of lightning bounding forward with the grace of cats and the speed of Derby winners, capering with fastidious frivolity between yellow wheels.

Dalmatians, console yourselves, you are in good

company. Beside you walks the ghost of civilization herself—surrounded by the phantom forms of courtesy and leisure and all the lost company of the divine superfluous.

Cause and effect, demand and supply, where does the vicious circle begin and end? Certain it is that when motors began to drench the countryside in dust and suppress reflexion by providing our afterthoughts with transport, Dalmatians disappeared. Silently, imperceptibly, putting down their paws with all the old fastidious grace, they crept out of a world that had betrayed aristocracy. Only Fido remained —to die of a broken heart.

When I first saw him, he was a puppy—a thin lanky puppy, waiting to be filled in by life, a mere sketch of the masterpiece he was to become. Even in those days he had heavy black charmeuse ears, marvelous thick rich satin they were, and tiny dark rims to his eyes—a setting of penciled shadow. How am I to describe his spots? The wonderful distribution of black and white, the ruffle at the side of his arched neck made by the meeting of two competitive rhythms of hairs, the looseness of his skin, his long lithe legs that would tie themselves into a tangled heap of grace when he lay down.

To see him move was to see motion made concrete

—to see him run was to realize that even Pavlova had never quite overcome the obstacle of being a human.

At night he seemed phosphorescent, the dark itself was defeated by his whiteness. His bark was low and deep and resonant—a church bell of a bark—it reminded you less of a 'cello than all 'cellos—except M. Casal's—remind you of a bark.

He had the divine irrelevant grace of a cat. Always he was showing off, practising his paws, curling and stretching and pirouetting, letting himself go like an arrow out of a bow, circling on the lawn like a swallow above water, giving you daily a thousand illustrations of how much you would have lost by only having 100 masterpieces in bronze of him.

Living with Fido was a daily revelation of absolute beauty. He was the key to the secret of Phidias and Ucello Pascal and Mozart.

But he was alive, warm and gay and moody—joyous and absurd—full of little confiding gestures —a nose pressed under one's chin, or a paw laid in alluring appeal on one's hand. Withal he was detached with the detachment of his separate universe —a divine world of smells and sounds and ever new adventurous possibilities, unspoilt by memory and untarnished by experience.

Dogs are the best company in the world—I would

watch Fido abandoning himself to each moment of the day, the victim or the hero of a hundred impulses, torn by competing smells and sounds as we are torn by overlapping warring emotions and ambitions.

And then he would lie sprawling in front of the fire with a half open eye and when you said "Fido" his ears would answer you, taut with response, while his tail would beat the floor in indolent happiness. Is there anything in life so infectiously joyous as a wagging tail? Worry, distress, crossness, all melt at the sight of it—a hypnotic conductor's baton beating the rhythm of triumphant joie de vivre.

Fido was a daily, hourly delight.

I would shut my eyes, to be able to open them suddenly and realize—with fresh acuteness—his infinite variety. There was to me something poignant about his loveliness like an open rose in whose very perfection lies the herald of doom. I loved him too much. The cynical masterpieces of the past looking at his beauty smiled in satisfied revenge for they knew that he was alive and that life means death. Love gives mortality to everything.

Fido grew limp and listless. His nose was hot and dry. He no longer trotted about, he wandered from room to room. His eyes were dull. His heart bumped about like money in a money-box. With an effort he wagged his tail to cheer me up. Wearily

he would climb into a chair and lie there indifferent to my trembling caresses.

Fido died.

I gave up looking at dogs, alive or china, embroidered or painted. Fortunately most of my friends have "pets," griffons that look like tropical spiders, little shiny naked shivering animals, bloated prosperous Pekineses, exuding the complacency of their mistresses and seeming to be rather the last word of a dressmaker, or a furrier, than a creation of the Gods.

If I saw a sheepdog, or a greyhound, a spaniel or a retriever, I would avert my eyes, shivering a little as when the hitherto harmless buzzing machine reaches the hidden nerve.

"Don't you like dogs?" people would say.

LIKE!

"No!" I would answer.

"How strange. I adore animals."

ADORE!

Oh, the verbs of the untouched. And then, in spite of everything, because of everything, a Dalmatian once more invaded my life—the life that I had so resolutely determined never again to expose to any dog. What is invulnerability but a pisaller? Which of us, given the choice between perfect peace and imperfect love would hesitate for one moment?

When Providence gave me Ponto I accepted him with hungry passion, with nervous propitiatory prayers to the Gods.

He was a stray dog, masterless and collarless, an erring emigré of civilization, and he came to me. At first I did not dare look—my heart was beating so fast. I was frightened of being radiant. I was frightened of being miserable.

And then I turned to him. He was bigger than Fido, with longer, stronger legs. His ears were not quite black, there were two little white spots on them, his eyes were not set in penciled rims. But he was beautiful, as beautiful as a Greek athlete—to see him run was to see the Olympic games, and in the house he would curl and stretch and tangle up his paws, and put his head on my lap and reassure me with his eyes.

Once more I lived with motion made concrete, with beauty made absolute—once more a wagging tail brought the inexhaustible dot of gaiety.

Ponto had finer manners than Fido. He was maturer, with a deeper sense of noblesse oblige. He never forgot that even if he had been born a Dalmatian, privilege entails certain obligations.

Perhaps he lacked something of Fido's moody charm, of his frivolous pathos, of his absurd joyousness, of his enchanting vanity.

Perhaps it was just Fido's youth that he lacked, and his irresponsibility. There was a certain gravity about Ponto—a perfect dignity. His fastidiousness had gone beyond the stage of selections, and had reached the stage of exclusions. But he never lost his manners, or his manner.

Always he said "Good-morning," and "Good-night." If I was embarrassed, or worried, he would pretend not to notice it, but if I was happy, or sad, he would show his sympathy in a hundred ways—putting his head on my lap, or cutting absurd capers to distract my mind.

And then one day I went away.

I told Ponto when I said good-by to him that it would be some time before I saw him again.

How was I to explain partings to him? The monstrous rôle that geography plays in our lives? I just told him that I loved him, that his image was in my heart, that our separation was only the preparation of a glorious meeting when old-remembered delights would merge into newly discovered ones.

He listened to me while I stroked his heavy charmeuse ears. He licked my hand, knowing that with my whispering words, I was trying to console myself as well as him.

Then I left him quickly.

They wrote to me that he had disappeared.

They wrote to me that his master had reclaimed him.

But I know that he is mine.

For I have made a great discovery.

What I love belongs to me. Not the chairs and tables in my house, but the masterpieces of the world.

It is only a question of loving them enough.

SLAVES OF THE ROOF

By Bruce Bliven

Mr. Bliven has had a lively and various career in journalism. Born in Emmetsburg, Iowa, in 1889, he graduated from Leland Stanford in 1911. After some experience on the San Francisco *Bulletin* and in teaching in the department of journalism at the University of Southern California, he came to New York and worked on *Printer's Ink,* that high-spirited trade organ of the publicity profession. From 1919 until the paper was bought by Mr. Munsey and merged with the *Sun,* Bliven served the *Globe* as editorial writer, managing editor, and associate editor. My particular admiration for him dates from the time when he had himself demoted from managing editor to associate editor so that he might have more time to think. He was instrumental in importing from California to New York several young Stanford graduates who formed a group of extremely capable staff writers on the *Globe* and helped to make the last years of that fine paper honorable for generous liberalism in politics and witty comment on all the arts. Mr. Munsey then "intertwined" the *Sun* and the *Globe* together, a cosmic feat which gave a number of journalists more time for meditation. Not desiring a place in the *Sun,* Mr. Bliven joined the staff of the *New Republic* (from which the following is reprinted).

Mr. Bliven is a frequent commentator on journalism as a profession, and like many other pensive observers he is not easy in his mind regarding some tendencies in the newspaper world.

Sordid commerce fills the streets of our city; so what more natural than that we should mount toward the heavens to enjoy our pleasures in the cleaner, sweeter air that eddies about the nineteenth story? To emphasize the altitude, we will call the scene of our revelries, The Roof—though it is no such thing nor even by a floor or two, the attic. To emphasize

the purity of the atmosphere at this height, as you shall see when we get there, we will fill the room with cigarette smoke of a distinguished and expensive blue tinge.

11:30 P.M.

Up we go, chauffeured by the most knowing of elevator men, who sheathes unutterable urbanity behind his lowered glance. Turn to the left, and surrender your outer garments to a lady pirate in black and white. We have already sacrificed the wealth of Midas at a ticket office below; and having thus bought our way past the purgatory of the anteroom, find ourselves in a jiffy seated at an unbelievably small square table, one of a hundred crowded upon narrow terraces which rise about a central patch of waxed and polished dancing floor.

It seems very simple, this place which is the mecca of a million fatigued industrial barons. If one had not been told, one would find it hard to guess that it represents the final flowering of the recreational impulse in (all together, now!) the greatest city of the greatest country in the greatest era of the greatest civilization of the greatest planet of one of the less important solar systems.

But to be sure, this is the sort of simplicity that is expensive; and the smallness of the room is neces-

sary if our band is to feel select. The terraces surround three sides, and rise to the height of perhaps two feet; the most remote table is only a hop, skip, and jump from the dancing floor. On the fourth side, the latter runs back to an arched proscenium, filled just now by one of those very plain, dull-looking curtains which imply the hand of a stage designer of the new school. At one side of the proscenium, two or three tables would seem to have been wrenched out. Into this space a dozen Negro musicians have been crowded, so close together that we tremble for the cranium of the violinist when the trombone player extends his instrument. The leader, with just room to balance on tiptoe behind the grand piano, leans forward over it and cajoles his men into performing their task, which is to play quite ordinary jazz just as it is played by every other Broadway orchestra. After all, jazz is but jazz; no orchestra can make it either more or less hideous, even though the performers have been imported, as these have, from the Aleutian Islands or Tierra del Fuego or some other end of the earth, where, for some mysterious reason, jazz orchestras seem to grow.

Though we are seated halfway across the room, the noise of the music is nearly enough to batter us into insensibility. One is stunned, stupefied, even while the animal beat of one's pulse is quickened by

a rhythm of the African forest. Only the waiter is unaffected. He stands beside us, stolid as Charon waiting for passengers, for he knows that order we will, and order we must. It is an interesting menu: Chicken salad, $2.25 a portion, breast of chicken, $2.75, crabflakes, $2.00, grapefruit, $1.00, ice-cream, 60 cents. Drinks (all non-alcoholic in spite of a pathetic retention of the old names) are 75 cents and up. The explanation, of course, is that the patrons of The Roof who have come from all parts of the United States to spend their surplus money in New York, expect to be held up, want to be held up, and would be disappointed if the holdup were not a genuine 18-carat affair.

12 MIDNIGHT

These details are pushed aside by a momentous development. A buzzer has sounded twice just above the orchestra leader's head; the great curtain sways slightly; the Midnight Revel is about to begin.

Louder music than ever, and the heads of a hundred Rotary Club members from fifty cities are turned toward the stage, every man proudly conscious of the fact that he is wearing immaculate full-dress, and that it is being taken for granted by everybody else. The curtain splits down the middle, the parts remove them-

selves and reveal a green and mossy bank and behind it a back-drop of a flat sky tone. All as chaste and simple as a Tiffany jewel box, and this is as it should be; for here come the jewels!

There are only eight of them; the skilful lapidary does not dump a hundred of his gems before a bewildered customer all at once. They come slowly, single file, dressed in the costume of 1855, with bell-like hoop-skirts which sway to every movement of their lithe young bodies. How can one describe their queenly certainty of being the Elected, the Beauties of all Beauty? Certainly I shall not attempt the egregious folly of a catalogue of charms. Will statistics help? There are 105,000,000 persons in these United States, of whom 53,000,000 are females, as the brutal Census Bureau calls them. Perhaps 8,000,000 are of the right, the only age, say, from seventeen to twenty-four, and of this total no doubt all but 16,000 were applicants for a position in the Midnight Revel. And twenty were taken! In the lift of every shoulder and the tilt of every chin, may be read an acute consciousness of the 400,000 sisters who were passed over that This might be the Chosen One. And in the swing of those same shoulders is the memory also that there are 52,000,000 in the United States who are *not* females.

In the interest of science one must record that these

lovely creatures do not know how to walk. Or if they are right, all the rest of us are wrong. Ordinary mortals put one foot before the other; but the Houri bring the right foot up to the left, there is a perceptible pause, then the right foot moves on, plants itself, the left foot comes up even with it, there is another pause, and so on. Their attitude is abnormal in another respect. If you are the soul of delicacy, you will say that they practise the obverse of the Grecian bend. If you are coarse but accurate, you will note the brutal truth that the young ladies push their tummies before them as they go. . . .

12:30 A.M.

Disguise it as you will, hash is still hash; and despite fabulous prices, young women so beautiful that they are curios, and the lateness of the hour, the entertainment offered is but vaudeville, with intermissions for dancing. The vaudeville is good; but it is not superhuman as the girls are superhuman. One feels that the creative genius of the place exhausted its impulse when he chose these maidens and taught them to move and look and wear clothes. When his young women exhibit themselves with music sounding, we feel that the touch is sure and right. But when an idea is attempted, when even the most

timid baby plot intrudes, the note becomes wrong. It is like asking a priest to jig. . . .

A bad tradition is followed in assuming that all pretty girls can sing; and the results are dreadful. However, the orchestra leader is a strategist; his men play louder and no damage is done. Moreover, by this time most of the audience is in a state of sufficient alcoholic excitement to be unable to tell good singing from bad, even if it knows the difference when sober, which is doubtful.

The buzz of conversation at the tables, which from the beginning has been an obligato to the incessant jazz, has been rising in volume and pitch. Each of us has a little wooden mallet with which to thump upon the table, and we are now using these oftener and more loudly. Over at the second table a thin, bald-headed man, with shoe-brush mustache and horn spectacles, sits and pounds steadily, staring into space. It is like the drum in the forest in The Emperor Jones, and the savage thump! thump! seems somehow to be the explanation, the distilled essence of the whole carnal—but not sordid—scene.

1:00 A.M.

Alcohol, some savant has noted, relaxes the inhibitions of the higher cortical centers; and this fact begins to show as we dance during the intermissions.

Yet we are by no means as bad as we are imagined by those horrified pulpiteers who are so intrigued by vice that they spend their time hunting for it. The lady's arm is around the gentleman's neck, in a warm but casual embrace. The other arm is stuck out stiffly to meet the gentleman's hand in mid-air, just as in the old proper days. The cheek to cheek method is not much used, the traffic being so heavy that a look-out fore and aft is necessary to avoid some bad bumps. The most popular step consists of bending the knees and shuffling forward as though you were on slippery ice.

However, this is Liberty Hall; and if the out-of-town buyer from Dubuque, Macon, or Dallas has not learned even the oldest of the new dances, he may two-step and no one will say him nay. Nay is said, if at all, by a fatherly head waiter, who stands at the edge of the floor gazing at us as though all the ladies were his débutante daughters. From time to time he darts forward, lays his hand on a gentleman's arm, says three quick words, and ducks back. The couple admonished look sheepish, and proceed to add a cubit of decorum by taking thought. If, on the other hand, the gentleman decides he has been insulted and ishn't gonna stan' fer it, strong and ready hands will lay hold on him and remove him to the revivifying cool night air.

You can tell we are in the era of prohibition, for every one is drinking whisky. How do they get it? One has heard of making arrangements with the waiter at the rate of twelve dollars, but ours is not a muckraking expedition and we do not try it, nor do we see it being done. For all we know, pocket flasks are the rule; but whatever the source, it is there in quantities which should certainly be ample. In some cases, more than ample—vide the gentleman behind us who has captured the hand of his lady and despite her struggles, intends to kiss it in courtly fashion. It will be a miracle if in the process he does not upset his whisky, the flower vase, the table, and the lady.

1:30 A.M.

Refreshed by the dancing, we settle down to enjoy the remainder of the show, now wholly feminine. The few male entertainers of the early stages have given up and retired, disheartened by the attempt to compete with so much priceless beauty.

The room is darkened; even the spotlights, operated from a balcony by interne-like, white-jacketed gentlemen, are switched off, and a lady appears in a ballet dress that is phosphorescent. Yes, sir! phosphorescent! Just like a radio-light wrist watch! Here is something to talk about in Kansas City! She sings

her song, and at the chorus the curtains swing back from the unlighted stage, and The Twenty appear in white tights against a black velvet background. Concealed lamps beneath their feet throw gleams so faint that they, too, seem phosphorescent and in this mystical half-darkness they go through a complicated drill—rising, sitting, crossing one leg over the other knee, then over one's neighbor's knee. Skill in making feminine charm romantic could hardly go further. . . . One is reminded of the adolescent's dreams in Wedekind's *Awakening of Spring*. Oddly enough, the feminine half of the audience is the more strenuous in its applause.

2:30 A.M.

The performance has ended in a blaze of shimmy, but no one is rude enough to suggest that we go home. After all, you can stay up until 2:30 A.M. even in Denver; why have we come, if not to set new records? The jazz orchestra is still undaunted, and the spirits of its leader never flag. At each moment he is as solicitous and delicate as a painter putting the final touches on a masterpiece, though his chef d'œuvre is but a horrid galaxy of noises. We still dance, albeit the floor is not quite so crowded. Is this because some have gone home, or are the feet of the faithful

getting too uncertain? Who has time for such arid hypotheses? We are Making a Night of It, and will not be deterred even though we are bored to extinction. A glance around the room at the haggard faces of the women and the sagging jowls of the men would seem to indicate that this is the case. If looks are true, we are all unutterably weary and are flogging ourselves forward in spite of it.

Some of the Prize Beauties have changed into street clothes and joined gentlemen friends at the tables. They sip their five fingers of whisky demurely, with appealing glances from beneath down-curving hat brims. (The management buys their stage costumes, but the clothes they wear off duty are another and a less expensive matter.) It is a point of honor, when you earn your living by being young and vivacious, never to admit that you are tired. Therefore, these girls who have just gone through exercise a tenth of which would kill their gentlemen friends, must accept the invitation to dance. To dance for pleasure. Their faces, while engaged in dancing for pleasure, are worth studying.

3:00 A.M.

But even a Negro jazz orchestra has human limitations. Like a dying swan this one has uttered its

final unearthly notes and is packing up to go. The lady pirates of the cloak-room, who have waited long for their revenge, will get it now in full measure. Shall we take a taxi and go to some really lively place, a place where the hula-hula dancer wears the costume popularly supposed to be employed in Tahiti for bathing? A place which does not open until two, and winds up with a free breakfast of ham and eggs at seven in the morning for all who have stood the strain that long?

By all means! Our modest demand from life is, first that we shall be permitted to waste money as though the purse were bottomless. Second, we want the utmost final titillation of the senses—always with the note of sex overstressed. Finally, we want noise —any quantity of noise—noise which shall beat in upon our ear-drums and drown out for a space the ceaseless uproar which has been put there by this tumultuous iron-bound civilization of ours. Lend me a dollar to tip the taxi man, and we're off again!

SINCERITY

By John Eglinton

This paper, written in 1904, is reprinted from John Eglinton's *Anglo-Irish Essays* (1917). I should have had no biographical data to offer were it not for my constant assiduity in studying the auction catalogues of the Anderson Galleries, New York. Here, in the bibliography of the Library of John Quinn, I found what I wanted, and from that anonymous and learned cataloguer (Mr. Charles Vale, I think) I quote liberally:—

> "John Eglinton is the pen-name of William McGee, who was born in Dublin about fifty years ago. He was educated at the Dublin High School, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. He is an excellent classical scholar. He has been for years Assistant Librarian in the National University of Ireland. He is a learned and excellent Platonist. He has been a keen but somewhat unsympathetic critic of the revival of Irish as a literary and living language, but in the end he admitted that he was wrong in his early criticism and that Irish Ireland has won its long fight for the language and for the nation. In his early days he was inclined to be skeptical of the position of William Butler Yeats as a poet, but latterly he has been more sympathetic, and now praises Yeats as a great poet and critic and leader of men and movements. He is a great admirer of James Joyce and particularly of Joyce's *Ulysses*. It is not generally known that he appears in *Ulysses* as John Eglintonis and as Eglintonis. He is probably one of the finest critical intellects writing in the English language to-day."

"Beware of that man," said Diderot of Rousseau; "he believes every word he says!" We are reminded by such a saying that sincerity, or the habit of throwing the vital powers into our words and actions, so far from being merely the attribute of good and un-

designing men, is an engine of influence and innovation within the compass of the few. There are indeed certain men—Rousseau was one of them, and there is no doubt a Rousseau in every man of genius—who are born into the world to apply to our arts and institutions the test of genuine feeling. "I am not like any man whom I have ever seen," said Rousseau; "I venture to think I am not like any man that ever existed." But he was mistaken. In all the foibles described by him so lovingly in his "Confessions," thousands of readers in every generation since have confessed themselves vicariously. What was so exceptional in Rousseau was the complete absence in him of that power to adapt himself to his environment, a power which almost every one possesses, and which parents are perhaps right in choosing to encourage in their children rather than genius; and on the other hand the strength in him of that power whose rarity nature seems to atone for by the enormous attraction and compulsive force with which she occasionally endows it. From time to time a moment befalls when the martyrs of sincerity are transformed into the founders of new eras, and the "creators," to adopt Nietzsche's language, of the "new values." But for Rousseau, if we may accept the testimony of Napoleon, there would have been no French Revolution; and two centuries earlier, a man who had at first

seemed likely to end as one more obscure victim of a sincerity as helpless as that of Rousseau, Martin Luther, apparently by a mere accident, suddenly found on his side the suffrages of men, and himself the honored father of the coming world.

It is a common fallacy, bequeathed to us perhaps from pre-Lutheran times, that people are by preference and intention insincere, and that the strong man will wear a mask, whereas the truth probably is that insincerity is almost invariably a sign of weakness. If it were in our power to be sincere we should no more think of being insincere than a pleader would bewilder his audience with subtleties when facts were at his disposal. The power of genius is essentially the same as the disconcerting quality of sincerity when brought face to face with false pretensions. The rest of us are constantly peeling off new wrappages which conceal us from ourselves, and finding that yesterday we acted a part; but the genius is he who has arrived at the basis of his nature and whose morrow belies not his yesterday. Genius is that fire which kindles only the altars of sincerity. To be sincere is what every man, from the poet to the Archbishop of Canterbury, finds his account in being. In literature it is style, the power of leaning one's whole weight on the pen. If ever we poor pagans, adrift in what Myers called the "inter-space between faiths decayed

and faiths re-risen," shall devise for ourselves some consoling ritual, it ought to be one which should recall us, were it only one day in the week, to spiritual nakedness and self-realization. Meanwhile, to have confided oneself even to paper brings relief and peace, as only those actions do which have the sanction of heart, soul, and intellect. If we could believe that a certain number of those actions in trade, politics, and social life, which make up the world's doings for a day, were done with the whole-heartedness with which, in a lonely country road, one makes an entry in one's note-book, we might believe in the "progress of civilization," and that the world was going excellently well; but it is only those who have no plans and no schemes, and perhaps even not too much brains, who can afford to act and speak only from conviction. Verily we need a brood of fakirs and eremites, with souls uncompromisingly exclusive of the otiose and insincere; poets whose poverty in mere opinion perhaps excludes them from society, but whose rare thoughts have the beauty and finality of wayside flowers.

Most people have at one time or another had the dream of how good a thing it would be to say and do nothing except with sincerity; to say "Thank you" and "Good morning" only when you mean it, to laugh only when amused, to listen only when interested,

etc. So resolute an attempt, however, to simplify life, very soon breaks down. To begin with, we ourselves have a dozen different sincerities, a sincerity of ill-humor, of jollity, of cynicism, of misunderstanding, to mention some of the less worthy kind; and are we to inflict our moods on our neighbors? Besides, it is only with the sincere that sincerity is possible; and as the greater number of those with whom the day's doings bring us into contact have not attained sincerity, we must trim our course as we may among conflicting moods. If it is rare that we are sincere even with ourselves, it is rarer still for two persons to be simultaneously and mutually sincere. Sincerity is attained for the most part in solitude, but even there it is to be feared the necessity of inconstancy and variety pursues us. If we felt the force of those intuitions which visit us so absolutely as to feel them always, we should hardly get through life. We cannot afford to be too sincere. Who has not felt, for example, at certain times that existence itself is something to feel ashamed of, and perhaps even said heartily with Sophocles, "Not to have been born is past utterance the best." Yet to feel this to the exclusion of the ideals of stoicism, of epicureanism, of skepticism, of religion, which in their different ways enable us to live, was impossible not only for Sophocles, who was most likely, like Shakespeare and Goethe, a man

of a cheerful and hopeful disposition, but for human nature. The excuse, if one is needed, for this inconstancy to our deepest intuitions is that we are something in ourselves, independently of all the truths we visit as a bee the flower. In reply to that naïve inquiry, "What do you believe?" one can only say, This and that! I can no more tell what I believe than I can tell what the universe believes. The chief event of each day should be a fresh discovery of what one believes, and every mood has its own creed. People sometimes talk as though a creed, capable of weekly recitation, were an essential part of the equipment of life, but really it is surprising how well one can get along without a creed. As the Indian scripture says, "Drinking of the pleasant beverage called the perception of truth, one becomes free from excitement and sin."

It is contended that science and religion are not necessarily opposed, yet it is hardly to be denied that *Scio* has ascended the throne of *Credo,* who sits as a kind of dowager-empress, wearing the insignia of former greatness, and even insisting on precedence, yet yielding all her real authority to her successor. What we "believe" has not the value of what we know; what we have heard from another we say we believe, but what we have found out for ourselves we know. For a long time humanity, having quite in-

sufficient notions of the phenomena of external and of human nature, of the stars and the earth and the cause of thunder, formed the habit of distinguishing between the truth of faith and the truth of knowledge. It must, however, be admitted that the notion of faith as a special organ of the human mind is not one which bears examination now. The disappearance of faith simply means that the mind is now called upon to verify things for itself, and to bring them within the range of knowledge. In regard to a difficult and involved subject, for example, like the origins of Christianity, in which certainty is so difficult to arrive at, but in which the well-disposed are not to be satisfied with the mere criticism of common sense or with denial, a kind of tacit or provisional assent is adopted by minds unable or too indolent to enter on a general examination of the evidence bequeathed to us; but it is quite certain that those who do not attempt such research are at the mercy of those who arrive at their own conclusions in doing so. As we study an age like the fourth century, and gradually gain clear ideas of its various tendencies, conviction inevitably rises in the mind as to the nature of historic Christianity and the claims made for it. Such a study may lead to very different conclusions in different minds—that is a question of temperament or the will

to believe—but certainty, whether in affirmation or denial, is only to be gained by resolute inquiry.

The New Testament is generally allowed to exhibit a great advance on the Old in respect of the suppression of that hatred of one's enemies so candidly avowed by David in his Psalms. But to love one's enemies is a different thing from making friends with everybody, a thing impossible. There are persons unfortunately to whom our *true* relationship is one of enmity. We can persuade ourselves that we love our enemy, or rather, out of consideration for ourselves, we refrain from breaking through that thin medium of general good will in which we confound our enemy with our friends, until destiny, in some malign hour, throws us into some situation in which we rub shoulders with him all day long, and we discover that the laws of incompatibility of temperament are not to be eluded by any counsel of perfection. To love each man is doubtless the goal to aim at, but until love, hatred! To pray for the discomfiture of our enemies indicates a frame of mind far more likely to succeed in bringing about an ultimate rapprochement than to acquiesce in the continuance of a mutual toleration in which our attitude towards mankind at large, generally egoistic, is not particularized into a personal relationship. Perhaps when our enemy is discomfited

and punished as we believe he deserves, we shall find him tractable and accessible, a man whom one can love. What each man really is, is disguised from us in most cases by circumstances which preclude a genuine contact with him at any point, and to upset these false relations and substitute true ones, the lever of hatred may be meanwhile necessary. On the whole, next to love, this hatred is the highest compliment which we can pay to our neighbor, and the most promising of a happy eventuation. A lover will not hear of any sentiment between love and hatred from his mistress, and we see that mortal enemies, when brought face to face in a duel, are willing to die to give each other "satisfaction." In the pure ether of the inmost consciousness, the region in which the Gospels call upon us to live, where identity is perceived, we may love our neighbor truly as ourselves; to meet him at all in that region is to love him as ourselves. But to love the man whose true personality we cannot reach because of the circumstances which make him our obstacle, it is needful to break down those barriers first.

A certain confusion of thought seems to vitiate those schemes for the abolition of war, etc., which seem to suggest that nations should be governed in their conduct towards one another by principles derived from what the Quakers called the "inner light."

Nations, however, have a sincerity of their own in their dealings with one another which statesmen understand. They live, as the jurists of the seventeenth century taught, in a "state of nature" rather than as individuals composing a society, and we delegate to governments the duty of maintaining our safety and securing our interests after a code which we might otherwise have to practise individually, but which we have discarded as members of society. Neither Laotze nor Socrates nor Jesus interfered with this code, or denied the necessary authority of the State, which on condition of our readiness to sacrifice our lives for it when it is assailed, takes upon its own shoulders the disgraceful struggle for existence. They limited themselves to the demonstration that the true interests of men in every State are identical. The use of terms and of ideals, which have reference originally to the relation of man to his neighbor, have an air of unreality and cant when applied, as they are nowadays by some of our publicists, to the relation of these Titanic beings towards one another, whose normal relations of formal courtesy and watchful neutrality represent a great refinement in the conditions of the struggle for existence, in so much that we scarcely realize at times that the struggle still goes on, or why the nations should not live together according to the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount. Yet to

talk of love between nations is merely a capitulation to the newspapers. So long as their part is simply to look after our interests there may be honorable and prudent dealings in their mutual rivalries, but not love, which begins with renunciation; and were the nations empowered to practise this they might vanish, their task accomplished. A sincere and regretful admission that civilization is but a refinement of the struggle for life, and that the cause of social well-being is distinct from the fact of personal salvation, and even perhaps the private and inevitable foe of the latter, might if it were general be the most effective deterrent from war, inasmuch as mankind would then be less likely to be led by specious phrases into unforeseen calamities.

THE NOVEL DÉMEUBLÉ

By WILLA CATHER

Willa Sibert Cather was born in Winchester, Virginia, December 7, 1876. When she was nine years old, her family settled on a ranch in Nebraska, and a feeling of clear winds and wide spaces lies like a horizon behind much that she has written. She attended high school at the town of Red Cloud, studied at the University of Nebraska, where she graduated in '95. She did newspaper work in Pittsburgh (on the Pittsburgh *Leader*) and taught in a high school in that city. Her early writings included a good deal of very agreeable verse. In 1906 she joined the staff of *McClure's Magazine*, where she remained for six years. The first of her books to win wide critical attention were *O Pioneers!* and *My Antonia.*

She is known now, and justly, as one of the most powerful of our contemporary novelists. That she has definite and carefully considered ideas of the art of fiction, this very able paper shows. And also, like any other creator, she is quite capable of abandoning all her favorite notions and theories in the heat of composition, and following the trend of her impulse wherever it may lead her. No artist's theories of work are to be accepted too gravely, for the best of his process is unconscious, the fruit of an instinct that has been trained and then (as she suggests herein) has forgotten what it learnt.

THE novel, for a long while, has been overfurnished. The property-man has been so busy on its pages, the importance of material objects and their vivid presentation have been so stressed, that we take it for granted whoever can observe, and can write the English language, can write a novel. Often the latter qualification is considered unnecessary.

In any discussion of the novel, one must make it clear whether one is talking about the novel as a form

of amusement, or as a form of art; since they serve very different purposes and in very different ways. One does not wish the egg one eats for breakfast, or the morning paper, to be made of the stuff of immortality. The novel manufactured to entertain great multitudes of people must be considered exactly like a cheap soap or a cheap perfume, or cheap furniture. Fine quality is a distinct disadvantage in articles made for great numbers of people who do not want quality but quantity, who do not want a thing that "wears," but who want change,—a succession of new things that are quickly threadbare and can be lightly thrown away. Does any one pretend that if the Woolworth-store windows were piled high with Tanagra figurines at ten cents, they could for a moment compete with Kewpie brides in the popular esteem? Amusement is one thing; enjoyment of art is another.

Every writer who is an artist knows that his "power of observation," and his "power of description," form but a low part of his equipment. He must have both, to be sure; but he knows that the most trivial of writers often have a very good observation. Mérimée said in his remarkable essay on Gogol: "L'art de choisir parmi les innombrable traits que nous offre la nature est, après tout, bien plus difficile que celui de les observer avec attention et de les rendre avec exactitude."

There is a popular superstition that "realism" asserts itself in the cataloguing of a great number of material objects, in explaining mechanical processes, the methods of operating manufacturies and trades, and in minutely and unsparingly describing physical sensation. But is not realism, more than it is anything else, an attitude of mind on the part of the writer toward his material, a vague definition of the sympathy and candor with which he accepts, rather than chooses his theme? Is the story of a banker who is unfaithful to his wife and who ruins himself by speculation in trying to gratify the caprices of his mistresses, at all reinforced by a masterly exposition of the banking system, our whole system of credits, the methods of the Stock Exchange? Of course, if the story is thin, these things do reinforce it in a sense, —any amount of red meat thrown into the scale to make the beam dip. But are the banking system and the Stock Exchange worth being written about at all? Have such things any place in imaginative art?

The automatic reply to this question is the name of Balzac. Yes, certainly, Balzac tried out the value of literalness in the novel, tried it out to the uttermost, as Wagner did the value of scenic literalness in the music drama. He tried it, too, with the passion of discovery, with the inflamed zest of an unexampled curiosity. If the heat of that furnace could not give

hardness and sharpness to material accessories, no other brain will ever do it. To reproduce on paper the actual city of Paris; the houses, the upholstery, the food, the wines, the game of pleasure, the game of business, the game of finance: a stupendous ambition—but, after all, unworthy of an artist. In exactly so far as he succeeded in pouring out on his pages that mass of brick and mortar and furniture and proceedings in bankruptcy, in exactly so far he defeated his end. The things by which he still lives, the types of greed and avarice and ambition and vanity and lost innocence of heart which he created —are as vital to-day as they were then. But their material surroundings, upon which he expended such labor and pains . . . the eye glides over them. We have had too much of the interior decorator and the "romance of business" since his day. The city he built on paper is already crumbling. Stevenson said he wanted to blue-pencil a great deal of Balzac's "presentation"—and he loved him beyond all modern novelists. But where is the man who could cut one sentence from the stories of Mérimée? And who wants any more detail as to how Carmencita and her fellow factory girls made cigars? Another sort of novel? Truly. Isn't it a better sort?

In this discussion another great name automatically occurs. Tolstoi was almost as great a lover of material

things as Balzac, almost as much interested in the way dishes were cooked, and people were dressed, and houses were furnished. But there is this determining difference: the clothes, the dishes, the moving, haunting interiors of those old Moscow houses, are always so much a part of the emotions of the people that they are perfectly synthesized; they seem to exist, not so much in the author's mind, as in the emotional penumbra of the characters themselves. When it is fused like this, literalness ceases to be literalness—it is merely part of the experience.

If the novel is a form of imaginative art, it cannot be at the same time a vivid and brilliant form of journalism. Out of the teeming, gleaming stream of the present it must select the eternal material of art. There are hopeful signs that some of the younger writers are trying to break away from mere verisimilitude, and, following the development of modern painting, to interpret imaginatively the material and social investiture of their characters; to present their scene by suggestion rather than by enumeration. The higher processes of art are all processes of simplification. The novelist must learn to write, and then he must unlearn it; just as the modern painter learns to draw, and then learns when utterly to disregard his accomplishment, when to subordinate it to a higher and truer effect. In this direction only, it seems to

me, can the novel develop into anything more varied and perfect than all of the many novels that have gone before.

One of the very earliest American novels might well serve as a suggestion to later writers. In *The Scarlet Letter* how truly in the spirit of art is the mise-en-scène presented. That drudge, the theme-writing high school student, could scarcely be sent there for information regarding the manners and dress and interiors of the Puritans. The material investiture of the story is presented as if unconsciously; by the reserved, fastidious hand of an artist, not by the gaudy fingers of a showman or the mechanical industry of a department store window-dresser. As I remember it, in the twilight melancholy of that book, in its consistent mood, one can scarcely ever see the actual surroundings of the people; one feels them, rather, in the dusk.

Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there—that, it seems to me, is created. It is the inexplicable presence of the thing not named, of the overtone divined by the ear but not heard by it, the verbal mood, the emotional aura of the fact or the thing or the deed, that gives high quality to the novel or the drama, as well as to poetry itself.

Literalness, when applied to the presenting of mental reactions and of physical sensations seems to be

no more effective than when it is applied to material things. A novel crowded with physical sensations is no less a catalogue than one crowded with furniture. A book like *The Rainbow* by Mr. Lawrence, sharply reminds one how vast a distance lies between emotion and mere sensory reactions. Characters can be almost de-humanized by a laboratory study of the behavior of their bodily organs under sensory stimuli—can be reduced, indeed, to mere animal pulp. Can one imagine anything more terrible than the story of Romeo and Juliet, rewritten in prose by Mr. Lawrence?

How wonderful it would be if we could throw all the furniture out of the window; and along with it, all the meaningless reiterations concerning physical sensations, all the tiresome old patterns, and leave the room as bare as the stage of a Greek theater, or as that house into which the glory of Pentecost descended; leave the scene bare for the play of emotions, great and little—for the nursery tale, no less than the tragedy, is killed by tasteless amplitude. The elder Dumas enunciated a great principle when he said that to make a drama, a man needed one passion, and four walls.

ARISTOTLE

By D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson

Intellectually speaking, perhaps Professor Thompson's essay is the capsheaf of our collection. For I wanted to include something that would employ the reader's attention for more than a few casual moments; something that would sharpen his sense of wonder both at the harmonious riddles of nature and the great wits of man; and something, too, that would remind him how graciously and humanely the modern scientist speaks when we incline our hearts to hear his law.

This comes from a volume called *The Legacy of Greece,* published 1921 by the Oxford Press, containing papers by a dozen eminent contributors, dealing with the various phases of the Greek genius. A Grace before Greece, we might call it.

Professor Thompson himself, a Fellow of the Royal Society and professor of Natural History in the University of St. Andrews, is a special expert in fisheries and marine life. He was born in 1860.

There is a little essay of Goethe's called, simply, *Die Natur.* It comes among those tracts on Natural Science in which the poet and philosopher turned his restless mind to problems of light and color, of leaf and flower, of bony skull and kindred vertebra; and it sounds like a prose-poem, a noble pæan, eulogizing the love and glorifying the study of Nature. Some twenty-five hundred years before, Anaximander had written a book with the same title, *Concerning Nature, περὶ φύσεως*: but its subject was not the same. It was a variant of the old traditional cosmogonies. It told of how in the beginning the earth was with-

out form and void. It sought to trace all things back to the Infinite, *το ἄπειρον*—to That which knows no bounds of space or time but is before all worlds, and to whose bosom again all things, all worlds, return. For Goethe Nature meant the beauty, the all but sensuous beauty of the world; for the older philosopher it was the mystery of the Creative Spirit.

Than Nature, in Goethe's sense, no theme is more familiar to us, for whom many a poet tells the story and many a lesser poet echoes the conceit; but if there be anywhere in Greek such overt praise and worship of Nature's beauty, I cannot call it to mind. Yet in Latin the *divini gloria ruris* is praised and *Natura daedala rerum* worshipped, as we are wont to praise and worship them, for their own sweet sakes. It is one of the ways, one of the simpler ways, in which the Roman world seems nearer to us than the Greek: and not only seems, but is so. For compared with the great early civilizations, Rome is modern and of the West; while, draw her close as we may to our hearts, Greece brings along with her a breath of the East and a whisper of remote antiquity. A Tuscan gentleman of to-day, like a Roman gentleman of yesterday, is at heart a husbandman, like Cato; he is *ruris amator,* like Horace; he gets him to his little farm or vineyard (*O rus, quando te aspiciam!*), like Atticus or the younger Pliny. As Bacon praised his garden,

so does Pliny praise his farm, with its cornfields and meadowland, vineyard and woodland, orchard and pasture, bee-hives and flowers. That God made the country and man made the town was (long before Cowper) a saying of Varro's; but in Greek I can think of no such apophthegm.

As Schiller puts it, the Greeks looked on Nature with their minds more than with their hearts, nor ever clung to her with outspoken admiration and affection. And Humboldt, asserting (as I would do) that the portrayal of nature, for her own sake and in all her manifold diversity, was foreign to the Greek idea, declares that the landscape is always the mere background of their picture, while their foreground is filled with the affairs and actions and thoughts of men. But all the while, as in some old Italian picture —of Domenichino or Albani or Leonardo himself— the subordinated background is delicately traced and exquisitely beautiful; and sometimes we come to value it in the end more than all the rest of the composition.

Deep down in the love of Nature, whether it be of the sensual or intellectual kind, and in the art of observation which is its outcome and first expression, lie the roots of all our Natural Science. All the world over these are the heritage of all men, though the inheritance be richer or poorer here and there: they are

shown forth in the lore and wisdom of hunter and fisherman, of shepherd and husbandman, of artist and poet. The natural history of the ancients is not enshrined in Aristotle and Pliny. It pervades the vast literature of classical antiquity. For all we may say of the reticence with which the Greeks proclaim it, it greets us nobly in Homer, it sings to us in Anacreon, Sicilian shepherds tune their pipes to it in Theocritus: and anon in Virgil we dream of it to the coo of doves and the sound of bees' industrious murmur.

Not only from such great names as these do we reach the letter and the spirit of ancient Natural History. We must go a-wandering into the by-ways of literature. We must eke out the scientific treatises of Aristotle and Pliny by help of the fragments which remain of the works of such naturalists as Speusippus or Alexander the Myndian; add to the familiar stories of Herodotus the Indian tales of Ctesias and Megasthenes; sit with Athenæus and his friends at the supper table, gleaning from cook and epicure, listening to the merry idle troop of convivial gentlemen capping verses and spinning yarns; read Xenophon's treatise on Hunting, study the didactic poems, the Cynegetica and Halieutica, of Oppian and of Ovid. And then again we may hark back to the greater world of letters, wherein poet and scholar, from petty fabulist to the great dramatists, from Homer's majesty to Lu-

cian's wit, share in the love of Nature and enliven the delicate background of their story with allusions to beast and bird.

Such allusions, refined at first by art and hallowed at last by familiar memory, lie treasured in men's hearts and enshrine themselves in our noblest literature. Take, of a thousand crowding instances, that great passage in the *Iliad* where the Greek host, disembarking on the plains of the Scamander, is likened to a migrating flock of cranes or geese or long-necked swans, as they fly proudly over the Asian meadows and alight screaming by Cayster's stream—and Virgil echoes more than once the familiar lines. The crane was a well-known bird. Its lofty flight brings it, again in Homer, to the very gates of heaven. Hesiod and Pindar speak of its far-off cry, heard from above the clouds: and that it "observed the time of its coming," "intelligent of seasons," was a proverb old in Hesiod's day—when the crane signaled the approach of winter, and when it bade the husbandman make ready to plow. It follows the plow, in Theocritus, as persistently as the wolf the kid and the peasant-lad his sweetheart. The discipline of the migrating cranes, the serried wedge of their ranks in flight, the good order of the resting flock, are often, and often fancifully, described. Aristotle records how they have an appointed leader, who keeps watch by night and in

flight keeps calling to the laggards; and all this old story Euripides, the most naturalistic of the great tragedians, puts into verse:

> The ordered host of Libyan birds avoids
> The wintry storm, obedient to the call
> Of their old leader, piping to his flock.

Lastly, Milton gathers up the spirit and the letter of these and many another ancient allusion to the migrating cranes:

> Part loosely wing the region; part more wise,
> In common ranged in figure, wedge their way
> Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
> Their aery caravan, high over seas
> Flying, and over lands; with mutual wing
> Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane.

But the natural history of the poets is a story without an end, and in our estimation, however brief it be, of ancient knowledge, there are other matters to be considered, and other points of view where we must take our stand.

When we consider the science of the Greeks, and come quickly to love it and slowly to see how great it was, we likewise see that it was restricted as compared with our own, curiously partial or particular in its limitations. The practical and "useful" sciences

of chemistry, mechanics, and engineering, which in our modern world crowd the others to the wall, are absent altogether, or so concealed that we forget and pass them by. Mathematics is enthroned high over all, as it is meet she should be; and of uncontested right she occupies her throne century after century, from Pythagoras to Proclus, from the scattered schools of early Hellenic civilization to the rise and fall of the great Alexandrine University. Near beside her sits, from of old, the daughter-science of Astronomy; and these twain were worshiped by the greatest scientific intellects of the Greeks. But though we do not hear of them nor read of them, we must not suppose for a moment that the practical or technical sciences were lacking in so rich and complex a civilization. China, that most glorious of all living monuments of Antiquity, tells us nothing of her own chemistry, but we know that it is there. Peep into a Chinese town, walk through its narrow streets, thronged but quiet, wherein there is neither rumbling of coaches nor rattling of wheels, and you shall see the nearest thing on earth to what we hear of Sybaris. To the production of those glowing silks and delicate porcelains and fine metal-work has gone a vast store of chemical knowledge, traditional and empirical. So was it, precisely, in ancient Greece; and Plato knew that it was so—that the dyer, the perfumer, and the

apothecary had subtle arts, a subtle science of their own, a science not to be belittled nor despised. We may pass here and there by diligent search from conjecture to assurance; analyze a pigment, an alloy, or a slag; discover from an older record than the Greeks', the chemical prescription wherewith an Egyptian princess darkened her eyes, or study the pictured hearth, bellows, oven, crucibles with which the followers of Tubal-Cain smelted their ore. Once in a way, but seldom, do we meet with ancient chemistry even in Greek literature. There is a curious passage (its text is faulty and the translation hard) in the story of the Argonauts, where Medea concocts a magic brew. She put divers herbs in it, herbs yielding colored juices such as safflower and alkanet, and soapwort and fleawort to give consistency or "body" to the lye; she put in alum and blue vitriol (or sulphate of copper), and she put in blood. The magic brew was no more and no less than a dye, a red or purple dye, and a prodigious deal of chemistry had gone to the making of it. For the copper was there to produce a "lake" or copper-salt of the vegetable alkaloids, which copper-lakes are among the most brilliant and most permanent of coloring matters; the alum was there as a "mordant"; and even the blood was doubtless there incorporated for better reasons than superstitious ones, in all probability for the purpose of clarifying (by

means of its coagulating albumen) the seething and turbid brew.

The "Orphic" version of the story, in which this passage occurs, is probably an Alexandrine compilation, and whether the ingredients of the brew had been part of the ancient legend or were merely suggested to the poet by the knowledge of his own day we cannot tell; in either case the prescription is old enough, and is at least pre-Byzantine by a few centuries. Such as it is, it does not stand alone. Other fragments of ancient chemistry, more or less akin to it, have been gathered together; in Galen's book on *The Making of Simples,* in Pliny, in Paulus Aegineta, and for that matter in certain Egyptian papyri (especially a certain very famous one, still extant, of which Clement of Alexandria speaks as a secret or "hermetic" book), we can trace the broken and scattered stones of a great edifice of ancient chemistry.

Nevertheless, all this weight of chemical learning figures scantily in literature, and is conspicuously absent from our conception of the natural genius of the Greeks. We have no reason to suppose that ancient chemistry, or any part of it, was ever peculiarly Greek, or that this science was the especial property of any nation whatsoever; moreover it was a trade, or a bundle of trades, whose trade-secrets were too precious to be revealed, and so constituted not a sci-

ence but a mystery. So has it always been with chemistry, the most cosmopolitan of sciences, the most secret of arts. Quietly and stealthily it crept through the world; the tinker brought it with his solder and his flux; the African tribes who were the first workers in iron passed it on to the great metallurgists who forged Damascan and Toledan steel.

This "trade" of Chemistry was never a science for a Gentleman, as philosophy and mathematics were; and Plato, greatest of philosophers, was one of the greatest of gentlemen. Long, long afterwards, Oxford said the same thing to Robert Boyle—that Chemistry was no proper avocation for a gentleman; but he thought otherwise, and the "brother of the Earl of Cork" became the Father of scientific Chemistry.

Now I take it that in regard to biology Aristotle did much the same thing as Boyle, breaking through a similar tradition; and herein one of the greatest of his great services is to be found. There was a wealth of natural history before his time; but it belonged to the farmer, the huntsman, and the fisherman—with something over (doubtless) for the schoolboy, the idler, and the poet. But Aristotle made it a science, and won a place for it in Philosophy. He did for it just what Pythagoras had done (as Proclus tells us) for mathematics in an earlier age, when he discerned the philosophy underlying the old empirical

art of "geometry," and made it the basis of "a liberal education." [1]

The Mediterranean fisherman, like the Chinese fisherman or the Japanese, has still, and always has had, a wide knowledge of all that pertains to and accompanies his craft. Our Scottish fishermen have a limited vocabulary, which scarce extends beyond the names of the few common fishes with which the market is supplied. But at Marseilles or Genoa or in the Levant they have names for many hundreds of species, of fish and shell-fish and cuttle-fish and worms and corallines, and all manner of swimming and creeping things; they know a vast deal about the habits of their lives, far more, sometimes, than do we "scientific men"; they are naturalists by tradition and by trade. Neither, by the way, must we forget the ancient medical and anatomical learning of the great Æsculapian guild, nor the still more recondite knowledge possessed by various priesthoods (again like their brethren of to-day in China and Japan) of the several creatures, sacred fish, pigeons, guinea-fowl, snakes, cuttlefish, and what not, which time out of mind they had reared, tended, and venerated.

Of what new facts Aristotle actually discovered it is impossible to be sure. Could it ever be proved that

[1] *ἐπὶ δὲ τούτοις Πυθαγόρας τὴν περὶ αὐτὴν φιλοσοφιαν εἰς σχῆμα παιδείας ἐλευθέρου μετέστησεν. Procli Comment. Euclidis. lib. I, Prolegom. II* (p. 65, ed. Friedlein).

he discovered many, or could it even be shown that of his own hand he discovered nothing at all, it would affect but little our estimate of his greatness and our admiration of his learning. He was the first of Greek philosophers and gentlemen to see that all these things were good to know and worthy to be told. This was his great discovery.

I have sought elsewhere to show that Aristotle spent two years, the happiest years perhaps of all his life—a long honeymoon by the seaside in the island of Mytilene, after he had married the little Princess, and before he began the hard work of his life: before he taught Alexander in Macedon, and long before he spoke *urbi et orbi* in the Lyceum. Here it was that he learned the great bulk of his natural history, in which, wide and general as it is, the things of the sea have from first to last a notable predominance.

I have tried to illustrate elsewhere (as many another writer has done) something of the variety and the depth of Aristotle's knowledge of animals—choosing an example here and there, but only drawing a little water from an inexhaustible well.

A famous case is that of the "molluscs," where either Aristotle's knowledge was exceptionally minute, or where it has come down to us with unusual completeness.

These are the cuttle-fish, which have now surren-

dered their Aristotelian name of "molluscs" to that greater group which is seen to include them, together with the shell-fish or "ostracoderma" of Aristotle. These cuttle-fishes are creatures that we seldom see, but in the Mediterranean they are an article of food and many kinds are known to the fishermen. All or well-nigh all of these many kinds were known to Aristotle. He described their form and their anatomy, their habits, their development, all with such faithful accuracy that what we can add to-day seems of secondary importance. He begins with a methodical description of the general form, tells us of the body and fins, of the eight arms with their rows of suckers, of the abnormal position of the head. He points out the two long arms of Sepia and of the calamaries, and their absence in the octopus; and he tells us, what was only confirmed of late, that with these two long arms the creature clings to the rock and sways about like a ship at anchor. He describes the great eyes, the two big teeth forming the beak; and he dissects the whole structure of the gut, with its long gullet, its round crop, its stomach and the little coiled coecal diverticulum: dissecting not only one but several species, and noting differences that were not observed again till Cuvier re-dissected them. He describes the funnel and its relation to the mantle-sac, and the ink-bag, which he shows to be largest in Sepia of all

others. And here, by the way, he seems to make one of those apparent errors that, as it happens, turn out to be justified: for he tells us that in Octopus, unlike the rest, the funnel is on the upper side; the fact being that when the creature lies prone upon the ground, with all its arms outspread, the funnel-tube (instead of being flattened out beneath the creature's prostrate body) is long enough to protrude upwards between arms and head, and to appear on one side or other thereof, in a position apparently the reverse of its natural one. He describes the character of the cuttle-bone in Sepia, and of the horny pen which takes its place in the various calamaries, and notes the lack of any similar structure in Octopus. He dissects in both sexes the reproductive organs, noting without exception all their essential and complicated parts; and he had figured these in his lost volume of anatomical diagrams. He describes the various kinds of eggs, and, with still more surprising knowledge, shows us the little embryo cuttle-fish, with its great yolk-sac attached, in apparent contrast to the chick's, to the little creature's developing head.

But there is one other remarkable feature that he knew ages before it was rediscovered, almost in our own time. In certain male cuttle-fishes, in the breeding season, one of the arms develops in a curious fashion into a long coiled whip-lash, and in the act

of breeding may then be transferred to the mantle-cavity of the female. Cuvier himself knew nothing of the nature or the function of this separated arm, and indeed, if I am not mistaken, it was he who mistook it for a parasitic worm. But Aristotle tells us of its use and its temporary development, and of its structure in detail, and his description tallies closely with the accounts of the most recent writers.

A scarcely less minute account follows of the "Malacostraca" or crustaceans, the lobsters and the crabs, the shrimps and the prawns, and others of their kind, a chapter to which Cuvier devoted a celebrated essay. There be many kinds of crabs—the common kind, the big "granny" crabs, the little horsemen-crabs, that scamper over the sand and which are for the most part empty, that is to say, whose respiratory cavities are exceptionally large; and there are the freshwater crabs. There are the little shrimps and the big hump-backed fellows, or prawns; there are the "crangons" or squillæ; and the big lobsters and the crawfish or "langoustes," their spiny cousins. We read about their beady eyes, which turn every way; about their big rough antennæ and the smaller, smoother pair between; the great teeth, or mandibles; the carapace with its projecting rostrum, the jointed abdomen with the tail-fins at the end, and the little flaps below on which the female drops her spawn. In more or less detail

these things are severally described, and the many limbs severally enumerated, in one kind after another. The descriptions of the lobster and the langouste are particularly minute, and the comparison or contrast between the two is drawn with elaborate precision. In the former, besides other differences between male and female, the female is said to have the "first foot" (or leg) bifurcate, while in the male it is undivided. It seems a trifling matter, but it is true; it is so small a point that I searched long before at last I found mention made of it in a German monograph. The puzzling thing is that it is (as we should say) the last and not the first leg which is so distinguished; but after all, it is only a convention of our own to count the limbs from before backwards. To inspect a lobster's limbs, we lay it on its back (as Aristotle did), and see the legs overlapping, each hinder one above the one before; the hindmost is the first we see, and the one we must first lift up to inspect the others.

Aristotle's account of fishes is a prodigious history of habits, food, migrations, modes of capture, times and ways of spawning, and anatomical details; but it is not here that we can elucidate or even illustrate this astonishing Ichthyology. It is not always easy to understand—but the obstacle lies often, I take it, in our own ignorance. The identification of species is

not always plain, for here as elsewhere Aristotle did not reckon with a time or place where the familiar words of Greek should be unknown or their homely significance forgotten. Among the great host of fish-names there are several referring, somehow or other, to the Grey Mullet, which puzzle both naturalist and lexicographer. A young officer told me the other day how he had watched an Arab fisherman emptying out his creel of Grey Mullet on some Syrian beach, and the Arab gave four if not five names to as many different kinds, betwixt which my friend could see no difference whatsoever. Had my friend been an ichthyologist he would doubtless have noticed that one had eyelids and the others none; that one had little brushes on its lips, another a small but wide-open slit under the jaw, another a yellow spot on its gill-covers, and so on. The Mullets are a difficult group, but Aristotle, like the Arab fisherman, evidently recognized their fine distinctions and employed the appropriate names. Again, Aristotle speaks of a certain nest-building fish, the "phycis," and regarding this Cuvier fell into error (where once upon a time I followed him). In Cuvier's time there was but one nest-building fish known such as to suit, apparently, the passage, namely the little black goby; but after Cuvier's day the nest-building habits of the "wrasses" became known to naturalists,

as they had doubtless been known ages before to the fishermen—and to Aristotle.

Like almost every other little point on which we happen to touch, we might make this one the starting-point (here comes in the delight and fascination of the interpreter's task!) for other stories.

Speusippus, Plato's successor in the Academy, was both philosopher and naturalist, and we may take it, if we please, that his leaning towards biology, and the biological trend which at this time became more and more marked in Athenian philosophy, were not unconnected with the great impulse which Aristotle had given. However this may be, Speusippus wrote a book *περὶ Ὁμοίων, Concerning Resemblances;* and this, of which we only possess a few fragmentary sentences, must have been a very curious and an interesting book. He mentions, among other similar cases, that our little fish *phycis* has a close outward semblance to the sea-perch; and this is enough to clinch the proof that Aristotle's nest-building fish was not a goby but a wrasse. The whole purport of Speusippus's book seems to have been to discuss how, or why, with all Nature's apparently infinite variety, certain animals have a singularly close resemblance to certain others, though they be quite distinct in kind. It is a problem which perplexes us still, when we are as-

tonished and even deluded by the likeness between a wasp and a hover-fly, a merlin and a cuckoo. In certain extreme cases we call it "mimicry," and invoke hypotheses to account for this "mimetic" resemblance; and those of us who reject these hypotheses must fain take refuge in others, as far-reaching in their way. This at least we know, that Speusippus seized upon a real problem of biology, of lasting interest and even of fundamental importance.

To come back to Aristotle and his fishes, let us glance at one little point more. The reproduction of the eel is an ancient puzzle, which has found its full solution only in our own day. While the salmon, for instance, comes up the river to breed and goes down again to the sea, the eel goes down to the ocean to spawn, and the old eels come back no more but perish in the great waters. The eel's egg develops into a little flattened, transparent fish, altogether different in outward appearance from an eel, which turns afterwards into a young eel or "elver"; and Professor Grassi, who had a big share in elucidating the whole matter, tells us the curious fact that he found the Sicilian fishermen well acquainted with the little transparent larva (the *Leptocephalus* of modern naturalists), that they knew well what it was, and that they had a name for it—*Casentula*. Now Aristotle, in a passage which I think has been much misunderstood

(and which we must admit to be in part erroneous), tells us that the eel develops from what he calls *γῆς ἔντερα*, a word which we translate, literally, the "guts of the earth," and which commentators interpret as "earthworms"! But in Sicilian Doric, *γῆς ἔντερα*, would at once become *γᾶς ἔντερα*; and between "Gasentera" and the modern Sicilian "Casentula" there is scarce a hairbreadth's difference. So we may be permitted to suppose that here again Aristotle was singularly and accurately informed; and that he knew by sight and name the little larva of the eel, whose discovery and identification is one of the modest triumphs of recent investigation.

Aristotle's many pages on fishes are delightful reading. The anatomist may read of such recondite matters as the *placenta vitellina* of the smooth dogfish, whereby the viviparous embryo is nourished within the womb, after a fashion analogous to that of mammalian embryology—a phenomenon brought to light anew by Johannes Müller, and which excited him to enthusiastic admiration of Aristotle's minute and faithful anatomy. Again we may read of the periodic migration of the tunnies, of the great net or "madrague" in which they are captured, and of the watchmen, the *θυννοσκόποι*, the "hooers" of our ancient Cornish fishery, who give warning from tower or headland of the approaching shoal. The student

may learn what manner of fish it was (the great Eagle-ray) with whose barbed fin-spine—most primitive of spear-heads—Ulysses was slain; and again, he may learn not a little about that *ναρκη*, or torpedo, to which Meno compared his master Socrates, in a somewhat ambiguous compliment.

In rambling fashion Aristotle has a deal to tell us about insects, and he has left us a sort of treatise on the whole natural history of the bee. He knew the several inmates of the hive, though like others of his day (save, perhaps, only Xenophon), and like Shakespeare too, he took the queen-bee for a king. He describes the building of the comb, the laying of the eggs, the provision of the larvæ with food. He discusses the various qualities of honey and the flowers from which these are drawn. He is learned in the diseases and the enemies of bees. He tells us many curious things about the economy of the hive and the arts of the bee-keeper, some of which things have a very modern and familiar look about them: for instance, the use of a net or screen to keep out the drones, a net so nicely contrived that these sturdy fellows are just kept out, while the leaner, slenderer workers are just let in. But it would be a long, long story to tell of Aristotle's knowledge of the bee, and to compare it with what is, haply, the still deeper skill and learning of that master of bee-craft, Virgil.

Then, having perfect freedom to go whithersoever we chose and to follow the bees across the boundless fields of ancient literature, we might read of the wild bees and of their honey out of a rock, and of the hive-bees too, in Homer; follow them to their first legendary home in Crete, where the infant Jupiter was fed on honey—as a baby's lips are touched with it even unto this day; trace their association with Proserpine and her mother, or their subtler connection with Ephesian Diana; find in the poets, from Hesiod to the later Anthology, a hundred sweet references—to the bee-tree in the oak-wood, to the flowery hill Hymettus. Perhaps, at last, we might even happen on the place where Origen seems so strangely to foreshadow Shakespeare—speaking of the king of the bees with his retinue of courtiers (his officers of sorts), the relays of workmen (the poor mechanic porters crowding in), the punishment of the idle (where some, like magistrates, correct at home), the wars, the vanquished, and the plunder (which pillage they with merry march bring home To the tent-royal of their Emperor).

Go back to Aristotle, and we may listen to him again while he talks of many other kindred insects: of the humble-bee and its kind, of the mason-bee with its hard round nest of clay, of the robber-bees, and of the various wasps and hornets; or (still more curi-

ously and unexpectedly) of the hunter-wasp or "ichneumon," and how it kills the spider, carries it home to its nest, and lays its eggs in its poor body, that the little wasp-grubs may afterwards be fed. Or again of the great wasps which he calls Anthrenæ, and how they chase the big flies, and cut off their heads, and fly away with the rest of the carcass—all agreeing to the very letter with what Henri Fabre tells us of a certain large wasp of Southern Europe, and how it captures the big "taons" or horse-flies: "Pour donner le coup de grâce à leurs Taons mal sacrifiés, et se débattants encore entre les pattes du ravisseur, j'ai vu des Bembex mâchonner la tête et le thorax des victimes." Verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

With the metamorphoses of various insects Aristotle was well acquainted. He knew how the house-fly passes its early stages in a dung-hill, and how the grubs of the big horse-flies and Tabanids live in decayed wood; how certain little flies or gnats are engendered (as he calls it) in the slime of vinegar. He relates with great care and accuracy the life-history of the common gnat, from its aquatic larva, the little red "blood-worm" of our pools; he describes them wriggling about like tiny bits of red weed, in the water of some half-empty well; and he explains, finally, the change by which they become stiff and motionless and

hard, until a husk breaks away and the little gnat is seen sitting upon it; and by and by the sun's heat or a puff of wind starts it off, and away it flies.

Some of these stories are indeed remarkable, for the events related are more or less hidden and obscure; and so, with all this knowledge at hand, it is not a little strange that Aristotle has very little indeed to tell us about the far more obvious phenomena of the life-history of the butterfly, and of the several kinds of butterflies and moths. He does tell us briefly that the butterfly comes from a caterpillar, which lives on cabbage-leaves and feeds voraciously, then turns into a chrysalis and eats no more, nor has it a mouth to eat withal; it is hard and, as it were, dead, but yet it moves and wriggles when you touch it, and after a while the husk bursts and out comes the butterfly. The account is good enough, so far as it goes, but nevertheless Aristotle shows no affection for the butterfly, does not linger and dally over it, tells no stories about it. This is all of a piece with the rest of Greek literature, and poetry in particular, where allusions to the butterfly are scanty and rare. I think the Greeks found something ominous or uncanny, something not to be lightly spoken of, in that all but disembodied spirit which we call a butterfly, and they called by the name of *ψυχή*, the Soul. They had a curious name (*νεκύδαλλος*) for the pupa. It

sounds like a "little corpse" (*νέκυς*), and like a little corpse within its shroud or coffin the pupa sleeps in its cocoon. A late poet describes the butterfly "coming back from the grave to the light of day"; and certain of the Fathers of the Church, St. Basil in particular, point the moral accordingly, and draw a doubtless time-honored allegory of the Resurrection and the Life from the grub which is not dead but sleepeth, and the butterfly which (as it were) is raised in glory.

Of one large moth, Aristotle gives us an account which has been a puzzle to many. This begins as a great grub or caterpillar, with (as it were) horns; and, growing by easy stages, it spins at length a cocoon. There is a class of women who unwind and reel off the cocoons, and afterwards weave a fabric with the thread; and a certain woman of Cos is credited with the invention of this fabric. This is, at first sight, a plain and straightforward description of the silkworm; but we know that it was not till long afterwards, nearly a thousand years after, in Justinian's reign, that the silkworm and the mulberry-tree which is its food were brought out of the East into Byzantine Greece. We learn something of this Coan silkworm from Pliny, who tells us that it lived on the ash and oak and cypress tree; and from Clement of Alexandria and other of the Fathers we glean a little more—

for instance, that the larva was covered with thick-set hairs, and that the cocoon was of a loose material something like a spider's web. All this agrees in every particular with a certain large moth (*Lasiocampa otus*), which spins a rough cocoon not unlike that of our Emperor moth, and lives in southeastern Europe, feeding on the cypress and the oak. Many other silkworms besides the true or common one are still employed, worms which yield the Tussore silks of India and other kindred silks in Japan; and so likewise was this rough silky fabric spun and woven in Hellas, until in course of time it was surpassed and superseded by the finer produce of the "Seric worm," and the older industry died out and was utterly forgotten.

Ere we leave the subject of insects let us linger a moment over one which the Greeks loved, and loved most of all. When as schoolboys we first began to read our Thucydides, we met in the very beginning with the story of how rich Athenians wore Golden Grasshoppers (as the schoolmaster calls them) in their hair. These golden ornaments were, of course, no common grasshoppers, but the little Cicadas, whose sharp chirrup seemed delightful music to the Greeks. It is unpleasant to our ears, as Browning found it; but in a multitude of Greek poets, in Alcæus and Anacreon and all through the whole Anthology, we

hear its praise. We have it, for instance, in the *Birds:*

> Though the hot sun be shining in the sky
> In the deep flowery meadow-grass I lie:
> To listen to the shrill melodious tune
> Of crickets, thrilled to ecstasy at noon.

Of this familiar and beloved insect Aristotle gives a copious account. He describes two separate species, which we still recognize easily; a larger one and the better singer, the other smaller and the first to come and last to go with the summer season. He recognized the curious vocal organ, or vibratory drum, at the cicada's waist, and saw that some cicadas possessed it and others not; and he knew, as the poets also knew, that it was the males who sang while their wives listened and were silent. He tells how the cicada is absent from treeless countries, as, for instance, from Cyrene (and why, I wonder, does he go all the way to Cyrene for his illustration?), neither is it heard in deep and sunless woods; but in the olive-groves you hear it at its best, for an olive-grove is sparse and the sun comes through. Then he tells us briefly, but with remarkable accuracy, the story of the creature's life: how the female, with her long ovipositor, lays her eggs deep down in dead, hollow twigs, such as the canes on which the vines are propped; how the brood, when they escape from the

egg, burrow underground; how later on they emerge, especially in rainy weather, when the rains have softened the soil; how then the larva changes into another form, the so-called "nymph"; and how at last, when summer comes, the skin of the nymph breaks and the perfect insect issues forth, changes color, and begins to sing. In Aristophanes, in Theocritus, in Lucretius, Virgil, Martial, and in the Anthology, we may gather up a host of poetical allusions to the natural history thus simply epitomized.

The Book about Animals, the *Historia Animalium* as we say, from which I have quoted these few examples of Aristotle's store of information, may be taken to represent the first necessary stage of scientific inquiry. There is a kind of *manual* philosophy (as old Lord Monboddo called it) which investigates facts which escape the vulgar, and may be called the *anecdotes* or *secret history* of nature. In this fascinating pursuit Gilbert White excelled, and John Ray and many another—the whole brotherhood of simple naturalists. But such accumulated knowledge of facts is but the foundation of a philosophy; and "nothing deserves the name of philosophy except what explains the causes and principles of things." Aristotle would have done much had he merely shown (as Gilbert White showed to the country gentlemen of his day) that the minute observation of nature was something

worth the scholar and the gentleman's while; but, far more than this, he made a Science of natural knowledge, and set it once for all within the realm of Philosophy. He set it side by side with the more ancient science of Astronomy, which for many hundred years in Egypt and the East, and for some few centuries in Hellas, had occupied the mind of philosophers and the attention of educated men. I have quoted before a great sentence in which he explains his purpose, and makes excuse for his temerity. "The glory, doubtless, of the heavenly bodies fills us with more delight than the contemplation of these lowly things; for the sun and stars are born not, neither do they decay, but are eternal and divine. But the heavens are high and afar off, and of celestial things the knowledge that our senses give us is scanty and dim. The living creatures, on the other hand, are at our door, and if we so desire it we may gain ample and certain knowledge of each and all. We take pleasure in the beauty of a statue, shall not then the living fill us with delight; and all the more if in the spirit of philosophy we search for causes and recognize the evidences of design. Then will nature's purpose and her deep-seated laws be everywhere revealed, all tending in her multitudinous work to one form or another of the Beautiful."

Aristotle's voluminous writings have come down to

us through many grave vicissitudes. The greatest of them all are happily intact, or very nearly so; but some are lost and others have suffered disorder and corruption. The work known as the "Parts of Animals" opens (as our text has it) with a chapter which seems meant for a general exordium to the whole series of biological treatises; and I know no chapter in all Aristotle's books which better shows (in plainer English or easier Greek) the master-hand of the great Teacher and Philosopher. He begins by telling us (it has ever since been a common saying) that every science, every branch of knowledge, admits of two sorts of proficiency—that which may properly be termed scientific knowledge, and that which is within the reach of ordinary educated men. He proceeds to discuss the "method" of scientific inquiry, whether we should begin with the specific and proceed to the general, or whether we are to deal first with common or generical characters and thereafterward with special peculiarities. Are we entitled to treat of animals, as is done in mathematical astronomy, by dealing first with facts or phenomena and then proceeding to discover and relate their several causes? At once this leads to a brief discussion (elaborated elsewhere) of the two great Causes, or aspects of cause—the final cause and the "moving" or efficient cause—the *reason why* or the purpose for which, and the antecedent

cause which, *of necessity,* brings a thing to be such as it is. Here is one of the great crucial questions of philosophy, and Aristotle's leaning to the side of the Final Cause has been a dominant influence upon the minds of men throughout the whole history of learning. Empedocles had taken another view: he held that the rain comes when it listeth, or "of necessity"; that we have no right to suppose it comes to make the corn grow in spring, any more than to spoil the autumn sheaves: that the teeth grow by the operation of some natural (or physical) law, and that their apparent and undoubted fitness for cutting and grinding is not purposeful but coincident; that the backbone is divided into vertebræ because of the antecedent forces, or flexions, which act upon it in the womb. And Empedocles proceeds to the great evolutionary deduction, the clear prevision of Darwin's philosophy, that fit and unfit arise alike, but that what is fit to survive does survive and what is unfit perishes.

The story is far too long and the theme involved too grave and difficult for treatment here. But I would venture to suggest that Aristotle inclined to slur over the physical and lean the more to the final cause, for this simple reason (whatever other reasons there may be), that he was a better biologist than a physicist: that he lacked somewhat the mathematical turn of mind which was intrinsic to the older schools of philos-

ophy. For better for worse the course he took, the choice he made, was of incalculable import, and had power for centuries to guide (dare we say, to bias) the teaching of the schools, the progress of learning, and the innermost beliefs of men.

In this one short but pregnant chapter of Aristotle's there is far more than we can hope even to epitomize. He has much to say in it of "classification," an important matter indeed, and he discusses it as a great logician should, in all its rigor. Many commentators have sought for Aristotle's "classification of animals"; for my part I have never found it, and, in our sense of the word, I am certain it is not there. An unbending, unchanging classification of animals would have been something foreign to all his logic; it is all very well, it becomes practically necessary, when we have to arrange our animals on the shelves of a museum or in the arid pages of a "systematic" catalogue; and it takes a new complexion when, or if, we can attain to a real or historical classification, following lines of actual descent and based on proven facts of historical evolution. But Aristotle (as it seems to me) neither was bound to a museum catalogue nor indulged in visions either of a complete *scala naturæ* or of an hypothetical phylogeny. He classified animals as he found them; and, as a logician, he had a dichotomy for every difference which presented itself

to his mind. At one time he divided animals into those with blood and those without, at another into the air-breathers and the water-breathers; into the wild and the tame, the social and the solitary, and so on in endless ways besides. At the same time he had a quick eye for the great natural groups, such "genera" (as he called them) as Fish or Bird, Insect or Mollusc. So it comes to pass that, while he fashioned no hard and fast scheme of classification, and would undoubtedly (I hold) have thought it vain to do so, the threads of his several partial or temporary classifications come together after all, though in a somewhat hazy pattern, yet in a very beautiful and coherent parti-colored web. And though his order is not always our order, yet a certain exquisite orderliness is of the very essence of his thought and style. It is the characteristic which Molière hits upon in *Les Femmes Savantes,*—"Je m'attache *pour l'ordre* au péripatétisme."

Before he finishes the great chapter of which we have begun to speak he indicates that there are more ways than one of relating, or classifying, our facts; that, for instance, it may be equally proper and necessary to deal now with the animals and their several parts or properties, and at another time with the parts or properties as such, explaining and illustrating them in turn by the several animals which display or

possess them. The "Parts of Animals" is, then, a corollary, a necessary corollary, to the more anecdotal *Historia Animalium*. And yet again, there is a third alternative—to discuss the great functions or actions or potentialities of the organism, as it were first of all in the abstract, and then to correlate them with the parts which in this or that creature are provided and are "designed" to effect them. This involves the conception and the writing of separate physiological treatises on such themes as Respiration, Locomotion, on Sleeping and Waking, and lastly (and in some respects the most ambitious, most erudite, and most astonishing of them all) the great account of the Generation of Animals.

So the whole range, we might say the whole conceivable range, of biological science is sketched out, and the greater part of the great canvas is painted in. But to bring it into touch with human life, and to make good its claim to the high places of philosophy, we must go yet farther and study Life itself, and what men call the Soul. So grows the great conception. We begin with trivial anecdote, with the things that fisherman, huntsman, peasant, know; the sciences of zoölogy, anatomy, physiology, take shape before our very eyes; and by evening we sit humbly at the feet of the great teacher of Life itself, the historian of the Soul. It is not for us to attempt

to show that even here the story does not end, but the highest chapters of philosophy begin. Then, when we remember that this short narrative of ours is but the faintest adumbration of one side only of the philosopher's many-sided task and enterprise, we begin to rise towards a comprehension of Roger Bacon's saying, that "although Aristotle did not arrive at the end of knowledge, he set in order all parts of philosophy." In the same spirit a modern critic declares: "Il n'a seulement défini et constitué chacune des parties de la science; il en a de plus montré le lien et l'unité."

Aristotle, like Shakespeare, is full of old saws, tags of wisdom, jewels five words long. Here is such a one, good for teacher and pupil alike—*Δεῖ πιστεύειν τὸν μανθάνοντα.* It tells us that the road to Learning lies through Faith; and it means that to be a scholar one should have a heart as well as brains.

By reason partly of extraneous interpolation, but doubtless also through a lingering credulity from which even philosophers are not immune, we find in Aristotle many a strange story. The goats that breathe through their ears, the vulture impregnated by the wind, the eagle that dies of hunger, the stag caught by music, the salamander which walks through fire, the unicorn, the mantichore, are but a few of the "Vulgar Errors" or "Received Tenents" (as Sir

Thomas Browne has it) which are perpetuated, not originated, in the *Historia Animalium*. Some of them come, through Persia, from the farther East: and others (we meet with them once more in Horapollo the Egyptian priest) are but the exoteric or allegorical expression of the arcana of ancient Egyptian religion.

So it comes to pass that for two thousand years and throughout all lands men have come to Aristotle, and found in him information and instruction—that which they desired. Arab and Moor and Syrian and Jew treasured his books while the western world sat in darkness; the great centuries of Scholasticism hung upon his words; the oldest of our Universities, Bologna, Paris, Oxford, were based upon his teaching, yea, all but established for his study. Where he has been, there, seen or unseen, his influence remains; even the Moor and the Arab find in him, to this day, a teacher after their own hearts: a teacher of eternal verities, telling of sleep and dreams, of youth and age, of life and death, of generation and corruption, of growth and of decay: a guide to the book of Nature, a revealer of the Spirit, a prophet of the works of God.

The purpose of these little essays,[1] I have been told (though I had half forgotten it), is to help though

[1] In the volume, *The Legacy of Greece*, from which this is reprinted.—EDITOR.

ever so little to defend and justify the study of the language and the vast literature of Greece. It is a task for which I am unfitted and unprepared. When Oliver Goldsmith proposed to teach Greek at Leyden, where he "had been told it was a desideratum," the Principal of that celebrated University met him (as we all know) with weighty objections. "I never learned Greek," said the Principal, "and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a Doctor's cap and gown without Greek. I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; and, in short," continued he, "as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."—I have heard or read the story again and again, for is it not written in the *Vicar of Wakefield?* But I never heard that any man, not Goldsmith himself, attempted to confute the argument. I agree for the most part with the Principal, and can see clearly that all the Greek that Goldsmith knew, and all the Greek in all the world, would have meant nothing and done nothing for him. But there is and will be many another who finds in Greek wisdom and sweet Hellenic speech something which he needs must have, and lacking which he would be poor indeed: something which is as a staff in his hand, a light upon his path, a lantern to his feet.

In this workaday world we may still easily possess ourselves, as Gibbon says the subjects of the Byzantine

Throne, even in their lowest servitude and depression, were still possessed, "of a golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity, of a musical and prolific language that gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy."

Our very lives seem prolonged by the recollection of antiquity; for, as Cicero says, not to know what has been transacted in former times is to continue always a child. I borrow the citation from Dr. Johnson, who reminds us also of a saying of Aristotle himself, that as students we ought first to examine and understand what has been written by the ancients, and then cast our eyes round upon the world. And Johnson prefaces both quotations by another:

> Tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
> ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

But now I, who have dared to draw my tiny draft from Aristotle's great well, seem after all to be seeking an excuse, seeking it in example and precept. Precept, at least, I know to be of no avail. My father spent all the many days of his life in the study of Greek; you might suppose it was for Wisdom's sake, —but my father was a modest man. The fact is, he did it for a simpler reason still, a very curious reason, to be whispered rather than told: he did it *for love.*

Nigh forty years ago, I first stepped out on the east-windy streets of a certain lean and hungry town (lean, I mean, as regards scholarship) where it was to be my lot to spend thereafter many and many a year. And the very first thing I saw there was an inscription over a very humble doorway, *"Hic mecum habitant Dante, Cervantes, Molière."* It was the home of a poor schoolmaster, who as a teacher of languages eked out the scanty profits of his school. I was not a little comforted by the announcement. So the poor scholar, looking on the ragged regiment of his few books, is helped, consoled, exalted by the reflection: *Hic mecum habitant . . . Homerus, Plato, Aristoteles.* And were one in a moment of inadvertence to inquire of him why he occupied himself with Greek, he might perchance stammer (like Dominie Sampson) an almost inarticulate reply; but more probably he would be stricken speechless by the enormous outrage of the request, and the reason of his devotion would be hidden from the questioner forever.

OHIO: I'LL SAY WE'VE DONE WELL

By Sherwood Anderson

This appeared in the New York *Nation* as one of a very lively series of articles, by various hands, dealing with "These United States."

Just what Sherwood Anderson means in the literature of this country to-day is a topic too big to be tackled here in a few sentences. I have chosen this as an interesting example of his irony, heavy but effective. He does not strike quickly: but when he does, he leaves his mark. Anderson is going through a time which is difficult for any man: suddenly, in mid-life, it seems, he rediscovered the world anew, discovered it for himself, and he cries out about it in intense and sometimes naïf excitement. When you think about Dreiser and Anderson and Sandburg, to take only three who have been put forward as representative American "artists" in recent years, one suspects that there is a more profound temperamental affinity between our mid-West and Russia than our officials in Washington are aware. (In fact there is a greater affinity among all nations than one is permitted to realize.) For these men speak with a brooding solemnity that often recalls the *schmerz* of the Slav, who freed himself from Czars but could not depose a greater tyrant still, his own self-tormenting conscience.

Sherwood Anderson's earlier novels were on the street in manuscript for some time before any publisher would make honest books of them. I remember very well, in 1915 or thereabouts, writing enthusiastic reports on *Windy McPherson's Son* and *Marching Men*, these MSS. having come to the desk in a publisher's office where I held a minor job. Indeed the power of those books was evident, though they were not necessarily a sagacious venture for a publisher nor are they of particular importance now. The part of Anderson's work that I pin my faith to is the little things like "Tandy" in *Winesburg, Ohio*. *Many Marriages*, that appalling book, is a beautiful job only half done. Of that book Dr. Canby said, "If we are to have an American Hardy, Anderson is the man." The late Mrs. N. P. Dawson, the very able critic of the New York *Globe*, said, "It is indecent, bald, unsubtle, and dull." Alas, the truth probably lies in between the two, as truth has such a bourgeois way of doing.

But in *Winesburg, Ohio*, where Mr. Anderson's troubled mysticism had not ousted his sense of humor, he did in prose much what Edgar Lee Masters had done in verse at Spoon River. He

did it with beauty and courage and truth and a most moving simplicity.

Mr. Anderson's courageous attempt to grapple with the primary emotions and taboos of human nature is one that will cost him, and his readers too, much suffering. I am unwilling to make his ordeal harder by even one random word. Yet I remember Mrs. Meynell's saying, earlier in this volume, that literature needs a guard of honor "who shall not lose the good heart of their intolerance." Toward some aspects of Anderson's work, as toward that of Mr. Dreiser, one perhaps feels a pang of that affectionate impatience. One feels, it is true, that there are some standards of literary beauty that they have deliberately and wisely rejected, even as Walt Whitman rejected them and rose triumphant. But, sometimes, one has also an uncomfortable sensation that there are still other honorable dexterities of which they are hardly aware. Honesty and courage are great qualities: but even they are only a part of the great writer's equipment.

But these, I suppose, are matters of speculation. By some happy miracle Mr. Anderson (who was born in Clyde, Ohio, in 1876) escaped from his drudgery as a small-town manufacturer, and has taught himself to put down, with simple fidelity, the "dreaminess" of his heart. And in his heart he discovered such dark sayings as this, "Every one in the world is Christ, and they are all crucified."

I AM compelled to write of the State of Ohio reminiscently and from flashing impressions got during these last ten years, although I was born there, my young manhood was spent within its borders, and later I went back and spent another five or six years as a manufacturer in the State. And so I have always thought of myself as an Ohioan and no doubt shall always remain, inside myself, an Ohioan.

Very well, then, it is my State and there are a thousand things within it I love and as many things I do not like much at all. And I dare say I might have some difficulty setting down just the things about Ohio that I most dislike were it not for the fact that

what I am to write is to appear in *The Nation,* and *The Nation,* being, well anyway what they call broad-minded, cannot well refuse room to my particular form of broadening out, as it were.

Ohio is a big State. It is strong. It is the State of Harding and McKinley. I am told that my own father once played in the Silver Cornet Band at Caledonia, Ohio. Warren G. may remember him as Teddy, sometimes called Major Anderson. He ran a small harness shop at Caledonia. Just why he was called Major I never knew. Perhaps because his people came from the South. Anyway, I ought to have a job at Washington. Every one else from that county has one.

And now Ohio has got very big and very strong and its Youngstown, Cincinnati, Akron, Cleveland, Toledo, and perhaps a dozen other prosperous industrial cities, can put themselves forward as being as ugly, as noisy, as dirty, and as mean in their civic spirit as any American industrial cities anywhere. "Come, you men of 'these States,'" as old Walt Whitman was so fond of saying, in his windier moods, trot out your cities. Have you a city that smells worse than Akron, that is a worse junk-heap of ugliness than Youngstown, that is more smugly self-satisfied than Cleveland, or that has missed as unbelievably great an opportunity to be one of the lovely

cities of the world as has the city of Cincinnati? I'll warrant you have not. In this modern pushing American civilization of ours you other States have nothing on our Ohio. Credit where credit is due, citizens. I claim that we Ohio men have taken as lovely a land as ever lay outdoors and that we have, in our towns and cities, put the old stamp of ourselves on it for keeps.

Of course, you understand, that to do this we have had to work. Take for example a city like Cincinnati. There it sits on its hills, the lovely southern Ohio and northern Kentucky hills, and a poet coming there might have gone into the neighboring hills and looked down on the site of the great city; well, what I say is that such a poet might have dreamed of a white and golden city nestling there with the beautiful Ohio at its feet. And that city might, you understand, have crept off into the green hills, that the poet might have compared to the breasts of goddesses, and in the morning when the sun came out and the men, women, and children of the city came out of their houses and looking abroad over their sweet land of Ohio—

But pshaw, let's cut that bunk.

We Ohioans tackled the job and we put the kibosh on that poet tribe for keeps. If you don't believe it, go down and look at our city of Cincinnati now. We have done something against great odds down there.

First we had to lick the poet out of our own hearts and then we had to lick nature herself, but we did it. To-day our river front in Cincinnati is as mean looking a place as the lake front in Chicago or Cleveland, and you please bear in mind that down there in Cincinnati we had less money to work with than they did up in Chicago or even in Cleveland.

Well, we did it. We have ripped up those hills and cut out all that breasts-of-goddesses stuff and we've got a whanging big Rotary Club and a couple of years ago we won the World Series, or bought it, and we've got some nice rotten old boats in the river and some old sheds on the waterfront where, but for us, there might not have been anything but water.

And now let's move about the State a little while I point out to you a few more things we have done. Of course, we haven't any Henry Ford over there, but just bear in mind that John D. Rockefeller and Mark Hanna and Harvey Firestone and Willys up at Toledo and a lot of other live ones are Ohio men and what I claim is—they have done well.

Look at what we had to buck up against. You go back into American history a little and you'll see for yourself what I mean. Do you remember when La Salle was working his way westward, up there in Canada, and he kept hearing about a country to the

south and a river called the Ohio? The rest of his crowd didn't want to go down that way and so, being a modest man and not wanting to set himself up against public opinion, he pretended to be down of a bad sickness. So the rest of the bunch, priests and Indians and others, went on out west and he just took a couple of years off and cut out southward alone, with a few Indians. And even afoot and through the thick woods a man can cover quite a considerable amount of territory in two years. My notion is he probably saw it all.

I remember that an old man I knew when I was a boy told me about seeing the Ohio River in the early days, when the rolling hills along its banks were still covered with great trees, and what he said I can't remember exactly, but anyway, he gave me the impression of a sweet, clear, and majestic stream, in which one could swim and see the sand of the bottom far below, through the sparkling water. The impression I got from the old man was of boys swimming on their backs, and white clouds floating overhead, and the hills running away, and the branches of trees tossed by the wind like the waves of a vast green sea.

It may be that La Salle went there and did that. It wouldn't surprise me if some such scandal should creep out about him. And then, maybe, after he got down to where Louisville, Kentucky, now stands, and

he found he couldn't get any further with his boats because of the falls in the river—or pretended he couldn't because he was so stuck on the fine Ohio country up above—it may be, I say, that he turned back and went northward along eastern Ohio and into a land of even more majestic hills and finer forests and got finally into that country of soft stepping little hills, up there facing Lake Erie.

I say maybe he did and I have my own reasons. You see this fellow La Salle wasn't much of a one to talk. He didn't advertise very well. What I mean is he was an uncommunicative man. But you go look him up in the books and you will see that later he was always being condemned, after that trip, and that he was always afterward accused of being a visionary and a dreamer.

From all I've ever been able to hear about Ohio, as it was before we white men and New Englanders got in there and went to work, the land might have done that to La Salle, and for that matter to our own sons, too, if we, God-fearing men, hadn't got in there just when we did, and rolled up our sleeves, and got right down to the business of making a good, up-and-coming, Middle-Western, American State out of it. And, thank goodness, we had the old pep in us to do it. We original northern Ohio men were mostly New Englanders and we came out of cold stony New Eng-

land and over the rocky hills of northern New York State to get into Ohio.

I suppose the hardship we endured before we got to Ohio was what helped us to bang right ahead and cut down trees and build railroads and whang the Indians over the heads with our picks and shovels and put up churches and later start the anti-saloon league and all the other splendid things we have done. I'll tell you that the country makes no mistake when it comes to our State for Presidents. We train our sons up right over there.

Why, I can remember myself, when I was a boy, and how I once got out of a job and went one fall with a string of race horses all over our State. I found out then what La Salle was up against when our State was what you might call new, in a way of speaking. Why, I got as dreamy and mopy, drifting along through the beautiful Ohio country that fall, as any no-account you ever saw. I fooled along until I got fired. That's how I came out.

Then of course I had to go into the cities and get a job in a factory and the better way of life got in its chance at me, so that for years I had as good a bringing up and knew as much about hustling and pushing myself forward and advertising and not getting dreamy or visionary as any American there is. What I mean is that if I have slipped any since I do

not blame the modern Ohio people for it. It's my own fault. You can't blame a town like Toledo or Cleveland or Akron or any of our up-and-coming Ohio cities if a man turns out to be a bum American and doesn't care about driving a motor at fifty miles an hour or doesn't go to the movies much evenings.

What I mean to say is that this business of writing up the States in the pages of *The Nation* is, I'll bet anything, going to turn out just as I expected. There'll be a lot of knocking, that's what I'll bet. But I'm not going to do that. I live in Chicago now and our motto out here is, "Put away your hammer and get out your horn." Mayor Thompson of Chicago got that up. And, anyway, I think it is pretty much all silliness, this knocking and this carping criticism of everything American and splendid I hear going on nowadays. I'm that way myself sometimes and I'm ashamed of it.

The trouble with me is that I once had a perfectly good little factory over in Ohio, and there was a nice ash-heap in a vacant lot beside it, and it was on a nice stream, and I dumped stuff out of my factory and killed the fish in it and spoiled it just splendid for a while. What I think now is that I would have been all right and a good man, too, but on summer afternoons I got to moping about the Ohio hills alone, instead of going over to the Elks Club and playing pool

where I might have got in with some of the boys and picked up some good points. There were a lot of good bang-up Ohio pushers over in that Ohio town I had my factory in and I neglected them. So of course I went broke and I'll admit I've been rather a sorehead ever since. But when I come down to admit the honest truth I'll have to say it wasn't Ohio's fault at all.

Why, do you know, I've had times when I thought I'd like to see that strip of country we call Ohio, just as that Frenchman La Salle must have seen it. What I mean is with nothing over there but the dear, green hills and the clear, sweet rivers and nobody around but a few Indians and all the whites and the splendid modern cities all gone to—I won't say where, because it's a thought I don't have very often and I'm ashamed of it.

What I suppose gets me yet is what got me when I stayed away from the Elks Club and went walking in the hills when I was trying to be a manufacturer, and what got me fired when I was a race-track swipe. I get to thinking of what that darned old man once told me. I'll bet he was a Bolshevik. What he told me set me dreaming about swimming in clear streams, and seeing white cities sitting on hills, and of other cities up along the northern end of my State, facing Lake Erie, where in the evening canoes and maybe

even gondolas would drift in and out of the lake and among the stone houses, whose color was slowly changing and growing richer with the passage of time.

But, as I say, that's all poet stuff and bunk. Having such pipe dreams is just what put the old kibosh on my factory, I'll bet anything. What I think is that a man should be glad it's getting harder and harder for any of our sons to make the same mistakes I did. For, as I figure it out, things are going just splendidly over in Ohio now. Why, nearly every town is a factory town now and some of them have got streets in them that would make New York or London or Chicago sit up and take notice. What I mean is, almost as many people to every square foot of ground and just as jammed up and dirty and smoky.

To be sure, the job isn't all done yet. There are lots of places where you can still see the green hills and every once in a while a citizen of a city like Cleveland, for example, gets a kind of accidental glimpse at the lake, but even in a big town like Chicago, where they have a lot of money and a large police force, a thing like that will happen now and then. You can't do everything all at once. But things are getting better all the time. A little more push, a little more old zip and go, and a man over in Ohio can lead a decent life.

He can get up in the morning and go through a

street where all the houses are nicely blacked up with coal soot, and into a factory where all he has to do all day long is to drill a hole in a piece of iron. It's fine the way Ford and Willys and all such fellows have made factory work so nice. Nowadays all you have to do, if you live in an up-to-date Ohio town, is to make, say, twenty-three million holes in pieces of iron, all just alike, in a lifetime. Isn't that fine? And at night a fellow can go home thanking God, and he can walk right past the finest cinder piles and places where they dump old tin cans and everything without paying a cent.

And so I don't see why what such cities as Cleveland and Cincinnati have done to knock dreaminess and natural beauty of scene galley-west can't be done also by all the smaller towns and cities pretty fast now. What I'm sure is they can do it if the old New England stock hasn't worn out and if they keep out foreign influences all they can. And even the farmers can make their places out in the country look more modern and like the slums of a good live city like Chicago or Cleveland if they'll only pep up and work a little harder this fall when the crops are laid by.

And so, as far as I can see, what I say is, Ohio is O. K.

WASTE LANDS

By John Crowe Ransom

This essay of Mr. Ransom's has nothing to do with agrarian reclamation: the title is a reference, as the reader will presently perceive, to T. S. Eliot's curious poem, "The Waste Land," which caused a considerable stir among some of the younger critics when it appeared in *The Dial* in the autumn of 1922. The latter portion of Mr. Ransom's discourse refers, therefore, explicitly to Mr. Eliot's poem: but the whole piece seems to me of general and fertile potency.

Mr. Ransom's comments on the principles of composition are of special value, I think, since he is himself a poet of remarkable and often very enigmatic quality. He is a leader in a little group of Tennysons in Tennessee, who issue a very able periodical of their verses, *The Fugitive*. His first volume, *Poems about God*, published in 1919, seemed to me a strangely thrilling voice, but I must admit that most of the critics passed it by. Since that time his oddly original Muse has been more widely received in polite society. A number of English critics and poets have lately shown her cordial tenderness. I surmise that when Mr. Ransom's forthcoming new collection, *Chills and Fevers*, emerges from the press it will be sure of close attention.

Mr. Ransom's quality most prized by me is his habit of saying fierce and surprising things with a quaint primness of manner, in a soft Southern drawl. There is something of old John Donne in his pretty savageries of utterance. As Dr. Donne felt, so Mr. Ransom seems to feel, in his moments of poetic seizure, that mind and body are so hopelessly meshed up together that it is impossible to survey any Mason and Dixon line. It is truly an entangling alliance. Mind, moreover, is perhaps an element not merely discontinuous with flesh, but even thoroughly hostile to it if given free run. It is like a fire on the hearth, which may seem the most cheerful and domestic brightness, but is essentially the same as that destroying angel that once ran wild in Baltimore and San Francisco.

But these are my naïf meditations, not Mr. Ransom's, and I must not make him responsible for them. When he ponders on such problems, his philosophy always has to me a specially Southern infection of grace: like his native mint julep he combines the mild fragrance of the herb with a more fiery distillation.

Mr. Ransom was born in Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1888; graduated from Vanderbilt University in 1909; was a Rhodes Scholar at Christ Church, Oxford, 1910-13; served in France as lieutenant of field artillery; and has been now for several years on the teaching staff of his alma mater. This essay appeared in the *Literary Review.*

THE imagination of a creative artist may play over the surface of things or it may go very deep, depending on the quality and the availability of the artist's mind. Here is fiction, for example, wherein the artist, its author, is going to recite a local body of fact; and this core of fact is not more definitely related to space and time by the illusions of his realism than it already has been related to the whole emotional and philosophical contexts of his life. The thing has been assimilated into his history. It is no longer pure datum, pure spectacle, like a visitation of the angels or like categorical disaster; it does not ravish nor appal him; for it has been thoroughly considered by the artist, through processes both conscious and unconscious, and has been allowed to sink infallibly into its connections.

An appalling thing to Hamlet evidently was death. But Claudius enjoyed the insuperable advantage of being elder to the Prince of Denmark, and therefore could invite him to consider the King's death in the light of authentic evidence of the common mortality of fathers: *sub specie omnium patrum obitorum.* And Horatio, a man of superior practical instincts, to him marveling how the grave digger could sing at his

trade, was enabled to return the inspired answer: "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness."

A property of easiness is what the artist must come to, against even the terrible and the ecstatic moments of history. A great discrimination of nature against America is this requirement, in the field of the comparative literatures; in pioneering America a tribal ethic pronounces that life is real, life is earnest. The property of easiness in the mind is one of the blessings that compensate an old and perfected society for the loss of its youth. And likewise with the individual artist, it comes with experience, and it comes notably with age; though not entirely as reckoned by the Gregorian calendar. The young artist is not to think that his synthesis of experience is worth as much as the old one's. He is not to put an extravagant value on the freshness of his youthful passions, but to make sure that the work of art wants for its material the passion mellowed and toned and understood long after the event: "recollected in tranquillity," to use the best of all the literary dogmas. A soul-shaking passion is very good if the artist will wait for it to age; the bigger the passion, the deeper it will go in the integrating processes of the mind, and the wider will be the branching associations it will strike out. When it comes forth eventually it will have depth and context, too. It has been fertilized and romanticized. It has

been made musical, or symphonic, where, before it gained its subsidiary pieces and was itself subdued to harmony, it was only monotone and meant nothing to delicate ears.

There is a subterranean chamber where the work of artistic gestation takes place. It has always been held that the artist draws for his sources from a depth beyond the fathom of the consciously reasoning mind. An immense literature to this effect—or at least the English fraction of it—has recently been minutely reported by Professor Prescott in "The Poetic Mind"; and it is an application of the same principle, though quite spontaneous and fresh, which gives the English poet Robert Graves his doctrine of inspiration. We are not to dogmatize about this subliminal consciousness; the psychologists are terribly at sea in defining it; probably it is wrong to refer to it at all as a subconsciousness. Here we inevitably enter the province of pure theory; but critics have to have a revelation of first principles if they are going to speak with any authority about art.

Possibly the following statement of the case might be defended. At one moment we are conscious; but at the next moment we are self-conscious, or interested in the moment that is past, and we attempt to write it down. Science writes it down in one way, by abstracting a feature and trying to forget all the rest.

Art writes it down in another way, by giving the feature well enough, but by managing also to suggest the infinity of its original context. The excellence of science is its poverty, for it tries to carry only the abstractions into the record; but the excellence of art is its superfluity, since it accompanies these abstractions with much of that tissue of the concrete in which they were discovered. It is as if the thing will not live out of its own habitat, it is dead as soon as science hauls it up and handles it, but art tries to keep it alive by drawing up with it a good deal of its native element.

To-day we are superbly in a position to consent to such a doctrine. Since James and Bradley and Bergson, since Kant if we had always had ears to hear, since the Carus Lectures of John Dewey if we only began to listen yesterday, it is borne in upon us that abstract science is incapable of placing the stream of consciousness—the source of all that is—upon the narrow tablets of the record. Art, too, in the last analysis is probably incapable, since at any moment it only complements the record of science and at no moment denies it, so that Coleridge, defining poetry as more than usual emotion, added the remarkable qualification, "with more than usual order." But art, if it is not destructive, is at least gently revolutionary. The specific of art which is enough to create its illusion and make it miraculous among the works of the mind

is that it fishes out of the stream what would become the dead abstraction of science, but catches it still alive, and can exhibit to us not only its bones and structure but many of the free unaccountable motions of its life. These motions are the contributions that art makes to the record; these free and unpredictable associations discovered for the thing in its stream. They are impertinences to the scientific temper, but delightful to the soul that in the routine of scientific chores is oppressed with the sense of serving a godless and miserly master.

But returning to the level of practice, or the natural history of art. A man repeatedly must come to points where his science fails him, where his boasted intellect throws its little light and still leaves him in darkness; there is then nothing for him to do but to go off and sound the secret cavern for an oracle. That is to say, he abandons his problem to mysterious powers within him which are not the lean and labored processes of his self-conscious reason. And if this abandonment is complete the oracle will speak. After brief silence, after a sleep and a forgetting, but at all events with what must be considered an astonishing celerity, the answer comes out. It is a kind of revelation. He submitted facts, and he receives them related into truths. He deposited a raw realism; he receives it richly romanticized. Evidently the agency

which worked for him simply referred his datum to a perfectly organized experience, where no item was missing, and returned it with a context of clinging natural affinities.

But the principle for the artist to proceed upon is that he must *release* his theme to the processes of imagination—a hard principle for the narrow-minded! He must wait like a non-partisan beside his theme, not caring whether it comes forth pro or con; and inevitably, of course, it will be neither. The truth that comes by inspiration is not simply the correct conclusion to premises already known; the Pythian never comes down to monosyllables and answers yes and no. The whole matter is worked over freshly by an agent more competent than reason and the conclusion is as unpredictable as the evidence was inaccessible. The man with a cause must abdicate before his genius will work for him. The history of inspiration does not offer cases where passions, even righteous passions, spasms of energy, rages and excitements, and even resolutions that seem likely to remove mountains have enabled artists to call the spirits from the vasty deep. History offers cases like Goethe's, who wrote, recalling certain moments in the composition of Faust: "The difficulty was to obtain, by sheer force of will, what in reality is obtainable only by a spontaneous act of nature." But this faculty of release

is rare, and by the same token the artists are rare. Probably the history of most of the abortive efforts at art is the history of wilful men who could not abandon their cause, but continued to worry it as a dog worries a bone, expecting to perform by fingers and rules what can come by magic only. And release is peculiarly difficult for the hot blood of youth. The young artist stakes everything upon the heat of his passion and the purity of his fact. Very limited is the assistance which he is capable of receiving from his elders in speeding the tedious rites of time; he is convinced that *alla stoccata* will carry it away.

Other formulas would carry such first principles just as well as these, and indeed, ideally, every critic should find them for himself. He needs them, if he is to speak with a greater authority than we now hear him speaking. He needs to have a theory of inspiration, in order that he may trace error back to its source, and show that the artist must always sin unless his heart is pure. The field of literature in our day—perhaps beyond all other days—is an unweeded garden, in which the flowers and weeds are allowed to grow side by side because the gardeners, who are the critics, do not know their botany. The commonest and fatalest error in the riot of our letters is the fundamental failure of the creative imagination, and it ought always to be exposed. Is it held that

this sort of criticism would be too brutal? Is it equivalent to telling the artist that he is congenitally defective in the quality fundamental to art? It is not so bad as that; a part of the total error by which the artist misses his art may be due to the fact that his gift, which is genuine, is under the cloud of some inattention or poor policy, or, above all, immaturity, which is capable of treatment. But it does not matter; criticism should attend to its business anyway; criticism should be prepared to make an example of bad artists for the sake of the good artists and the future of art.

But what a congenial exercise is furnished the critic by that strange poem, "The Waste Land." In the first place, everybody agrees beforehand that its author is possessed of uncommon literary powers, and it is certain that, whatever credit the critic may try to take from him, a flattering residue will remain. And then his poem has won a spectacular triumph over a certain public and is entitled to an extra quantity of review. Best of all, Mr. Eliot's performance is the apotheosis of modernity, and seems to bring to a head all the specifically modern errors, and to cry for critic's ink, of a volume quite disproportionate to its merits as a poem.

The most notable surface fact about "The Waste Land" is of course its extreme disconnection. I do

not know just how many parts the poem is supposed to have, but to me there are something like fifty parts which offer no bridges the one to the other and which are quite distinct in time, place, action, persons, tone, and nearly all the unities to which art is accustomed. This discreteness reaches also to the inside of the parts, where it is indicated by a frequent want of grammatical joints and marks of punctuation; as if it were the function of art to break down the usual singleness of the artistic image, and then to attack the integrity of the individual fragments. I presume that poetry has rarely gone further in this direction. It is a species of the same error which modern writers of fiction practise when they laboriously disconnect the stream of consciousness and present items which do not enter into wholes. Evidently they think with Hume that reality is facts and pluralism, not compounds and systems. But Mr. Eliot is more enterprising than they, because almost in so many words he assails the philosophical or cosmical principles under which we form the usual images of reality, naming the whole phantasmagoria Waste Land almost as plainly as if he were naming cosmos Chaos. His intention is evidently to present a wilderness in which both he and the reader may be bewildered, in which one is never to see the wood for the trees.

Against this philosophy—or negation of philosophy

—the critic must stand fast. It is good for some purposes, but not for art. The mind of the artist is an integer and the imaginative vision is a single act which fuses its elements. It is to be suspected that the author who holds his elements apart is not using his imagination, but using a formula, like a scientist anxious to make out a "case"; at any rate, for art such a procedure suggests far too much strain and tension. For imagination things cohere; pluralism cannot exist when we relax our obsessions and allow such testimony as is in us to come out. Even the most refractory elements in experience, like the powerful opposing wills in a tragedy, arrive automatically at their "higher synthesis" if the imagination is allowed to treat them.

There is a reason besides philosophical bias which makes the disconnection in the poem. The fragments could not be joined on any principle and remain what they are. And that is because they are at different stages of fertilization; they are not the children of a single act of birth. Among their disparities one notes that scraps from many tongues are juxtaposed; and yet one knows well that we are in different "ages of intelligence" when we take the different languages on our lips; we do not quote Greek tragedy and modern cockney with the same breath or with the same kinds of mind. We cannot pass, in "The Waste Land,"

without a convulsion of the mind from "O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag," to "Shantih, Shantih, Shantih." And, likewise, the fragments are in many metres, from the comparatively formal metre which we know as the medium of romantic experiences in the English thesaurus to an extremely free verse which we know as the medium of a half-hearted and disillusioned art. But, above all, some fragments are emotions recollected in tranquillity and others are emotions kept raw and bleeding, like sores we continue to pick. In other words, the fragments vary through almost every stage, from pure realism to some point just short of complete fertilization by the romantic imagination, and this is a material which is incapable of synthesis.

A consequence of this inequality of material is a certain novelty of Mr. Eliot's which is not fundamentally different from parody. To parody is to borrow a phrase whose meaning lies on one plane of intelligence and to insert it into the context of a lower plane; an attempt to compound two incommensurable imaginative creations. Mr. Eliot inserts beautiful quotations into ugly contexts. For example:

> When lovely lady stoops to folly, and
> Paces about her room again, alone,
> She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
> And puts a record on the gramophone.

A considerable affront against esthetic sensibilities. Using these lovely borrowed lines for his own peculiar purposes, Mr. Eliot debases them every time; there is not, I believe, a single occasion where his context is as mature as the quotation which he inserts into it; he does not invent such phrases for himself, nor, evidently, does his understanding quite appreciate them, for they require an organization of experience which is yet beyond him. The difficulty in which he finds himself is typically an American one. Our native poets are after novelty; they believe, as does Mr. Eliot in one of his prose chapters, that each age must have its own "form." The form in which our traditionary poetry is cast is that of another generation and therefore No-thoroughfare. What the new form is to be they have not yet determined. Each of the new poets must experiment with a few usually, it appears, conceiving forms rather naïvely, as something which will give quick effects without the pains and delays of complete fertilization. Mr. Eliot has here tried out such a form and thereby reverted to the frailties of his nativity. The English poets, so far as they may be generalized, are still content to work under the old forms and, it must be said in their favor, it is purely an empirical question whether these are unfit for further use; the poets need not denounce them on principle. But it may be put to the credit of Mr. Eliot

that he is a man of better parts generally than most of the new poets, as in the fact that he certainly bears no animus against the old poetry except as it is taken for a model by the new poets; he is sufficiently sensitive to its beauties at least to have held on with his memory to some of its ripest texts and to have introduced them rather wistfully into the forbidding context of his own poems, where they are thoroughly ill at ease.

The criticism does not complete itself till it has compared "The Waste Land" with the earlier work of its author. The volume of "Poems" which appeared a year previously hardly presaged the disordered work that was to follow. The discrepancy is astonishing. Sweeney and Prufrock, those heroes who bid so gaily for immortality in their own right, seem to come out of a fairly mature and at any rate an equal art. They are elegant and precious creations rather than substantial, with a very reduced emotional background, like the art of a man of the world rather than of a man of frankly poetic susceptibilities; but the putative author is at least responsible. He has "arrived"; he has by self-discipline and the unconscious lessons of experience integrated his mind. The poem which comes a year later takes a number of years out of this author's history, restores him intellectually to his minority. I presume that "The Waste

Land," with its burden of unregenerate fury, was disheartening to such critics as Mr. Aldington, who had found in the "Poems" the voice of a completely articulate soul; I presume that for these critics the "Poems" are automatically voided and recalled by the later testament; they were diabolically specious, and the true heart of the author was to be revealed by a very different gesture. But I prefer to think that they were merely precocious. They pretended to an intellectual synthesis of which the author was only intellectually aware, but which proved quite too fragile to contain the ferment of experience. One prefers "The Waste Land" after all, for of the two kinds it bears the better witness to its own sincerity.

"The Waste Land" is one of the most insubordinate poems in the language, and perhaps it is the most unequal. But I do not mean in saying this to indicate that it is permanently a part of the language; I do not entertain that as a probability. The genius of our language is notoriously given to feats of hospitality; but it seems to me it will be hard pressed to find accommodations at the same time for two such incompatibles as Mr. Wordsworth and the present Mr. Eliot; and any realist must admit that what happens to be the prior tenure of the mansion in this case is likely to be stubbornly defended.

THE ELWELL CASE

By Lawrence Perry

This remarkable exploit in reporting appeared in the New York *Evening Post,* June 19, 1920. I include it not only because it is so brilliant a bit of hypothetical venture, but also because I wanted you to see what a really first-class newspaper man can do, working in a hurry, when he is assigned to a "story" that interests him. De Quincey believed that murder was the news that the papers should specialize: and my own objection to the report of crime in the press is not that there is so much of it, but that it is so crassly treated. I think De Quincey would have read this story with great applause.

Lawrence Perry got his early training on the old New York *Sun,* which he joined as cub in 1897. In 1906 he went to the *Evening Post,* where he "covered" many very important stories, political campaigns, and exposures of various sorts such as that of the "white slave traffic" in New York City. He received special thanks from Calvin Coolidge for his stories on the Boston police strike. Some of the best things Mr. Perry did for the *Post* were in the course of his work as Ship News reporter and yachting expert. His accounts of ships and sailors were always full of accurate nautical detail and much excellent humor.

Since leaving the *Post* to do syndicate writing, in 1922, Mr. Perry has found more time for the fiction which magazines are always eager to accept from him. He has published several novels, some admirable books for boys, a volume of short stories, and *Our Navy in the War.*

Joseph B. Elwell, the famous authority on card games, was found dying in his house in New York on the morning of June 11, 1920. The motive and details of the presumed murder were never discovered; this is Mr. Perry's version of the case, based on his investigations while following up the story for the *Evening Post.* If any reader has more intimate knowledge of the event, he may communicate with the editor.

I

There is an ancient saw which has it that a man's worst enemies are no more detrimental to his safety and well-being than his best friends, the reason being

that the sheer sensual joy of hating is so deep as to amount practically to a human need. The object of hate thus is as precious a possession to the enemy as, in his more amiable aspects, he is to those who care for him in a better way. The philosophy is pagan. Far, therefore, from quarreling with it, we might take such truth as it contains and apply it to a celebrated murder case which just now is thrilling the city with the first high-grade murder mystery since the Molineux or Guldensuppe cases.

In point of fact a Central Office man told me last night that he personally was applying that theory. No enemy of old standing did for Joseph Bowne Elwell. It was a new enemy, he believes, who found himself unable to withstand the lethal temptation of the first flush of anger. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps it was love turning suddenly into hate—the deadliest sort. Possibly it was the quest of lucre or the results thereof. Conceivably it was— But why speculate when the bones of a mystery tale lie at hand ready for construction into tangible form?

The process may not be overly nice, but at least it makes for a human document—a story of life as men and women of sorts live it. It's part of the human fabric—inextricably interwoven, sad to say. The curious and morbid may find spurious representation of it in the pages of the yellow magazines any time. These

we may—some of us do—avoid. But there are not many who are minded to evade stories of fact, however emblazoned, which fate carries into the columns of the daily press of a great city not too frequently to jade the interest. So follows a story taken from this source, a story of white lights and intrigue and wine and women and marriage and divorce and jealousy—and mysterious murder—a story well worth the telling if the moral of the tale be regarded as having force. . . .

Twenty years ago in Brooklyn at a whist party a young man met a young woman. The man was one of a family living in a side street in an older section of the city, a placid family of the sort you will find in Brooklyn—or elsewhere—with nothing to cause the members thereof to stand out in any marked way; good, honest people. An exception should be taken in the case of one of the sons, the young man who sat in at that card party twenty years ago. He was tall—six feet—well built; he was of attractive appearance and ingratiating speech; his general demeanor made for likability. In early life he had a way with girls; later with women. He was of the sort that could be taken up by his betters with every prospect of passing as their equals. That's a great asset for a young man if used in the right way. And he was a fiend at cards.

The young woman at this card party was sufficiently poised and beautiful and generally engaging to appeal to the fancy of the man. And he appealed to her. Her family connections were excellent and in every way she suggested this. She had married young and had been divorced. She was possessed of modest means. Perhaps she saw in her whist partner his undeveloped possibilities. At all events she saw enough in him to encourage the attentions, albeit he was a clerk in a Brooklyn store, earning $15 a week. Just what the original object of his attentions was is a matter with which we need not be concerned, in view of the fact that eventually at least they led him to the marriage altar. For a few years it was a successful marriage. The woman knew much of the graces and ways of a world which the husband was ambitious to know. That was more than sufficient to hold him. As for the wife, she had that pleasure which comes of fashioning and developing. She introduced him to her friends, and they, in turn, to other friends. The games he began to play were no longer "piker" games. His winnings soon took him far beyond any necessity of clerkship. He had come to be the polished, agreeable, companionable sort of man, to lose to whom, while not exactly a pleasure, is not the misfortune it might be.

It was not a great while before man and wife came

to an apartment in Manhattan. There was a baby boy now. The wife had a gift with the pen and the man had knowledge of cards to give it point. Result, volumes of books on bridge and auction whist. They bore the man's name only. He had the pride of authorship. She had the pride of creating the author. That was enough. She was a woman. The books were successful. There were royalties. . . . There were young women who wanted to play bridge well because of their desire to win money. The man was an excellent teacher. And as a parlor snake he had no superiors. He differed, however, from the ordinary parlor snake. He was a pit adder. (Poisonous.)

As for his wife—well, that is a story old as the hills and does not need to be told. Suffice to say that the husband developed the brilliant thought that women should painlessly be put out of the way after they had passed thirty. His wife had passed that age. . . . She had the comfort, however, of a little boy. And she still had a sort of pride in the man she had made.

II

There is a party of men and women gathered upon the veranda of a clubhouse at a Long Island race track. The card-playing husband has the faculty of appeal-

ing to men as well as to women. Among the friends he had made was a horseman of some shrewdness who had painted to the man the possibilities which the turf held for one of his sort. He was interested; he looked into the racing game. In the course of time he had ingratiated himself into a large circle of stable owners, trainers, and track magnates, which means that his betting was done from the inside, from exact stable and track information. A man on the inside when things are breaking badly can lose as heavily as an outsider can, but with the dope working well he can clean up a lot.

Luck was with the protagonist of this tale, and as with men who are inclined that way he surrounded himself with young women—actresses, society women —women of any sort appealed to him, so that they were young. If new to the demi-world, so much the better. For some he handled their betting cards; for others he declared them in on a small percentage of his winnings each day. One may imagine the prestige he gained in this sphere of his life. Besides, he was good to look at and he conducted himself with that mixture of subtle swagger and courtliness that accounts for much of the appeal of a Dumas hero. He had come to know young men about town—well-built, sharp-eyed, athletic young fellows whose moral code would have suffered in comparison to that of an

Apache Indian. He had an apartment separate from his home now. His friends had apartments. All had keys to one another's bachelor abodes; the apartments were used interchangeably, as exigency dictated. So far as women were concerned, they were a careful crowd. They played safe—at least, they thought they did. They let married women alone. Each sought his inamorata among the girls of the chorus; girls of families of standing who lived one sort of life in polite circles and another sort of life elsewhere. They were gamblers and general chance-takers, these men, and the thing about women that appealed to them was usually the campaign of pursuit, the uncertainties, the final triumph of capture. After capture the zest was gone. The demand was all for a new quarry. This was not so safe. Two of the men of that group were murdered; another is a broken man. For disillusioned women sometimes strike back. And there are men involved to reckon with—fathers, brothers, lovers.

III

In a club uptown we find our friend in another environment, one of a group of serious, solid men, men of standing in business and the professions, who love to sit under shaded lamps about green tables and pit

their nerve and card sense against the ability of friends. He played here, but he did not play for high stakes, if only because—as one member of the club has put it—friends have too much sense to try to beat the game of a friend who is a world authority on cards. Elsewhere, of course, he played and won heavily. He had come to be an interesting type. He wore clothes of English cut and aped the nonchalance of the Englishmen of the upper class whom he had met at Epsom, Newmarket, and other English tracks, at Auteuil and in the United States. He was distinguished-looking and never failed to impress both men and women—particularly women. He copied the mannerisms of great men of affairs and found his love of respectability so great that he never could follow his inclination to become an out-and-out gambler. Properly to define his status we may call him a society gamester. His nerve carried him only to a certain point. He seldom went against the great card plungers of this city—experts like Cadley, Drake, Shaughnessy et al. He had more knowledge of games than they, but he had not their nerve when the stakes were big. So they could easily beat him. The leading gamblers and financiers looked upon him as a small-town gamester. None the less he picked up a great deal of money. It was pretty fluid, though. Sometimes he had a lot; at other times he was pretty

well down. He had sense enough after one brief period of winning to place $200,000 in a copper-riveted trust fund, so arranged as to yield him $8,000 a year and his parents, living in New Jersey, with $2,000 a year.

IV

He discovered eventually that whereas all men who follow the race track with assiduity end in penury, stable owners who are careful and discerning stand up very well. He purchased a small string of thoroughbreds and established a stable in Kentucky. He spent enough time here to become acquainted with people in Louisville and Lexington. He was not long in finding that his appeal to women flourished under transplanting to the Blue Grass region as elsewhere. His horses, Sunny Slope, L'Errant, Flags, Right and Might, and Pastoral Swain, were fairly consistent winners and money was plentiful.

V

He bought a house at 244 West Seventieth Street and leased a villa on Lake Trail at Palm Beach, where his lavish entertainments and pleasant parties, at which roulette, faro, baccarat, and auction bridge were fea-

tures, served to place him upon pleasant terms with persons he had hitherto been unable to meet in New York—young society men and women driven by the rigors of the Northern winter to the tropic environment of Southern Florida. His affability, his manner of the world, his means as reflected by his well-stocked table, his big power cruiser, his two motor cars, and his well-filled purse were all assets in the particular game he was playing.

When he left Florida for the early spring training at Kentucky the hotel people and sportsmen made great to-do over him. And he was a frequent guest at exclusive homes down there. In New York he was known by every restaurateur between the Hotel Breslin and the Claremont. His arrival with a party was a signal for agitation on the part of waiter and captain. If the best table was not available he got the second best. At a musical comedy there would be a flutter along the line of chorus girls as soon as his presence was noted. He accepted it all with quiet, smiling reserve, accepted it in the grand manner of the cavalier who knows the value of his condescension.

His wife lived in a small apartment on Lexington Avenue, where she eked out her husband's modest allowance by teaching bridge. In 1916 she sued for a separation. The publicity involved caused some stir in certain quarters. Few of the man's acquaintances

knew he had a wife. A judge granted her $50 a week temporary alimony. Later the suit was adjusted outside of court, the wife receiving $200 a month. In all arrangements the man refused to face his wife. He cared nothing for his son. In succeeding years the prevailing opinion of those who knew the man was that his wife had divorced him.

VI

Keys to his home on Seventieth Street were in possession of many women—to be specific, some eight or ten had keys. There is reason to believe that the man conducted faro and other games of chance here for those who had an itch to lose money—men and women. There came a time when for some reason he changed the locks of the house. It was a place of mystery in many ways. No servant was ever permitted to spend the night there. A housekeeper, selected with care upon the recommendation of the steward of a card club to which the gamester belonged, arrived each morning about 8:30 o'clock and went away late in the afternoon. There were few things about that house which this housekeeper did not know. But it may be suspected she did not know of the existence of a secret compartment of some forty glossy brown wigs. They were the best that money could

buy. Probably not another soul—save his wig maker and physician—knew that a few years previously the man's waving brown hair had come out with a bang, leaving him as bald as the ivory sphere which spins noiselessly down the length of a billiard table. And a gouty affliction had cost him most of his teeth. Yet as showing how art may be made to triumph over nature, be it said that no one knew of the cheat and that he walked his way with port as lofty and appeal as marked as in the days when hair and teeth were home grown.

VII

In his way he had become a world figure. He was well known in Cuba, Mexico, the Argentine, Spain, France, England, and in all parts of the United States, a figure of the stable, the paddock, the betting ring, the drawing-room, the boudoir. Foreign women of title knew him, while in this country his feminine acquaintance was as varied as his life was varied. And not all of them liked him. There were some whose attitude was venomous. This was bound to be the case considering the life he had led and his constantly changing taste. And there was more than one man who had the reason for that enmity which jealousy supplies. When the war came he affiliated

himself with a secret service organization, and, it is alleged, had several foreign women of his acquaintance "turned up" on charge of alien sympathies. It is also said that one or two were interned.

VIII

There comes a time when fate takes a hand in the life of gamblers and gamesters, when fate allows them no percentage of luck at all, when there is apparently no let-up in the sequence of adverse circumstance. Gamblers of big heart and strong resources may win through—often do. But the smaller man is likely to sink without leaving a bubble to mark the spot where he went down. Our man had begun to sink. Things had broken badly during the winter. In April he went down to Kentucky and found no better fortune. His losses were steady. In May, at Lexington, he had an altercation with a man—some say the irate father of a girl of that city. A few days later he hurriedly left Kentucky. He went so fast that he neglected to pay his hotel bill. Arriving in this city, he began to liquidate. He sold his power boat at Palm Beach to a young man well known in New York society, accepting an advance payment of $4,000. Later he sold one of his favorite horses, Pastoral Swain, for $5,000, and ordered his chauffeur—to

whom he owed five weeks' salary—to sell his two motor cars. He talked of disposing of his string of horses in Kentucky. Yet at the time he ordered his betting commissioner here to lease him a bungalow for the Saratoga season. Perhaps there was more than one reason for this. The police know of a young woman who had written him that her family was to be in Saratoga this season. At all events, it is pretty certain that he was 'way down on his luck. He was at the Belmont track Wednesday, June 10, and on Thursday, June 11. And the racing men were discussing his fallen fortunes.

IX

After a day of ill luck the falling gamester arrived at his home from Belmont Park at six o'clock on Thursday evening. At 6:30 o'clock, attired in evening clothes, he taxied to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where he was engaged to dine on the roof with a well-known man about town, the man's wife and the wife's sister, a beautiful young woman whose divorce from another man on grounds of incompatibility had been obtained that day. The fifth member of the party was a South American sportsman and publisher. The party, although non-alcoholic, was a jovial one. The diners remained at table until late in the evening, when the

gamester, having accepted an invitation to spend the week-end with his host on the Jersey coast, suggested they go to the "Midnight Follies." A taxicab was secured and the gamester bought tickets. Here he was favored by the usual nods and smiles from actresses of the company whom he knew. He danced twice, once with each woman of his party. He is reported as having been never more genial and never better company. At two o'clock the party left the New Amsterdam roof, descending to the street.

"Any one going my way?" asked the gamester. No one was; other members of the party lived in a house on upper Fifth Avenue. So the two women and the husband and the South American entered the cab, leaving the gamester upon the sidewalk. He waved to them, purchased a morning newspaper, and then is said to have hailed a taxicab. If he did no one has been discovered who saw him enter the cab. There was a story that he walked around to the stage entrance of the theater, met a girl, and went with her to the Montmartre. This story is now denied. The man was well known at the Montmartre and he was not seen there early Friday morning.

In any event he went to his home some time—probably not long—after he had left his theater party in front of the New Amsterdam. There is a growing belief on the part of the police that he did not go

to his home unaccompanied. If he did have a companion it would not have been the first time. There is a lot of mystery attached to this point. At 6 o'clock on Friday morning a man passing the house is said to have heard a woman scream. At 6:30 o'clock a milkman of the Sheffield Farms Company left milk. He placed the bottles in the inner vestibule, the outer door being unlocked. At 7:25 a postman placed four letters in the little box within the vestibule. As was his custom, he pressed the door bell to announce his arrival. At 7:45 two painters working on the porch of the house adjoining heard what they believed to be a pistol shot.

Not an hour later, at 8:30 o'clock, the housekeeper arrived to attend to her daily duties. She found her employer in a little reception room off the main hall. He was slouched in an armchair which stood at the side of a collapsible card table. One hand was on the table; the other trailed to the floor. A letter from his trainer in Kentucky which he had been reading lay on the floor. In the middle of the forehead was a bullet hole. The jacketed missile had passed through the skull in an upward direction, penetrating the wall behind to the depth of an inch. On the floor was an empty shell marked "U. S. Army, 1917." The man was in pajamas, his feet bare. His head was without a wig and his mouth without the false teeth.

Still breathing, he was hurried to a hospital, where he died without regaining consciousness.

Such was the end of a man who, with natural abilities and qualifications for much that is held excellent in mankind, elected to be a parasite; to take, not to give; to hang on rather than to support. He was without moral sense, without obligation, and for that which came to him in the end he had bountifully paved the way.

What happened to him may always remain a mystery, if only for the reason that there were so many who might have had reason for the execution of vengeance it is difficult to pick out one as having executed it.

The police believe that after leaving the theater party early Friday morning he went to his home, either in company with some woman or expecting to find some one awaiting him there. At all events, an apartment obviously set aside for feminine occupancy appears to have had an inmate on the night preceding the murder. If the police know who that transient guest was they have said nothing to indicate this fact. In truth, so far as may be known, they are not absolutely certain that the room was occupied. Probably, however, it was. If so, what became of the occupant? No one was seen leaving the house.

As for the gamester, having undressed, he lay on

his bed without removing the counterpane, reading a book. Was he awaiting some caller? The postman pressed the door bell at 7:25 and the man answered it. Had he not been alone in the house he would not, in all probability, have gone downstairs to get the letter without his wig and teeth. At least this is the assumption. On the other hand, he had never been known to go down for letters at that hour in the morning. Was he expecting some male visitor, whom he knew sufficiently well to greet without making himself presentable? Anyway, it is supposed that he answered this bell expecting to meet some one and found that the postman had rung it. Taking the letters out of the box, he sat down to read them, deciding to wait downstairs for his expected caller. He was thus reading when some one entered the reception room and shot him, probably without the slightest warning. Or there may have been some words in the heat of which the invader drew a pistol, leveling it at the man. One may imagine him trying to face the gun holder down with a cool, level stare as they do in the "movies," telling him not to be a fool, or something of the sort. In the "movies" the gun wavers and eventually falls. But not always in real life. It did not in the case under consideration.

Was it a woman who did the shooting? A woman usually does not select a weapon of caliber so heavy.

Or was a woman present when the shooting occurred, a woman surprised in the house by an irate man, who came expecting to find her? It is all a mystery. So far as all but one—or two—occupants of the living world are concerned our gentleman gamester stepped into a black void when he waved good-bye to that cab-ful of friends at 2 o'clock in the morning a week ago last Friday.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE

By Llewelyn Powys

We have had several Oxford men in this volume; it is pleasant now to welcome one from Cambridge. Mr. Powys is the youngest of three brothers (John Cowper Powys and T. F. Powys are the others) who have all made a distinguished name for themselves in letters. He was born in Dorchester in 1884, studied at Sherborne School and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. For a number of years he lived in British East Africa engaged in stock-farming. In this truancy from what we call civilization he had time for long thoughts of "the things that thoughts but tenderly touch." His observations of the Dark Continent bore fruit in a book called *Ebony and Ivory*—a very remarkable book. Some of the sketches contained in it, when first printed in the New York *Evening Post,* called forth halloos of protest from sedentary readers of that ancient sheet, whose history, for many years, has been a continuity of being objected to by some one.

For several years now Mr. Powys has been living in New York. He contributed to *The Freeman* a very fine series of essays on his favorite literary figures, ranging from Chaucer, Marlowe, and Tom Coryat down to John Woolman, William Barnes, and the great modern whose fellow-townsman he was, Thomas Hardy. In this series the present paper on Montaigne had place. They have been collected in a little volume called *Thirteen Worthies,* a perfect book for a bedside shelf. You will not go far in Mr. Powys' writing without noticing his fine flair for the gusto of life.

On a lichen-covered wall of an ancient château which for long ages had stood "amid the fat noonday Gascon scenery," these words, carved deeply in the crumbling masonry, were to be read by the curious for many generations: "In the year of our Lord 1571, at the age of thirty-eight, on the last day of February, being the anniversary of his birth, Monsieur de Mon-

taigne, long weary of the service of the Court and of public employments, while still in his full vigor, betook himself to the bosom of the nine learned virgins." Could anything have been more significant of the character, tastes, and sturdy Epicurean aplomb of the man to whom they owed their origin?

In every sense that the gracious phrase implies, Montaigne was first and last "a good European" and not one inclined to set aside the true values of life. A generous lover of leisure, of spiritual and physical well-being, of curious meditations, of quaint erudition, he was by no means a man to suffer his days to slide by unnoticed because of an overzealous preoccupation with the illusive activities that belong to everyday life. It is said that Montaigne was an eleven months' child, and indeed in his shrewd, slow-moving constitution—so full of a mature sanity—there is something that goes to suggest a longer time in the making than is granted to most mortal men.

He was born in a turbulent and unsettled age, an age as bewildered with difficulties and confusions as is our own, and yet was able to reach to an adjustment with life which for civilized poise has scarcely been surpassed before or since. He was fortunate in his upbringing. He owed his lifelong enthusiasm "for the greatness of old Greek and Roman life" to the eccentric theories of his father, who, while Michel

was a child, would have no word spoken in the château, not even by the servants, except it was Latin. Indeed, so thoroughly was the rule kept that a hundred years later certain Latin nouns were found to have lingered on in the mouths of the plowmen and vine-tenders employed about the eighteen farms that constituted the broad estates of the castle.

It has been remarked that another refining influence invaded the spirit of the sun-tanned, broad-mouthed *seigneur*—his meeting with Estienne de la Boëtie. It happened, so it always seemed to Montaigne, "by some secret appointment of Heaven," and without doubt it did more than anything else in his life to impart to his jocund, earth-bound nature a suspicion that there might be, possibly, after all, abroad in the world an unutterable something above and beyond what his eager and insatiable senses saw and felt. The memory of his dead friend was never out of his mind. Twenty years later, he tells us, when he was bathing in the waters of Lucca, the thought of the irremediable loss he had sustained by this death swept suddenly over his soul with unrebated bitterness. It was the one experience of his life that perplexed and astounded the old skeptic, the one experience capable of endowing his style with a new tone of passionate inspiration. There is a certain pathos in observing how rattled and put about the old egoist was by this

tragic and unexpected revelation—the old red fox caught at last in the gin of the absolute! Craftily he scans the familiar landscape of his mind. How could this be? The explanation of this! what was it? "Because it was he, because it was I" is all that he, the master "idealclast," finds it in him to say.

For the most part, however, he was able to survey the grotesque panorama of human life with a massive and indelible satisfaction. It pleased him mightily to hold discourse with two aboriginals from the New World whom he lit upon in Rouen. They had come, he tells us, "to learn the wisdom of Europe" and were "men of dignity, although they wore no breeches." He liked to note the fact that "tortoises and ostriches hatch their eggs with only looking on them, which infers that their eyes have in them ejaculative virtue," that "Xerxes was a coxcombical blockhead," that "Carneades was so besotted with knowledge that he would not find time so much as to comb his head or to pare his nails," and that there existed a certain nation that fed on spiders—"Yea, made provision of them and fed them for their tables, as also they did grasshoppers, mice, lizards, and bats; and in a time of a scarcity of such delicacies a toad was sold for six crowns, all which they cook and dish up with several sauces." It amused him to observe that when the vines of his village were nipped with frost

"his parish priest presently concluded that the indignation of God is gone out against *all the human race.*"

But his interests were by no means confined to such objective observations. There was nothing that diverted him so much as to mark down his own peculiar tastes and idiosyncrasies, whether at home in his cheerful, sunlit tower, or abroad on horseback, wrapped about in the dark, threadbare mantle that had belonged to his father, "because it seemed to envelop me in him."

Nobody prognosticated that I should be wicked, but only useless; they foresaw idleness, but no malice; and I find it falls out accordingly.

I never inquire, when I am to take a footman, if he be chaste, but if he be diligent; and am not solicitous if my muleteer be given to gaming, as if he be strong and able, or if my cook be a swearer, if he be a good cook.

For table-talk, I prefer the pleasant and witty before the learned and grave; in bed, beauty before goodness.

The generality of more solid sort of men look upon abundance of children as a great blessing; I and some others think it a great benefit to be without them.

I love stout expressions amongst gentlemen and to have them speak as they think.

I love rain and to dabble in the dirt as well as ducks do.

I give great authority to my propensions and desires. To be subject to the stone and subject to abstention from eating oysters are two evils instead of one.

I have ever loved to repose myself whether sitting or lying, with my heels as high or higher than my seat.

I do not remember that I ever had the itch, and yet scratching is one of nature's sweetest gratifications. . . . I use it most on my ears, which are often apt to itch.

We have in us notions that are inconsistent and for which no reason can be given; for example, I found radishes first grateful to my stomach, since that nauseous, and now again grateful.

At the little jerks of oars, stealing the vessel from under me, I find, I know not how, both my head and my stomach disordered.

'Tis indecent, beside the hurt it does to one's health and even to the pleasure of eating, to eat so greedily as I do. I often bite my tongue and sometimes my fingers, in my haste.

To the end that even sleep itself should not so stupidly escape from me, I have formerly caused myself to be disturbed in my sleep, so that I might the better and more sensibly relish and taste it.

I have never put myself to great pains to curb the desires by the which I have found myself beset. My virtue is a virtue, or rather an innocence, which is purely random and accidental.

From these and similar utterances what a vivid picture is evoked of the genial, philosophic old aristocrat. His short, thickset figure, tough and individual as one of his own gnarled vine-stumps, is never out of our sight as we review the various events of his life.

There he stands superintending the construction of the light-house at Bordeaux for the better direction of the mariners returning from that New World which had so intrigued his imagination; there he sits, goose-quill in hand, composing the letter in which he proffered his resignation from the mayoralty of the city, for no better reason, forsooth, than the personal apprehension that he felt with regard to the plague. "For my part, I am of the mind that if a man can by any means avoid danger, though by creeping under a calf's skin, I am one that would not be ashamed of the shift." We see him on his travels observing how ill-favored were the faces of German women, buying a new fur hat at Augsburg, or rating a Swiss tavern-keeper because his table was ill provided with crayfish! We see him at Rome attending Christmas Mass, or walking the streets, which through his reading were as familiar to him as those of Paris, impatient sometimes of the Renaissance buildings which cluttered up the monumental foundations that were so dear to his heart. They resemble, he thinks, the martins' and jackdaws' nests that adhere to the shattered fragments of the churches in France which had been brought to ruin by the ravages of the Huguenots.

Two volumes of his *Essays* were found in his trunks and fell into the hands of the ecclesiastical censor. He was brought to task by Pope Gregory.

He himself willingly enough condemns them beforehand, out of hand, "if so be anything should be found in his rhapsodies contrary to the holy resolutions and prescriptions of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church into which I was born and in which I shall die," and then returns to France to publish from the safe retreat of his castle the very passages to which exception has been taken. He visits the unfortunate Tasso in his convent at Ferrara, and in the papal library peers curiously at the writing of St. Thomas Aquinas, which he observes to be even more illegible than his own. "I cannot even write properly myself, so that when I have finished a scrawl I had rather rewrite it than give myself the trouble of deciphering it." He makes friends with Anthony Bacon, a brother of the great Francis, and embarks upon a correspondence with him. His zest for life is insatiable. He indulges the fancy of being given the full citizenship of Rome. To be a Roman citizen! One can understand how of all others he would covet that distinction. He pursues his purpose "with all his five natural senses" and is accorded the honor. He goes about glancing now at this damsel, now at that, never failing to allow due credit for beauty and charm.

But, of course, it is at home, in his serene and hospitable château of St. Michel de Montaigne, that we are able to envisage him best. Here, within those

cool, stone-flagged courtyards, the gates of which stood ever open to welcome king or beggar, "having no other guard than my porter, no other sentinel than the stars," his extraordinary personality "virgin from all law suits" and "harboring but a perplexed and uncertain knowledge about his money," found full scope for placid, unhampered development. Alternately, to and fro across the neighboring country-side, the warring factions passed, devastating all that came in their way. But it would seem that both Catholic and Huguenot felt a strange reluctance to trouble the residence of the old, indulgent, philosophic opportunist, who, as he himself declares, would be as ready, at a pinch, to carry a taper "before the Dragon as before St. George." Decade followed decade, and still the château of Montaigne remained intact on its green eminence, a symbol of civilized humanism and happy tolerance amid a crazed and distracted world.

In the famous room of his tower, surrounded by a library of over a thousand folios, Montaigne passed his days in peace, disturbed only by the reverberating echoes of the great bell above him as it was rung morning and evening for the Ave Marias to be held in the castle-chapel below. Here it was that the stout, good-natured, weather-beaten philosopher, crossing himself, as he tells us, whenever he yawned, composed his essays, played with his cat, or interviewed that

honest lad that he had to his tailor, "whom I never knew guilty of one truth," or ate his bread without salt, or drank the wine "that they mix in the buttery two or three hours before 'tis brought in," and even then, old hedonist that he was, "not willingly out of common glass, but in those that are clear and transparent."

We are made to see the passing of his easy, indolent days almost as clearly as if we ourselves had shared with Henry of Navarre the privilege of being his guest. Sometimes, when the mood was upon him, he would go down into the great hall and play cards with his wife and daughter, or take a stroll in his secluded orchard. Then, again, with whimsical, incredulous eye, he would stand watching his long-suffering lady busying herself with her aromatic simples and medicinal herbs, or the inexpedient ways of the governess with his daughter Léonore. Tired of this, he would go riding abroad over his lands, and although, as he confesses, he had "no manner of complacency for husbandry," he would while away his time talking to this or that familiar rustic, for he always, as he tells us, "had an inclination towards the meaner sort of people." Wherever he went there beat under his doublet a spleenless and generous heart, a heart unexpectedly tender, as, for instance, when he assures us he could with difficulty watch a chicken

being killed or hear the cries of a hare in her agony when the dogs had got her. Always simply enough dressed in black and white "in imitation of my father," he would return from such homely excursions to the perusal of his Plutarch or even to the reading of Cicero, though he remarks that an hour with this latter formal stylist "was a great deal for him."

Little enough is known of his wife, the Lady Françoise de la Chassaigne. It is apparent that Montaigne's attitude towards her was one of indulgent tolerance not unmingled with contempt.

Feminine policy has a mysterious course and we must e'en let them go on their own way.

There is a natural feud, a fray, between us and women; the closest agreement that we have with them is more or less turbulent and stormy.

I see and I am vexed to see, in several families I know, Monsieur about dinner time comes home all jaded and ruffled about his affairs when Madame is still pouncing and tricking up herself, forsooth, in her closet. This is for queens to do, and that's a question too; 'tis ridiculous and unjust that the laziness of our wives should be maintained with our sweat and labor.

The pains of childbearing, said by the physicians and by God himself to be very great, *and which our women keep such a clutter about*—there are whole nations that make nothing of them.

I for my part went ever the plain way to work.

I love to lie hard and alone, yea, even without my wife, as kings do.

And as great a libertine as I am taken to be, I have in truth more strictly observed the laws of marriage than I either promised or expected.

Who for seeing me one while cold and presently very fond towards my wife, believes the one or the other to be counterfeited is an ass.

There have been many who have had it in them to dispute Montaigne's claim to be considered as a serious philosopher. They are mistaken. If wisdom is philosophy, what a rich store of it is contained in these quaint, closely written pages. It is a Shakespearean wisdom, a wisdom that is simple and that springs as naturally from the pasture-lands and parks of Warwickshire as from the vineyards of Guyenne. When we loiter near some place full of suggestions of age-long human usages—a graveyard perhaps, or a sheep-shearing barton, or a blacksmith's forge when horse-shoeing is in progress—and overhear some pithy comment that seems to have the very sap of life in it, we are listening to the voice of Montaigne. John Cowper Powys, in his *Suspended Judgments,* has after his poetic manner expressed this most excellently:

The wisdom of Montaigne is the wisdom of lazy noons in spacious corn-fields, of dewy mornings in misty lanes and

moss-grown paths; of dreamy shadows in deep grass when the apple boughs hang heavily earthward, and long nights of autumn rain have left amber-colored pools in the hollow places of the trees and in the mud trodden by the cattle. . . . It is the wisdom of the earth itself; shrewd, friendly, full of unaccountable instincts; obstinate and capricious, given up to irrational and inexplicable superstitions, sluggish, suspicious, cautious, hostile to theory, enamored of inconsistencies, humorously critical of all ideals, realistic, empirical, wayward.

Montaigne himself affirmed that there should be "nothing more airy, more gay, more frolic, and I had like to have said more wanton, than philosophy"; and certainly if one takes some of his utterances at random one is astounded at the deep, lætificant sagacity which they reveal. In the mean, famished period in which we live, wherein ill-bred industrial commercialism masquerades as civilized life, how consoling, how infinitely restorative they are, as it were like great dripping combs of golden honey gathered from I know not what distant blossoms!

Man (in good earnest) is a marvelous, vain, fickle, and unstable subject, and one on whom it is very hard to form a certain and uniform judgment.

I would always have a man to be doing . . . and then let death take me planting my cabbages, indifferent to him and still less of my garden's not being finished.

They begin to teach us to live when we have almost done living. A hundred students have gotten the pox before they have come to read Aristotle's lecture on temperance.

There is indeed a certain low and moderate sort of poetry, that a man may well enough judge by certain rules of art; but the true supreme and divine poetry is above all rules and reason . . . it does not exercise but ravishes and overwhelms our judgments.

All whimsies as are in use amongst us deserve at least a hearing.

A young man should often plunge even into excesses, otherwise the least vice will ruin him, and he also is apt to become tiresome and *inconvenient in conversation.*

Women are not in the wrong when they refuse the rules of life obtaining in the world; it is the man who made these laws without them.

The for and the against are both possible.

I am a man and nothing human is alien to me.

So taken was Montaigne himself with the last two sentences that he caused them to be engraved upon the ceiling of his tower. It seems he was often in doubt concerning the intrinsic value of his writings, though he never allowed such misgivings to ruffle his accustomed equanimity. "I do not, nevertheless, always believe myself; I often hazard sallies of mine own wit, wherein I very much suspect myself and shake my ears; but I let them go at a venture." After all, what did it matter? "If I should have a long

life my memory is so bad that I believe I shall forget my own name. So greatly do I excel in forgetfulness that even my writings are forgotten. The public dealeth me blows about them, and I do not feel them." Should his papers eventually be used as wrappers he makes little of it: "I shall at least keep some pats of butter from melting in the market."

Montaigne died at his château in his sixtieth year. The grapes that covered so closely those sun-drenched, hand-cultivated slopes had already been harvested, and already the trees that held with so firm a root to the opulent soil of his broad acres were changing color. "In the last piece between death and you there is no pretending; you must speak French."

On 13 September, 1592, Michel de Montaigne, having distributed certain legacies to his servants, summoned his parish priest to his bedside, and there in his curious room with the swallows already gathering on the leaden gutters outside, he heard Mass said for the last time in the company of certain of his neighbors. With due solemnity the blessed sacrament was elevated, and at the very moment that this good heretical Catholic and Catholic heretic (unmindful for once of his nine learned virgins) was raising his arms in seemly devotion toward the sacred morsel which in its essence—*que sçais-je*—might, or might not, contain a subtle and crafty secret, he fell back dead.

"THE MODERN PULPIT"

By G. Lowes Dickinson

In recent years there has been an access of amateur interest in the writings of Mr. Santayana, a philosopher whose exquisitely urbane clarity and imperturbed detachment have made the pleasures of thinking perceptible even to comparatively untrained minds. But there is another *savan* (as Walt would say), just about contemporary with Santayana, whose work I should gladly see receive the same revival of attention among rising readers. I refer to Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, whose *Letters from a Chinese Official* (which aroused Mr. William J. Bryan's supreme powers of making himself risible) and *A Modern Symposium* were the delight of a preceding generation of Young Intellectuals. I do not mean to infer that there is any intimate similarity of doctrine in Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Santayana: Mr. Dickinson, I believe, is more passionately concerned in the practical problems of human polity, as witness his devotion to the cause of peace and a League of Nations. Yet in beauty of style and transparent energy of thought there is a kinship in these two writers. How is it, I ask myself, that so remarkable a book as Dickinson's dialogue, *The Meaning of Good,* has been out of print in this country for a number of years? This is a reproach to the sagacity of the General Reader, whose unconscious shoulder bears so large a burden of discredit.

Mr. Dickinson, who has been a teacher at King's College, Cambridge, for many years, is a poet and philosopher who has never been content to dwell merely in the serene upward of speculation. A far traveler and a studious observer of the contrasts between East and West, he was one of those many thinkers who were forced by the horror of the World War to take up the knotty cudgels of practical affairs: his earlier books on *The Greek View of Life* and *Religion and Immortality* have been followed by such works as *The Choice Before Us* (1917) dealing with the problems of world organization for peace. In a world where many things are regrettable, it is permitted to regret also the necessity of philosophers undertaking the scrutiny of actual affairs. It *is* necessary that they should do so, for perhaps they are the only people who can save us from the horrors of government by energetic pachyderms; yet how heavenly is philosophy when it inhabits a realm of ideal speculation, a realm to which our daily life is merely an asymptote. And in such a book as *The Meaning*

of Good, if you can get hold of a copy and are patient enough to read it with prehensile mind, you will find a lively and wide-ranging faculty of referring all human problems to ideal values, and an astonishing strictness of logic and mental discipline. You will find, in all Mr. Dickinson's books, those qualities of human richness that have endeared him to many generations of young Englishmen who have studied under him at Cambridge.

This following memorandum, in which Mr. Dickinson tersely suggests the feelings of any rational mind on contemplating the welter of modern journalism, is from his book modestly called *Appearances* (1914), a volume of notes made while traveling in India, China, Japan, and America. I am reminded of the little girl who said, when asked what God did on the first day of rest, "He read the Sunday paper."

It is a bright July morning. As I sit in the garden I look out, over a tangle of wild roses, to a calm sea and a flock of white sails. Everything invites to happy thought and innocent reverie. Moreover, it is the day of rest, and every one is at leisure to turn his mind towards pleasant things. To what, in fact, are most people on this continent turning theirs? To this, which I hold in my hand, the Sunday newspaper.

Let us analyze this production, peculiar to the New World. It comprises eight sections and eighty-eight pages, and very likely does really, as it boasts, contain "more reading matter than the whole Bible."

Opening Section 1, I read the following headings:

"Baron Shot as Bank-teller—Ends Life with Bullet."

"Two Fatally Hurt in Strike Riots at Pittsburg."

"Steals a Look at Busy Burglars."

"Drowned in Surf at Narragansett."

"Four of a Family Fear a Dogs' bite" (*sic*).

"Two are Dead, Two Dying; Fought over Cow."

Section 2 appears to be concerned with similar matter, for example:

"Struck by Blast, Woman is Dying."

"Hard Shell Crabs Help in Giving Burglar Alarm."

"Man Who Has Been Married Three Times Denies the Existence of God."

But here I notice further the interesting and enigmatic heading:

"Will 'boost' not 'knock' New York,"

and roused for the first time to something like curiosity, read:

"To lock horns with the muckrakes and to defend New York against all who defame and censure it the Association for New York was incorporated yesterday."

I notice also "Conferences agree to short rates on woolen goods," and am reminded of the shameless bargaining of which, for many weeks past, Washington has been the center; which leads me to reflect on the political advantages of a tariff and its wholesome effect on the national life.

Section 3 deals with Aviation and seaside resorts:

"Brave Lake Placid," I read, "Planning New Hotel."

"Haines Falls Entertaining a Great Throng of People."

"Resound with the Laughter and Shout of Summer Throngs."

Section 4 consists entirely of advertisements:

"Tuning-up Sale," I read. "Buff-and-crimson cards will mark the trail of all goods ready for the sale. We are tuning up. By September it is our intention to have assembled in these two great buildings the most fashionable merchandise ever shown. No one piece of goods will be permitted to linger that lacks, in any detail, the esthetic beauty demanded by New York women of fashion. Everything will be better and a definite percentage lower in price than New York will find in any other store. Do not expect a sale of ordinary proportions. To-morrow you will find the store alive with enthusiasm. This is not a summer hurrah." And so on, to the end of the page. Twelve pages of advertisements, uninterrupted by any item of news.

Section 5 is devoted to automobile gossip and automobile advertisements.

Thereupon follows the *Special Sporting Section:*

"Rumson Freebooters defeat Devon's first."

"'Young Corbett' is chipped in the 8th."

"Doggett and Cubs each win shut out."

"Brockett is easy for Detroit Nine."

Glancing at the small type I read:

"Englewood was the first to tally. This was in the fourth inning. W. Merritt, the first man up, was safe on Williams' error, and he got round to third on another miscue by Williams. Charley Clough was on deck with a timely single, which scored Merritt. Curran's out at first put Clough on third, from whence he tallied on Cuming's single. Cuming got to second, when Wiley grounded out along the first base line and scored on Reinmund's single. Every other time Reinmund came to the bat he struck out."

I pass to the *Magazine Section.*

On the first page is the mysterious heading "E. of K. and E." Several huge portraits of a bald, clean-shaven man in shirt sleeves partially explain. E. is Mr. Erlanger, a theatrical impresario, and K. and E. presumably are his firm. The article describes "the accomplishment of a busy man on one of his ordinary days," and makes one hope no day is ever extraordinary. The interviewer who tells about him is almost speechless with emotion. He searches for a phrase to express his feelings, finds it at last, and comes triumpantly to his close—Mr. Erlanger is a man "with trained arms, trained legs, a trained body, and a trained mind." There follows: "The Story of a Society Girl," in which we are told "there is a confession of love and the startling discovery that Dolly was a

professional model"; "The Doctor's Story," with a picture of a corpse, "whose white, shapely hands were clasped one over the other"; and "Would you Convict on Circumstantial Evidence?—A Scaffold Confession. A True Story." I glance at this, and read, "While the crowd watched in strained, breathless silence there came a sharp, agonized voice and a commotion near the steps of the scaffold. 'Stop! Stop! The man is not guilty. I mean it. It is I who should stand there. Let me speak.'" You can now reconstruct the story for yourself. Next comes "Get the Man! Craft and courage of old-time and modern express-robbers matched by organized secret service and the mandate that makes capture alone the end of an unflagging man-hunt." This is accompanied by portraits of famous detectives and train-robbers.

There follows *"Thrilling Lines,"* with a picture of a man who seems to be looping the loop on a bicycle.

And the conclusion of the section is a poem, entitled "Cynthianna Blythe," with colored illustrations apparently intended for children, and certainly successful in not appealing to adults.

Comment, I suppose, is superfluous. But it is only fair to say that the whole of the press of America is not of this character. Among the thousands of papers daily produced on that continent, it would be possible, I believe, to name ten—I myself could mention five—

which contain in almost every issue some piece of information or comment which an intelligent man might care to peruse. There are to be found, now and again, passing references to European and even to Asiatic politics; for it cannot be said that the press of America wholly ignored the recent revolutions in Persia and in Turkey. I myself saw a reference to the new Sultan as a man "fat, but not fleshy." England looms big enough on the American horizon to be treated to an occasional gibe; and the doings of fashionable Americans in London are reported somewhat fully. Still, on the whole, the American daily press is typified by the specimen I have analyzed. Sensations, personalities, and fiction are its stock-in-trade. Why? The causes are well known, but are worth recapitulating, for they are part of the system of modern civilization.

The newspaper press is a business intended to make money. This is its primary aim, which may, or may not, include the subordinate purpose of advocating some line of public policy. Now, to make money, it is essential to secure advertisements; and to secure advertisements it is essential to have a large circulation. But a large circulation can only be obtained by lowering the price of the paper and adapting it to the leisure mood of the mass of people. But this leisure mood is usually one of sheer vacuity, incapable of

intellectual effort or imaginative response. The man is there, waiting to be filled, and to be filled with the stuff easiest to digest. The rest follows. The newspapers supply the demand, and by supplying extend and perpetuate it. Among the possible appeals open to them they deliberately choose the lowest. For people are capable of Good as well as of Bad; and if they cannot get the Bad they will sometimes take the Good. Newspapers, probably, could exist, even under democratic conditions, by maintaining a certain standard of intelligence and morals. But it is easier to exist on melodrama, fatuity, and sport. And one or two papers adopting that course force the others into line; for here, as in so many departments of modern life, "The Bad drives out the Good." This process of deterioration of the press is proceeding rapidly in England, with the advent of the halfpenny newspaper. It has not gone so far as in America, but there is no reason why it should not, and every reason why it should; for the same causes are at work.

I have called the process "deterioration," but that, of course, is matter of opinion. A Cabinet Minister, at a recent Conference in London, is reported to have congratulated the press on its progressive improvement during recent years. And Lord Northcliffe is a peer. The more the English press approximates to the

American, the more, it would seem, it may hope for public esteem and honor. And that is natural, for the American method pays.

Well, the sun still shines and the sky is still blue. But between it and the American people stretches a veil of printed paper. Curious! the fathers of this nation read nothing but the Bible. That, too, it may be said, was a veil; but a veil woven of apocalyptic visions, of lightning and storm, of Leviathan and the wrath of Jehovah. What is the stuff of the modern veil we have seen? And surely the contrast is calculated to evoke curious reflections.

AN EPILOGUE TO AN EPILOGUE

By Will H. Low

The well-loved Will Low has allowed me to print this little item of "Stevensoniana" which has never before been published. It should really be read in conjunction with Stevenson's *The Wrecker*. The epilogue in that book was addressed to Mr. Low; and here, more than thirty years later, is his affectionate reply. No wonder, we say to ourself, that Tusitala in his letters accused Will Low of being a dilatory correspondent.

There is another book you should read side by side with this little essay of Mr. Low's: his own delightful *A Chronicle of Friendships* (1908), a book which reveals more (to me) of the interlocking problems and hilarities of art and literature than any other I have read, a book full of that humane affection for all worthy enterprises of the spirit which is characteristic of Mr. Low.

There is a curious interest in comparing two important autobiographies of recent years, if you have an inquiring mind. There is *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, which tells in the most revealing manner how a young Dutch boy became infected with the American spirit; this book tells you how you may infallibly become rich. And then there is this *Chronicle of Friendships*, which might be called *The Frenchization of Will Low*, which tells how a young American became infected with the French spirit of life itself considered as a fine art; and this book tells you how you may most probably become poor. Is it a comment again on our old friend General Reader when we remark that *The Americanization* is in its hundred and somethingth thousand, and *The Chronicle of Friendships* is out of print? Yet I have always believed that some day Mr. Scribner, its publisher, will reissue it in an inexpensive edition for the delight and benefit of those young, ardent spirits for whom this book will be a testament of the artist's attitude toward the wonder and beauty of life. Of the reminiscences of R.L.S. in Mr. Low's book, Lloyd Osbourne has said, "Stevenson is more illuminatingly revealed than in anything else ever written of him."

I always think of Will Low when I pass the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. There was a little reception room in that hotel, the Marie Antoinette Room it was called, for which Mr. Low, long ago, painted a delicious ceiling of gold and pink and

blue, showing airy cupids fluttering about and holding nuptial ribbons in their hands. Beneath that ceiling, in the days when there was still always a hansom or two standing outside the Waldorf for young couples who wanted a quiet tête-à-tête, I used to wait for a lady who still occasionally keeps me waiting. With eyes patiently upturned I used to study Mr. Low's irresponsible cupids and goddesses. In later days the Marie Antoinette Room was turned into a broker's office, and if ever I do financial transacting, there I should go. Mr. Low is sometimes a little sad at the commercialization of his ceiling, but I tell him that the white ribbons fluttered by his painted cupids now make a very fair representation of ticker tape.

Will Low was born in Albany, May 31, 1853; studied art under Carolus-Duran in Paris, 1873-77; is famous for his beautiful murals (for instance in the State Education Building at Albany), and many other paintings and illustrations, not only landscape and portraits but specially adaptations of the old Greek mythology to modern imagination, which theme he handles with particular freshness and grace. The outsider has no right to speak in this field, but one may at least say that in his big studio at Bronxville, N. Y., Mr. Low is still at the easel with all the zest and happiness of the days when he was a young Barbizonian fifty years ago, the kindest of encouragers to all his juniors who are concerned in any form of art. Few painters have written with more literary charm, as you will see if you read (as I intend you shall) his *Chronicle of Friendships.*

How strange it is that a few pages of manuscript, a few printed words, can convey to one for whom they were written so much more than their obvious and apparent meaning. Reading between the lines this favored one will find messages within messages, confessions and explanations that in the plainly printed text carry to him, as to no other, a meaning quite different from that which the lines themselves show.

True, it is written, "All the dominos will be transparent to your better knowledge"; but it is not that alone that renders the Epilogue to *The Wrecker* by Robert Louis Stevenson eloquent to my "better knowl-

edge." Rather it comes to me as the last word in a lifelong contention, an argument carried on whenever we were together, taken up, cast aside without decision or conclusion—and always temperately, for if our arguments were many and interminable, no shadow of rancor ever penetrated them. As was his wont, there were many side issues and detours on Stevenson's part, he half granting, half denying. We talked until no conclusion was possible, simply arguing for the love of the game. We perhaps understood that in the question before us no decision was possible; it was all a matter of the way a man had.

For the question was as to the manner in which a work of art was constructed, whether the work was based on some aspect or condition of nature directly traceable to its source, or whether it came by the mysterious creative power of the artist from some evasive suggestion, possibly far distant, which gradually took shape from the application to it of his natural, acquired, and trained technical ability. Probably the answer is both; sometimes the one, sometimes the other, according to a man's mood or nature, his leaning to the fanciful or his inclination to the material. Be that as it may, and the surviving friend still has a word to say on that score, the dominos of Stevenson's *Wrecker* are many. The Epilogue has puzzled many who have asked elucidation, and it seems

fitting to lift the curtain and show the marionettes divested of their disguise.

I have told elsewhere[1] how the Epilogue reached me in the place where Stevenson could have least expected, in the restaurant Lavenue, seated at the same table where many years before we had passed the afternoon of the day when we first met. He in far-off Samoa, returning in fancy to the days of our youth, was far from thinking of so apposite a connection, but I who had followed in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine* the course of the story, revealing episodes that were so familiar to me, scenes in which I had played a part, and others so remote and strange where willy-nilly my shadow in the shape of Loudon Dodd had existence, was like most of his readers quite bewildered as to how the author was to clear the confusion in which his characters were seemingly hopelessly entangled. And it was with curiosity as to this dénouement that I sat me down with my copy of the magazine. Opening it I found the Epilogue, and I marveled at the directness with which destiny had played into my hands. For here I read: "Echoes from Lavenue's and the Rue Racine, let these be your book-markers as you read." I had gone to Paris that summer quite unexpectedly and my friend knew nothing of my presence there, as, seated

[1] In *A Chronicle of Friendships.*

in our old haunts, he unfolded to me the tangled filaments of his story and developed the theory on which it was constructed, in words so filled with affection, so replete with memories of our common past, that, as I read them now, it is small wonder that the past fades away and I breathe "once more the airs of our youth."

And the dominos, the statuary contract? Perhaps the most amusing thing about the contract, for there was such a contract, is its locality. For I can fancy the reader smiling at the absurdity of the situation, either dismissing it as a pure invention or locating it in the wildest and wooliest section of our great and sometimes disconcerting Republic. Not at all. It was in the days of innocence, for we have made progress and now such a contract would be impossible and its avowal seems humiliating even in retrospect, that the good people of Brooklyn, not then a part of the greater New York, set themselves to build a courthouse, and, as it was desired to be monumental, sculpture was indicated. The details I know not, but apparently a worthy citizen found a contract for sculpture lying around loose, bethought himself of his son, and thereupon dispatched him to Paris with orders to acquire the art of Phidias. At least the son was there when or shortly after I, in my student days, arrived in Paris. He was a good fellow, of a French

name and speaking the language fluently, much alive to the opportunities Paris and, above all, the Quartier Latin, held for the student of manners and general enjoyment of life, a prime favorite for any party of pleasure in the city or farther afield in Barbizon or Grez. He was understood to be studying sculpture, but not so assiduously as to interfere with his usefulness in any of these frolics, and evidences of completed work or of work begun there were none, but he was accepted by us all as one whose future was assured, for it was known that he had a contract.

None of us had anything of the sort, and it is curious, or seems so in the haze of memory, that we went on placidly working, preparing for our life's work, in happy uncertainty as to whether we ever should have a contract or its equivalent in the shape of people anxious to acquire our works, when we should do them, without a shade of envy of one who apparently had his future assured. He on his part seemed equally unquestioning of the future, but the last time I met him, on these shores, it was no longer a question of sculpture, and I learned he was a reporter on a Brooklyn newspaper. And the contract? Alas, in that respect the domino is not transparent even for me, but if I am to identify the building in Brooklyn which we now know as Borough Hall,

there is no sculpture upon it, and undoubtedly the contract has lapsed by the statute of limitations.

Stevenson knew, as of course we all did, the bare outlines of this story as here indicated, and many years after finding it as it were in some dusty pigeon-hole of his brain, I can fancy him saying, "the very thing —here, come out and do your part in telling my story." And here falls a detail that is more personal, for it is Loudon Dodd who is the sculptor, and Loudon Dodd is understood to be myself. Well, he is only so much so that my friend found it convenient to use for episodes of his book certain of my experiences, some of them adventures which we had in common, others which I had told him, and still others which were the common talk of the Quarter in our time.

Writing from Vailima to my wife on July 19, 1891, Stevenson, complaining of the uncertainty of the post and the loss of letters, says: "And it seems yet another has gone wrong—my last to your degenerate husband, in which I offered him (in my name and Lloyd's) the dedication of *The Wrecker,* and gave him an order for the sheets as far as they went. This I believe even a New Yorker would have answered. The point is this: Loudon Dodd, the narrator of the tale, is drawn a good deal from the degenerate

W.H.L.; some of his adventures and some of mine are agreeably mingled in the early parts, and the thing might seem too near the truth for him to care about the connection." And much later he wrote, in reply to some reservations which I had made concerning his view of our student days in Paris: "Did you not fail to appreciate the attitude of Dodd? He was a fizzle and a stick, and there is an undercurrent of bitterness in him." Here is an instance of Stevenson's taking, as he did Henley in *Treasure Island,* the character of a friend, and, as he said, "extracting all his virtues, leaving only his strength of character, and you have a first-rate villain"—and John Silver is the result.

In *The Wrecker* the exigences of the tale made it desirable that Loudon Dodd become "a student of the plastic arts," and thus it was that "our globe-trotting story came to visit Paris and look in on Barbizon." The adoption of this method obviously permits the greatest latitude to the author, for he has a whole series of facts that lend authority and verity to his tale, and leave him free to add and embellish not only those, but to add fictitious attributes or events, and to retain for all a four-square resemblance to the truth. This in *The Wrecker* seems less true of Loudon Dodd, who simply figures like the Chorus in a Greek tragedy, to fill in the lapses of the story and

is a shadowy personage at the best; but in Pinkerton we have the very triumph of Stevenson's method.

It is generally conceded that S. S. McClure was the model for this amazing character, but, to those who know the original, it is a genial caricature, recognizable as the friend from whom it is drawn, yet no single incident in which he is involved is true, no single speech quoted or belief described can be traced back to its prototype, and still the figure lives and is more like our friend than he is like himself. It is the use made of one whose enthusiasms are so genuine, whose ventures are so hardy, whose courage and whose resources are so fitted to every circumstance, that the exaggeration of the traits of an actual character sufficed to make him live, and left the author free to invent a fictitious series of events in which he moves.

The same method of imparting actuality to a romance that otherwise might have seemed fantastic and lacking solidity, is scrupulously adhered to in the earlier portions of the book, where my knowledge can recognize even minor characters, often no more than a skilfully disguised name, and lends to it something of the character of a *roman à clef*. When the scenes shift to California and the South Seas, evidently the same dependence upon reality is observed, for Stevenson especially confesses his indebtedness for the character of Carthew, "the last a testimonial

to the powers that be, for the tale was half written before I saw Carthew's squad toil in the rainy cutting at South Clifton or heard from the engineer of his 'young swell.' "

In so far as the scene is laid in Paris I must acknowledge that it is not in *The Wrecker* that I have "heard for the first time of the dangers of Roussillon," and that the story is true. In fact until this very day I have been unable to account for the extraordinary number of stories in a quite ordinary house in Paris, though the young woman by whose kindness I was conducted at last to my room was an embellishment due to Stevenson. Likewise I remember the St. Stephen episode. A young Frenchman by the name of Debon, much later momentarily notorious as the President of the *Société des Artistes Indépendants,* in Parisian art circles was the hero of it, and had perpetrated this masterpiece. I had quite forgotten it until Stevenson's uncanny memory recalled our visit to his studio and the scene therein enacted. In the scene of the déjeuner held to celebrate the completion of Loudon Dodd's "Genius of Muskegon," many names occur, thinly veiled, names familiar in our Paris circle. Myner is quite transparent as the Hon. John Collier, now a well-known British painter, and Dijon is no other than my good friend, Adrien Gaudez, whose many virtues I have endeav-

ored to celebrate in *A Chronicle of Friendships,* while the Master is Carolus-Duran, whom Stevenson never met, but sketched his character from reports made by me and others who were his pupils.

One other character is introduced at this déjeuner, who masquerades under the name of Romney. I fancy Stevenson wrote this slight sketch from a full heart, for, like many others of that day in Paris, we loved dearly the cheerful person whose identity it conceals. We laughed heartily, not only at his brave adventures with the French language, which he attacked with fearlessness and wrestled with steadfastly and with a courage all his own, laughed at many other traits quaint and lovable, *with* but never *at* himself, though his person, his astounding innocence, and the resulting mishaps all lent themselves to hilarity. His name, his true name, would mean nothing here, for he lived and died quite unknown save for the few who witnessed his lifelong struggles with a world adverse to such as he, who had mistaken a love of beauty and a desire to perpetuate it for the capacity to do so, and, painting uninspired pictures under conditions unbelievably difficult, never lost his illusions. A book could be written about him, that would be at once droll and beautiful, describing his adventures in this chilly world, but for fear of offending a spirit at last relieved, without doubting for a moment that

the art which he worshiped repaid him in kind, I must forbear even writing his name.

Corporal John is another incidental name, written we must fancy for the pleasure of its evocation and to lend vraisemblance to his recital, for it is easily identifiable with the painter, Sargent, a good friend of Stevenson.

It is not only the names and obvious incidents that make of this book a piece of living reality attached to a pure fiction. It is astonishing to find in phrases and incidents, survivals of words forgotten or incidents so slight and momentary as to have apparently made no impress at the time, reappearing, each fitting in with perfect harmony to the incident described, a clever bit of joiner-work serving to render the structure more solid. Who for instance has heard the words "stamps" applied to money for many a long day, to be exact since the years following the Civil War and its paper money—at a time when Stevenson, a boy in Edinburgh, would never have heard it. Well, this obsolete bit of slang, forgotten in the country of its birth, is used by Jim Pinkerton (on page 72 of *The Wrecker*) idiomatically, lending veracity to his talk. I can remember when Stevenson first heard it, his blank look of misunderstanding and his expression, when its meaning was made clear, "Oh, you mean coin." Then and there he must have mentally

stowed away the expression against future use, twenty-five years later.

Another of the problems which were debated often enough between Stevenson and myself, which was a very serious question with him—though not with me, thank God, for I think my profession the noblest on earth—was the question of the status of the artist. It was a serious question with him since he had refused to follow the profession of his father and inherit the position of engineer of the lighthouse board, and it is echoed here.

In one of the last letters he wrote me he is still questioning: "And the problem that Pinkerton laid down: why the artist *can do nothing else*—is one that continually exercises myself. He cannot: granted. But Scott could. And Montaigne. And Julius Cæsar. And many more. And why can't R.L.S.? Does it not amaze you? It does me. I think of the Renaissance fellows and their all-round human sufficiency and compare it with the field in which we labor and in which we do so little. I think David Balfour a nice little book, and very artistic, and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy man; but for the top-flower of a man's life it seems to me inadequate. Small is the word; it is a small age and I am of it. I could have wished to be otherwise busy in this world. I ought to have been able to build lighthouses

and write David Balfours too." And here in *The Wrecker,* answering Jim Pinkerton, he takes upon himself, in the character of Loudon Dodd, to explain further. "You look to the result, you want to see some profit of your endeavors; that is why you could never paint if you lived to be Methusalem. . . . Look at Romney now. There is the nature of the artist. He hasn't a cent; and if you offered him to-morrow the command of an army or the presidentship of the United States, he wouldn't take it and you know he wouldn't."

It was most curious, and to me most distressing, that Stevenson should continually have asked himself this question, or viewed his undeniable endowment as an artist to be inferior to other avocations of man. "A son of Joy" he once termed the artist, and I cannot but believe that some covenanting ancestor or "shorter catechist" of his earlier environment persisted in his hours of morbid doubt to deny his evident vocation. Fortunately, too, for the heritage he left, the many pages that have enriched our literature and minister to the joy of life, there was a more compelling force, and the artist won out.

But there remains the question, which Stevenson and I argued continuously, and which this Epilogue in some sort continues, for as he untangles the mesh of his story and finishes the book he is at pains to

describe the method of its making. It would appear, as he tells it, to be that of "the man with a note book." But is it? Here is a tale of adventure in the South Seas, of ships and treasure, of the "dollar hunt," of quaint resorts in San Francisco, which were a memory of his first visit there, as was, undoubtedly, his encounter with the "youngish, good-looking fellow, prematurely bald," who could be no other than Charles Warren Stoddard—all materials for a story, but all remote memories, not things with which he had had recent contact, and above all things of which he had taken notes. His story grew apace and—the Epilogue confesses it—"it was plainly desirable from every point of view of convenience and contrast that our hero and narrator should partly stand aside from these with whom he mingles and be but a pressed man in the dollar hunt." This let loose a flood of memories, still of the long ago and of the unnoted in a literal sense, and from these materials or their mixture *The Wrecker* is made up.

Such at least seems to me the genesis of the story, which surely was not sought for by "a man with a note book," but came helter-skelter from that strange repository of the brain where they had lain dormant until they were needed. Indeed of all that Stevenson wrote I know of only one instance where he tried out his theory of studying his subject in place and

taking notes. We have the wail of Mrs. Stevenson, who deplores having a man of genius and a Scotchman on her hands, intent on taking notes and writing something like an ethnological treatise on the dialects of the South Seas, while the world was waiting for a story of adventure there. Sir Sidney Colvin assures us that the result was pleasing to Joseph Conrad, who esteems *The South Seas* in preference to *Treasure Island,* but I fancy that with the majority of Stevenson's readers the preference would be other, and the method of composition involved would be held responsible.

As I have said, this Epilogue has brought me many inquiries, many requests that I would explain some of its references, but in one instance no such request was made, and it was so remarkable a case of coincidence that it will bear telling. It was in mid-Atlantic, one summer when for reasons of my own it was my custom to flee from the four hundred or more passengers of a great ocean steamer and seek seclusion on the topmost of its many decks. I found that I was generally alone there until one day, seated upon a bench which broke the broad expanse of deck, I saw rising by the companionway that led to it a man who, as he walked towards me, was completely immersed in a book. Without raising his eyes from it, he found the bench and sat down by my side. I could hardly

keep from glancing in his direction and noting what he was reading with such rapt attention. It was *The Wrecker,* and his eyes were glued to the page whereon I read, "The Epilogue, to Will H. Low." He finished the book, closed it, and, rising immediately, went below, and among the four hundred passengers I never saw him again. It was a strange encounter, and sometimes I regret the hesitancy I had in not speaking, but had I done so I could never have explained to him all that the dedication means to me, nor how, though the hand that wrote it has lain powerless these thirty years on Vaea mountain, the voice still is heard that bids me "be pleased to breathe once more the airs of our youth."

DRAGON'S BLOOD

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

One special current in American literature has always been the interest in Nature and wild life, an imaginative and sympathetic attempt to enter into the mystery of animals, our not very remote subalterns in the great scheme of things. It is agreeable to us to recall, for instance, that even W. H. Hudson was partly North American in blood, and wholly South American in his early inspiration. In the honorable succession of American writers about the unroofed life Mr. Scoville takes well-deserved rank. His books—*The Out of Doors Club, Everyday Adventures, Wild Folk,* and others—are equally loved by readers young and old, for they have that mixture of penetrating sentiment, clear observation, and good humor which is charming to every age. And he comes naturally by his talent, as he is a grandson of Henry Ward Beecher and a grand-nephew of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Himself, if I may be permitted this freedom, Mr. Scoville is a creature of unusual grace and vivacity. He is a lawyer by profession and an ideal chairman for an informal dinner-party: his jolly, bubbling wit makes him one of the most cherished members of the Franklin Inn Club of Philadelphia, a college of writers and artists where wit is not rare. There are few tracts of open country round Philadelphia that he has not explored in his off hours: and when he wanted to write he used to hide himself in one of the most monastic turrets in the world, the library of the Hotel Traymore at Atlantic City. In that vast Byzantine eyrie, furnished with many desks and a file of the *Christian Science Monitor,* he was sometimes to be found looking cheerfully off over the ocean, and then returning a bright eye to the manuscript in hand.

Mr. Scoville is a man active in many matters of public and unselfish welfare. One of the few works of his that I have not read is his *Digest of the Liquor Laws of Pennsylvania,* compiled a number of years ago. He was born in Norwich, N. Y., in 1872, graduated from Yale in '93, and lives at Haverford, Pa. This essay appeared in the *Yale Review.*

There is a strange indescribable happiness that comes with the knowledge of the bird notes. "Then

Sigurd went his way," says the old saga, "and roasted the heart of Fafnir on a rod. And when he tasted the blood, straightway he wot the speech of every bird of the air." Nowadays it takes longer to learn the speech. Yet the years are well spent. As for the songs, they are not only among the joys of life but they bring with them many other happinesses. Even as I write the memory of many of them comes back to me. Wind-swept hilltops; white sand dunes against a blue, blue sea; singing rows of pine trees marching for miles and miles through the barrens; jade-green pools; crooked streams of smoky-brown water; lonely islands; orchid-haunted marshlands: far journeyings and good fellowship with others who have learned the way—these are but a few of them.

To him who will but listen there are adventures in bird songs anywhere, any time, and any season. I remember the discouraging day when I last heard the greatest singer in the winter woods. The year was dying of rheumy age. On the trees still hung a few dank, blotched leaves while the sodden ground plashed under foot and a leaden mist of rain covered everything. Yet at the edge of the very first field that I started to cross a strange call cut through the fog and I glimpsed a large black-and-white bird crossing the meadow with the dipping up-and-down flight of a woodpecker. It was the hairy woodpecker, the big

brother of the more common downy and a bird that usually loves the depths of the woods. Hardly had it alighted on a wild cherry tree when an English sparrow flew up from a near-by ash dump and attacked the newcomer. The harassed woodpecker flew to the next tree and the next but was driven on and away each time by the sparrow until finally, with another rattling call, it flew back to the woods from whence it had come. A moment later a starling alighted on the same tree unmolested by its compatriot.

I followed the fields to a near-by patch of woods. It is small and bounded on every side by crowded roads, but at all times of the year I find birds there. As I reached the edge of the trees white-skirted juncos flew up in front of me. Mingled with their sharp notes like the clicking of pebbles came the gentle whisper of the white-throated sparrow, and from a near-by thicket one of them gave its strange minor song. For its length I know of no minor strain in bird music that is sweeter. Like the little silver flute trill of the pink-beaked field sparrow and the lovely contralto notes of the bluebird who from mid-sky calls down, "Faraway, faraway, faraway," the song of the white-throated sparrow is tantalizingly brief and simple in its phrasing. Up in Canada the guides call the bird the "widow woman." Usually its song, except in the

spring, is incomplete and apt to flatten a little on some of the notes, but to-day it rang through the rain as true and compelling as when it wakens me from the syringa and lilac bushes outside of my sleeping-porch some May morning.

Pushing my way through the dripping boughs, I pressed far into the very center of the wood. In a tangle of greenbriar sounded a series of sharp irritating chips and a cardinal, blood-red against the leaden sky, perched himself on a bough of a hornbeam sapling. As I watched him sitting there in the cold rain he seemed like some bird of the tropics which had flamed his way north and which would soon go back to the blaze of sun and riot of color where he belonged. Yet the cardinal grosbeak stays with us all winter and I have seen four of the vivid males at a time all crimson against the white snow. To-day he looked down upon me and without any warning suddenly began to sing his full song in a whisper. "Wheepl, wheepl, wheepl," he whistled with a mellow and wood-wind note and again a full tone lower, "Wheepl, wheepl, wheepl." Then he sang a lilting double-note song, "Chu-wee, chu-wee, chu-wee," ending with a ringing whistle, "Whit, whit, whit, teu, teu, teu," and then ran them together. "Whit-teu, whit-teu, whit-teu." As his lovely dove-colored mate flitted jealously through the thicket he tactfully and

smackingly cried, "Kiss, kiss, kiss" and dived into the bushes to join her. Again and again he ran through his little repertoire, so softly that thirty feet away he could hardly be heard. Leaden clouds and dank mists may cover the earth, but life will always be worth the living so long as one can find snatches of jeweled songs like that sung to me by the cardinal. As I started homeward under the dripping sky, crimson against the dark green of a cedar tree, my friend called his good-by to me in one last long ringing note.

Late that afternoon the rain stopped, the clouds rolled back, and in the west the sky was a mass of flame with pools of sapphire-blue and rose-red cloud. Just before it faded, in the last moments of the twilight, there shuddered across the evening air the sweetest, saddest note that can be heard in all winter music. It was a tremolo, wailing little cry that always makes me think of the children whom the pyxies stole, and who can be heard now and again in the twilight, or before dawn, calling, calling, vainly for one long gone. In the dim light in a near-by tree I could see the ear tufts of a little red-brown screech owl. Like the beat of unseen wings his voice trembled again and again through the air, and answering him I called him up to within six feet of me. Around and around my head he flew like a great moth, his soft muffled wings making not the faintest breath of sound. Convinced

at last that he was being trifled with, he drifted away into the dark. That night the temperature rose until the very breath of spring seemed to be in the air, and early the next morning before even the faint glimmer of the dawn dusk had shown, I was awakened by hearing a croon so soft and sweet that it ran for long through my dreams without awakening me. Again and again it sounded like the singing ripple of a trout-brook or the happy little cradle-song that a mother ruffed grouse makes when she broods her leaf-brown chicks. I recognized the love song of the little owl, months before its time, a song which belongs to the nights when the air is full of spring scents and hyla calls.

Perhaps the singer was the same bird who visited Sergeant Henny-Penny on Christmas night. During the day the Band, of which I have the honor of being Captain, had taken a most successful bird walk. We had seen and heard some twenty different kinds of birds; heard the white-breasted nuthatch sing his spring-song, "Quee-quee-quee" as a Christmas carol for us, met a red fox trotting sedately through the snow, and altogether had a most adventurous day. That evening I was reading in front of a fire when from the Sergeant's room came an S O S: "Fathie, come quick, there's a n'angel flyin' around my room," he shouted. I hurried, for angels, flying or sitting,

are rarely scored on my bird lists. When I reached the room Henny-Penny had burrowed so far under the bedclothes that it seemed doubtful if he would ever reach the surface again. When I switched on the light at first I could see nothing, and I began to be afraid that the "n'angel" had escaped through the open window. Finally on the picture molding I spied the celestial visitor. It was a screech owl of the red phase—they may be either red or gray—and when I came near, it snapped its beak fiercely to the terror of the Sergeant under the clothes. With a quick jump I managed to catch it. At first it puffed up its feathers and pretended to be very fierce, but at last it snuggled into my hand and was with difficulty persuaded to fly out again into the cold night.

Another singer of the night is of course the whip-poor-will. When I lived farther out in the country than I do now, for two successive years I was awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a whip-poor-will passing north and singing in the near-by woods. The third year he broke all records by alighting on my lawn at sunset in late April. There under a pink dogwood tree, which stood like a statue of spring, he sang for ten minutes. Only once before have I ever heard a whip-poor-will sing in the daylight. Once at high noon in the pine barrens one burst out so loudly and ringingly that the pine warbler stopped his

trilling and the prairie warbler his seven wire-thin notes which run up the scale. It was as uncanny as when the Lone Wolf gave tongue to the midnight hunting chorus for Mowgli, at the edge of the jungle.

Now when I live nearer civilization and alas! farther from the birds, I have to travel far to hear whip-poor-wills. One hour and eleven minutes from my office in time, thirty-seven miles in space, but a whole life away in peace and happiness and rest, I have a little cabin in the heart of the barrens. It stands above the crookedest, sweetest stream in the world. There in spring I sleep swinging in a hammock above a great bush of mountain laurel, ghost-white against the smoky water steeped sweet and stained brown by a million cedar roots. Below me in the marsh where the pitcher-plants bloom among the sweet pepper and blueberry bushes is a pitch-pine sapling bent almost into a circle. Sometimes my friends cut exploration paths through the bush or in the winter search for firewood, but no one is ever allowed to touch that bent tree. There some spring night as a little breeze heavy with the scent of white azalea and creamy magnolia blossoms, sways me back and forth, on the bent tree showing dimly in the moonlight through the tree trunks, the whip-poor-will perches himself, lengthwise always, and sings and sings. Through the dark rings his hurried stressed song with the accent heavy on

the first syllable. The singer seems always afraid that some one may stop him before he finishes and he hurries and hurries with a little click between each triad. At exactly eight o'clock and again at just two in the morning he sings there. Up in the mountains, where we once found the whip-poor-will's two lustrous eggs lying like great spotted pearls on a naked bed of leaves, he sings at eight, at ten, and at three. Some people dislike the song. To me the wild lonely voice of the unseen singer pealing out in the dark has a strange fascination.

There are certain bird notes which strike strange chords, whose vibrations are lost in a mist of dreams. I remember a little runaway boy who stood in a clover field in a gray twilight and heard the clanging calls of wild geese shouting down from mid-sky. Frightened he ran home a vast distance—at least the width of two fields. As he ran there seemed to come back to him the memory of a forgotten dream, if it were a dream, in which he lay in another land on a chill hillside. Overhead in the darkness passed a burst of triumphant music and the strong singing of voices not of this earth. From that day the trumpet notes of the wild geese bring back through the fog of the drifting years that same dream to him who heard them first in that far-away, long-ago clover-field.

Sweetest of all the singers, the thrush folk—what

shall I say of them?—of the veery, whose heart strings are a lute; the hermit thrush, whose song opens the portals of another world; of the dear wood thrush, who sings at our door. While these three voices are left in the world there are recurrent joys that time cannot tarnish nor sorrow take from us.

It was the veery song that I learned first. More years ago than I like to remember I walked at sunrise by a thicket, listening to bird songs and wondering whether there was any way by which I might come to learn the singers and their names. One song rippled out of that thicket that thrilled me with its strange unearthly harp chords. "Ta-wheela, ta-wheela, ta-wheela" it ran weirdly down the scale and strangely enough was at its best at a distance and in the dusk or the early moonlight. I was to learn later that the singer was the veery or Wilson thrush. That was many years ago but I have loved the bird from that day. Once I found its nest in the midst of a dark rhododendron swamp, and as the mother-bird slipped like a tawny shadow from the wondrous blue eggs gleaming in the dusk, from near by vibrated the whirling ringing notes of its mate. Again on a tussock in Wolf Island Marsh I found another, the eggs in the green grass showing like turquoise set in jade, and as both birds fluttered around me with the alarm note, "pheu, pheu," the father bird whispered a strain

of his song, and it was as if the wind had rippled the music from the waving marsh grasses.

In the dawn dusk on the top of Mount Pocono I have listened to them singing in the rain, and their song was as dreamy sweet as the tinkling of the spring shower. The veery song is at its best in the moonlight. I remember one late May twilight coming down to the round green circle of an old charcoal pit by the side of a little lake set deep in the hills and fringed with the tender green of the opening leaves. That day I had climbed Kent Mountain and seen my first eagle and visited a rattlesnake den and found a dozen or so nests and seen some threescore different kinds of birds and walked onescore of dusty miles back. It was nearly dark as I slipped off my clothes and swam through the motionless water. The still air was sweet with the heavy drugged fragrance of the chestnut tassels, while little elusive waves of perfume from the blossoms of the wild grape wandered across the shimmering water. Over the edge of Pond Hill the golden rim of a full moon made the faint green tracery of the opening leaves all show in a mist of soft moonlight. As I reached the center of the lake, from both shores a veery chorus began. The hermit thrush will not sing after eight, but the veery sings well into the dark if only the moon will shine. That night from the hidden springs of the lake the heart-

blood of the hills pulsed against my tired body, and the veery songs drifted across the water, all woven with moonshine and fragrance until it seemed as if the moonlight and the perfume, the coolness and the song, were all one.

Some April evening between cherry-blow and apple-blossom, the wood thrush comes back. I first hear his organ notes from the beech tree at the foot of Violet Hill. Down from my house beside the white oak I hurry to meet him. Two years ago, he came to me on May 3, in 1917 on April 27, and in 1916 on April 30. He seems always glad to see me yet with certain reserves and withdrawings quite different from the robins who chirp unrestrainedly at one's very feet. His well-fitting coat of wood-brown and soft white, dusked and dotted with black, accords with the natural dignity of the bird. It is quite impossible to be reserved in a red waistcoat. Some of my earliest and happiest bird memories are of this sweet singer. On July 11, 1904, I was looking for the shaft of a lost gold mine in northern Connecticut when I found a wood thrush's nest by the simple process of butting my head into the sapling where it rested, some five feet from the ground. As I stared at the four long light blue eggs the black point of a tiny beak showed on one. Then the egg moved and cracked and split, and before my astonished eyes a little wood thrush

hatched. Its head was curled down between its legs, the throat throbbed with a regular pulse while its gaunt body shook and quivered with the beating of the newly started heart. It was blind and bare and unbelievably ugly. Yet, as, little by little, it forced its way out of the prisoning shell, I knew that I was watching a fellow creature, bound like us to the Wheel of Life, and with us struggling and agonizing upwards.

The wood thrush has a habit of marking his nest with some patch or shred of white, perhaps so that when he comes back from his twilight song he may find it the more readily. Usually the mark is a bit of paper or a scrap of cloth on which the nest is set. Last winter I was walking across a frozen marsh where in late summer the blue blind gentian hides. The long tow-colored grass of the tussocks streamed out before a stinging wind, which howled at me like a wolf. I crept through thickets to the center of a little wood until I was safe among the close-set tree trunks. There I found the last year's nest of a wood thrush built on a bit of bleached newspaper. Pulling out the paper I read on it in weather-faded letters "Votes for Women!" There was no doubt in my mind that the head of that house was a thrushagist. That is probably the reason too why Father Thrush takes his turn on the eggs.

Once in the depths of a swamp in the Pocono Mountains I was hunting for the nest of the northern water thrush, which is a wood warbler and not a thrush at all. That temperamental bird always chooses peculiarly disagreeable morasses for his home. In the roots of an overturned tree, by the side of the deepest and most stagnant pool that he can conveniently find, his nest is built, unlike that of his twin brother, the Louisiana water thrush, who chooses the bank of some lonely stream. On that day while plowing through mud and water and mosquitoes I came upon a wood thrush's nest beautifully lined with dry green moss with a scrap of snowy birch bark for its marker.

The song of the wood thrush is a strain of wood-wind notes, few in number but inexpressibly true, mellow, and assuaging. "Cool bars of melody—the liquid coolness of a deep spring," is how they sounded to Thoreau. "Air-o-e, air-o-u" with a rising inflection on the "e" and a falling cadence on the "u," is perhaps an accurate phrasing of the notes. Many of our singers give a more elaborate performance. The brown thrasher, that grand opera singer who loves a treetop and an audience, has a more brilliant song. Yet there are few listeners who will prefer his florid, conscious style to the simple, appealing notes of the wood thrush. Although perhaps the most beautiful strain in our everyday chorus, to me the wood thrush

does not rank with either the veery or the hermit thrush. His song lacks the magic of the veery and the ethereal quality of the hermit and is marred by grating bass notes which occur at intervals.

My own favorite I have saved until the very last. There is an unmatchable melody in the song of the hermit thrush found in that of no other bird. The olive-backed thrush has a hurried unrestful song, a combination of the notes of the wood thrush and the veery. I have never heard that mountain-top singer, the Bicknell thrush or him of the far North, the gray-cheeked, or the varied thrush of the West, but from the description of their songs I doubt whether any of them possesses the qualities of the hermit.

As I write, across the ice-bound months comes the memory of that spring twilight when I last heard the hermit thrush sing. I was leaning against the gnarled trunk of a great beech between two buttressed roots. Overhead was a green mist of unfolding leaves, and the silver and gray light slowly faded between the bare white boles of the wood. A few creaking grackles rowed through the sky, and in the distance crows cawed on their way to some secret roost. Down through the air fell the alto sky-call of the bluebirds, and robins flocking for the night whispered greetings to each other. Below me the brook was full

of voices. It tinkled and gurgled and around the bend at intervals sounded a murmur so human that at first I thought some other wanderer had discovered my refuge. It was only, however, the mysterious babble that always sounds at intervals when a brook sings to a human. It was as if the water were trying to speak the listener's language and had learned the tones but not the words. I can well believe that some listeners have been able to make out words and sentences from the murmur. Now and again the wind sounded in the valley below. Then it passed overhead with a vast hollow roar so high that the spice-bush thicket which hid me hardly swayed. I leaned back against the great thews and ridged muscles of the beech, one of the generation upon generations of men who pass like dreams under its vast branches.

One of my play-time fancies in the woods is to hark back a hundred, two hundred, three hundred years and try to picture what trees and animals and men I might have met there then. Another is to choose the tree on which my life years are to depend. Give up the human probabilities of life and live as long or as short as the tree chosen. Of course it would be a lottery. The tree might die or be cut down the year after the bargain was made. Of all those that I knew, this particular beech with the centuries behind it and the centuries yet to come, was

my special choice, for the beech is the slowest growing of all our trees. This one towered high overhead while its roots plunged down deep into the living waters and its vast girth seemed as if nothing could shake it. That evening as I lay against it and bargained for a share of its years, I thought I felt the vast trunk move as if its life reached out to mine. The idea is not altogether a fantasy. Life is given to the tree and to the mammal. Why may they not meet on some common plane? Some one some day will learn the secret of that meeting-place.

So I dreamed when suddenly in the twilight beyond my thicket a song began. It started with a series of cool, clear, round notes like those of the wood thrush but with a wilder timbre. In the world where that singer dwells there is no fret and fever of life and strife of tongues. On and on the song flowed, cool and clear. Then the strain changed. Up and up with glorious sweeps the golden voice soared. It was as if the wood itself were speaking. There was in it youth and hope and spring and glories of dawns and sunsets and moonlight and the sound of the wind from far away. Again the world was young and unfallen, nor had the gates of heaven closed. All the long-lost dreams of youth came true—while the hermit thrush sang.

THE DEAD

By Stephen Graham

This comes from *A Private in the Guards,* published in 1919, surely one of the noblest books about the War. I shall not forget the day in 1919 when I first saw Stephen Graham, in the office of the Philadelphia *Ledger*—a powerful fellow with the build of a Jack Dempsey and the sombre brooding eyes of a Russian mystic. "A blend of hierophant and elephant," I once described him. He looks rather like the pictures of Maxim Gorky, and one can understand how he was able to live and travel for months with Russian peasants on their Easter pilgrimage to Jerusalem, passing unsuspected as one of themselves. To me, Graham is one of the most interesting of modern writers: he is a traveler with imagination, who discards all preconceptions and reports, in luminous, beautiful simplicity, exactly what he sees.

He was born in 1884, the son of the well-known editor of the English *Country Life.* As a young man the fascination of Russian literature captivated him, and he lived for years among Russian peasants and students, wandered afoot in many parts of Eastern Europe, and traveled to Canada with Slav emigrants to know their sorrows and adventures at first hand. In 1917-18 he served as a private in the Scots Guards. In 1919 he tramped through Georgia, following the line of Sherman's march, to see for himself what memories and traditions had been left by the Civil War. I knew that he and Vachel Lindsay would be kinsprits, and invited them to meet each other over platters of onion soup at the Brevoort in New York. The result of this was that they went off, in the summer of 1921, on their hazardous and hilarious expedition through the Rockies, which Stephen reported—and how delightfully—for the New York *Evening Post.* Every now and then a little packet of Stephen's precise script, written on a sort of onion-skin tissue torn from perforated notebooks he had brought with him from London, arrived on my desk. These messages you may now (and should) read in his book, *Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies.* The following year he and Mrs. Graham, starting from Spain, determined to rediscover America as nearly as possible as the old conquistadores had done: they took ship to the West Indies, after which, leaving Mrs. Graham in a safe place, Stephen tramped on foot across the Isthmus of Panama to get his first view of the Pacific from "a peak in

Darien." He was disappointed, if I remember correctly, to discover that there are no peaks there, only low ranges of hills.

Stephen Graham, who takes few things on hearsay but has a lust for seeing for himself, has many disconcerting messages for modern readers. I know of few books more thrilling than *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem.* He writes with beauty and power and covert humor, and to read him is to love him. There are many—yes, very many—writers you can afford to forego if you decide to specialize on the books by Graham.

"We were fighting in a rose-garden which was strewn with men who had been dead for some days. The pink roses and the green corpses were a strange combination," said L——, the young poet who wrote charming lyrics and had such a taste in art. He was fresh to the work and looked on the dead for the first time. The memory was distasteful, and yet it inevitably recurred to his mind. He strove to banish it as an elegant person in civil life would naturally banish from the mind something evil and repulsive, such as, for instance, say, some beggar woman's face that his eyes by chance had seen. I met the same L—— a month later; we were discussing impressions of the war, and he confessed that he felt no interest in the dead as such; they were just so many old cases of what had once been men. He had seen so many dead that already the instinctive horror had gone.

"They say Madame Tussaud offered a reward to any one who would sleep a night in the Chamber of Horrors, but I think I could do it," said Dusty one night by a camp-fire. "I've slept in dug-outs with

dead men and been too tired to throw them out, and I've wakened to feel rats' breath on my cheeks. I think no wax-works could have terrors for me."

The greatest number of the soldiers had become indifferent to the horror of death, even if more intensely alive than before to the horror of dying themselves. In many an extraordinary callousness toward dead bodies was bred. They could kick a dead body, rifle the pockets of the dead, strip off clothing, make jokes about facial expressions, see wagon wheels go over corpses, and never be haunted by a further thought of it. Only if the dead were British, or if it were known to you, the dead body of some one in the same regiment, there seemed to be a sadness and a coldness, a sort of presentiment that you yourself would perish before the end and lie thus in trench or battlefield, cold and inanimate, soaked with rain, uncared for, lost to home and dear ones.

But the German dead had no interest. They lay about everywhere unburied, for our own dead had precedence with the burying-parties. All along the devastated village streets the Germans lay dead as they had been shot down in action of flight, the look of running in fear was still on the brown faces, and the open mouth and white teeth seemed to betoken calls to their comrades as they ran. In the debris of the houses to which men rushed for souvenirs the

dead lay too, with gentle empty faces, and ever so shabby, shoddy tunics, and their little round caps beside the subdued and thoughtless heads. Germans lay in the dusty gutters like old parcels, and men would turn them over to see the face that was biting the dust. When we were in the long ravine of Noreuil and Vaux-Vraucourt, the ridges, and indeed the hollows of the ravine itself for miles round, were strewn with dead. The air was heavy with putrefaction, and on either hand extended the battlefield, covered with wreckage and dug out with huge shell-holes. Discarded rifles, equipments, ration-tins, clothes, moldy loaves of German bread, tins of corned-beef, drums of ammunition lay everywhere. Unexploded German bombs lay about in scores, and likewise packages of explosives for mining. The roads were scattered with unexploded cartridges, with hundreds of thousands of them, and shells of many calibers lay about in extraordinary promiscuity, and amidst all these the miserable dead lay where they fell, British and German, friend and foe. The long trenches that traversed the green fields were inhabited by corpses, and it was a pity to think of them lying long unburied, and of the souvenir-hunters handling them day by day and leaving them ever more bare.

I lived at that time for a fortnight in the midst of this wreckage of war. The dug-out which I had

appropriated had been used by a German before me, and there was a half-finished, sodden letter in it to a German mother, and there was a box of revolver ammunition. It was eight feet in length and a little deeper than a grave, and it was dug out of bright yellow clay at the side of a sunken road. Parties of men went to and fro all the day along the way, and the way was one of running mud. The roof was made of planks thrown across, two German blankets, and a waterproof cape detached from a set of equipment lying on the moorland above. There were five steps in the mud of the bank leading up to the dug-out, and these were made of German ammunition boxes full of machine-gun ammunition. There was a shelf which was an iron sleeper from the German light railway, a fireplace made of a provision-tin; for table a German stool, and for seat two petrol-tins filled with dirt. Outside there were hundreds of strands of loose telegraph-wire which were wandering from their shattered posts, and on one of these, pegged down by two "buckshee" bayonets, a soldier's washing could be hung out to dry. Every morning there was enough water in the sagging waterproof cape on the roof to wash in, and sometimes for a regimental shave. The sense of being surrounded on all sides by the dead never left one, and as I sat and looked out on the scene I saw displayed on a hillside

a hundred yards distant the red and gray silhouettes of the ruins of Noreuil looking like some village in Palestine.

From this point I used the privilege of liberty which I had, and made expeditions to Queant and the Drocourt switch and to Bourlon Wood and Bourlon village, pulsating with the life of the British and French-Canadians who had just taken it, to Pronville and Moeuvres, and to the trenches known as P and Q and R where our battalion lay. The fascination of going from dead to dead and looking at each, and of going to every derelict tank, abandoned gun, and shattered aeroplane was so great that inevitably one went on further and further from home, seeking and looking with a strange intensity in the heart. I saw a great number of the dead, those blue bundles and green bundles strewn far and wide over the autumn fields. The story of each man's death was plainly shown in the circumstances in which he lay. The brave machine-gunners, with resolute look in shoulders and face, lay scarcely relaxed beside their oiled machines, which if you understood you could still use, and beside piles of littered brass, the empty cartridge-cases of hundreds of rounds which they had fired away before being bayoneted at their posts. Never to be forgotten was the sight of the dead defenders of Ecoust lying there with all their gear about them.

On the other hand, facing those machine-gunners, one saw how our men, rushing forward in extended formation, each man a good distance from his neighbor, had fallen, one here, another there, one directly he had started forward to the attack, and then others, one, two, three, four, five, all in a sort of sequence, here, here, here, here, here; one poor wretch had got far but had got tangled in the wire, had pulled and pulled and at last been shot to rags; another had got near enough to strike the foe and been shot with a revolver. Down at the bottom of deep trenches many dead men lay, flat in the mud, sprawling along the duckboards or in the act of creeping cautiously out of holes in the side. In other parts of the field one saw the balance of battle and the Germans evidently attacking, not extended, but in groups, and now in groups together dead. One saw Germans taking cover and British taking cover in shell-holes inadequately deep, and now the men stiff as they crouched. I remember especially two of our fellows in a shell-hole; fear was in their faces, they were crouching unnaturally, and one had evidently been saying to the other, "Keep your head down!" Now in both men's heads was a dent, the sort of dent that appears in the side of a rubber ball when not fully expanded by air. There were those who had thought their cover inadequate and had run for something better and been

caught by a shell on the way—hideous butcheries of men; and there were men whose pink bodies lay stripped to the waist and some one had been endeavoring to save them and had abandoned them in death—men with all their kit about them, men without kit, men with their great-coats on and men without great-coats.

The nearer one approached to the battle-lines the less touched the dead appeared. But those near our encampment at Noreuil all lay with the whites of their pockets turned out and their tunics and shirts undone by the souvenir-hunters—which brings me once more to the general relationship of the average living soldier to the dead. I remarked that though those in the battle-line were very swift in the pursuit of the so-called souvenir, in other words, in pursuit of the loot, it was those behind, such as the artillerymen and labor corps, who were the authentic human crows. I used to walk a mile or so every evening to the five derelict tanks which lay on the sky-line on the way toward Queant and I got to know the dead on the way, and I watched them daily grow more and more naked as successive waves of souvenir-hunters went over them. There was a handsome German some six feet three, very well clothed, and the first time I saw him he was as he had fallen. Then his boots went—he had a good pair of boots. Then his tunic had been

taken off. A few days later he was lying in his pants with many parts of the dead body exposed.

I came home late one evening and fell in with a man from one of the sixty-pounder batteries at Queant. He was grubbily but methodically examining the corpses of the German machine-gunners and hoping to pick up a revolver. I watched him examine one without success and he gave the dead body a kick. "The dirty barsted," said he, as if he were accusing the corpse, "somebody's bin 'ere before me."

The revolver or automatic pistol was the best prize of the souvenir-hunter. Money was sought, and watches and rings. There is something gruesome in the act of taking a marriage ring or even an ordinary ring from a dead man's hand and then wearing it or giving it to be worn in England. But very few German dead were left with rings and the Roman Catholics were despoiled of their crosses. The legitimate tokens to take were the brightly colored numerals from the shoulders of tunic or great-coat, the officers' helmets (not the saucepans but the Alexander-the-Greats), field-glasses, pocket-books, etc. But the hope of each seeker was the pistol.

I was wandering through a shattered and deserted military camp one morning and a questing major burst upon me. I saluted, but he brushed formality aside. "Hullo, hullo," says he, "is it true that your

regiment has a special privilege to look for automatic pistols?"

I looked demure in the presence of such exalted rank and the major regarded me searchingly.

"I'm out to give fifty francs for every automatic pistol I can pick up," said he. And that was a plain hint to me that if I could sell he would buy.

He was a major in a regiment impolitely referred to by our haughty Spartans as a "grabby mob."

There must have been many men who were not as lacking in imagination and impressionableness as the majority who ranged o'er the battlefield seeking for treasures. But I did not myself meet these. Even the best saw nothing in taking away any property which might remain with the dead. Such property was no good to corpses. It was curious what a great number of letters, both British and German, lay on the battlefield. These had been taken out of the pockets and pocket-books of the dead and since they were no use had been thrown to the winds—literally to the winds, for when the wind rose they blew about like dead leaves. There were photographs, too, prints of wife or sweetheart, of mother, or perchance of baby born whilst father was at the war—the priceless, worthless possessions of those whose bodies lay on the altar.

It never seemed to me worth while to collect lurid

mementoes such as helmets or bombs, but I often designed to make a representative collection of the letters both German and British which were lying about one's feet. I read many of them; though there was something almost intolerably tragic in the hopes and fears and boasts and presentiments of those who had written to men who were in truth destined to be killed. Many, many of the letters said some one was sorry that letters had not been written, but promised to write longer and oftener. Many letters were full of admonitions to be careful, not to take risks. Others promised "leave soon," "home for Christmas," "the war over." Some old stories of the air raids on London; others were full of domestic details and never mentioned the war. Some obviously endeavored to keep cheery because it had been said the men needed cheerful letters, but others refused to be reconciled to the separation which the soldier's going to the Front had meant. Perhaps they might have sounded trite and ordinary, but as being written to those who were about to die, it seemed as if Fate read them also and smiled in malice.

I had a suspicion that many of the dead who lay unburied for so long were not reported dead—but simply as "missing." So in one case where several letters lay strewn round a corpse whose pockets were inside out, I took one crumpled missive and sent it to

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the writer of it with a carefully written note about the young lad's fate. In answer I received a letter from the father asking for definite news of his son if I had any, as he had not been heard of for a long while. Whatever reply I sent, would I please send it to his business address, not to his home, as the mother was so anxious. By that time, however, the boy's body with seven others had been put into one hastily dug grave, the names but not the units nor the numbers had been printed on the one cross. I then informed the father of his son's death and of the exact locality of the grave. In due course of time the father replied that I must be mistaken, for his son had been reported as wounded and missing. I wrote no more, but I formed the opinion, which was afterwards completely confirmed, that "missing" very often meant *dead and unburied,* and that an unburied British soldier if he belonged to a unit which had passed on was almost inevitably reported "missing." Burying was such a tedious job when it had to be done as a fatigue by a party not really responsible for burying, that it was done in the most rough-and-ready way.

War robs the individual soldier of reverence, of care except for himself, of tenderness, of the hush of awe which should silence and restrain. War and the army have their own atmosphere in which some

one else being dead, as much as killing some one else, succeeds in being trivial and even upon occasion jocular. Two sergeants going out for a stroll came upon a German corpse with the steel helmet right down over the eyes. One of them lifted up the helmet in order to see the face properly. A saturnine gloom was on the lips and this had been intensified by the masking of the eyes. When the sergeant lifted the helmet it pulled up the flesh with it, and the upper lip rose from over the ivory teeth with a ghastly grin. "Take that smile off your face," said the sergeant, and let the helmet drop back over the eyes again. And they laughed. In these and in so many, imagination and sensitiveness were swallowed up by war. But another soldier, new to war's horrors, came upon a Royal Scot lying dead on a ridge. Beside the corpse was a packet of note-paper and envelopes which some souvenir-hunter searching his kit had forgotten to take. The soldier was just in need of note-paper and envelopes to write home, and he took this packet away from that dead man.

All that night and for many days he seemed to hear the tiny, tiny voice of the corpse saying or rather whining in his ear, "You've stolen my note-paper and envelopes," grudging them and demanding them back,—as if the dead were misers.

But the soldier did not return the stationery to the

place where he found it, and after a while his mind seemed to harden and take on a sort of crust. He had been haunted by the faces of the dead, and then these faces ceased to haunt him, and he had obtained the soldier's peace of mind.

The greatest and perhaps the only consoling truth which can be learned from the expression of the dead is that a corpse has very little to do with a living body. The dead body is sacred, but it is not the person who died. That person has mysteriously disappeared. The look of the dead body, its shrunken individuality as compared with that of a live man, must have partly caused the great vogue of spiritualism—that look might be taken as part of the evidence of immortality. That was the chief positive impression which I obtained. For the rest, the whole matter was infinitely pathetic. There were one or two of us who felt there would always, ever after, be a cast of sadness in us because of what we had seen. I felt how inhuman we had been to one another. How could we come at last to Our Father with all this brothers' blood upon our hands?

"Europe, Europe!" I thought; "what a picture might be painted of Europe, the tragic woman, with bare breasts, anguished eyes, but no children.—*Oh, Europe, where are thy children?*"

THE SAXOPHONE

By William Bolitho

In the year 1923 readers of the New York *World* began noticing a weekly letter from Europe signed William Bolitho. These were not the stereotyped sort of Special Correspondence, which sometimes consists in a man trying to think what he believes his editor wants him to think. It was obvious that a fresh, keen capacity for observation lay behind these dispatches. Whether it was the Siki-Carpentier fight, or the funeral of Sarah Bernhardt, or a gloriously candid account of a Pilgrims' Dinner in London, or Poincaré making a speech in a war cemetery, or spinsters offering themselves in the tragic advertisements of the matrimonial journals—whatever lay upon Mr. Bolitho's mind it was evident he had turned it about in his imagination: his senses were fiercely alert. Sometimes, perhaps, he seemed to overwrite just a little: to hanker too heatedly for the ironical or savage effect. But at his best he was immense. Of M. Poincaré's mortuary eloquence, for example, "He rarely explains his policy except in war cemeteries. There he is surrounded by a vast company who must hold their tongues."

Some of these brief and vivid sketches have been collected in a little book called *Leviathan*. And, as that title implies, what most interests Mr. Bolitho is the stirring and first tremulation of the great mass forces of humanity.

I have my biographical information as to Mr. Bolitho only second hand, and if it is imprecise the fault is due to human imperfections of transmission. I am told that "Bolitho" is a pseudonym: that his name is Ryall. That he was born in South Africa, in the Orange Free State, 1890. In 1915, desiring to enlist in the British forces, he worked his way to England as a stoker. He was commissioned a lieutenant, wounded at the Somme, 1916, and invalided to Blighty. By a chance meeting with a litterateur in a bookshop, he became known in bookish circles and was much encouraged by the friendship of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell. He became a correspondent in Paris for the Manchester *Guardian*. Then, through John L. Balderston, there was also an opportunity to write for the London *Outlook:* desiring to do this under another name he adopted the pseudonym William Bolitho. And through Mr. Balderston's connection with the *World,* his essays appear there also.

My informant also tells me that Mr. Bolitho has married a Frenchwoman and proposes eventually to settle on a farm in the South of France to write novels. And so, though I am aware that these personalia are fragmentary, and possibly impertinent, yet I set them down hoping that this tribute to a very gifted writer may in some small unforeseen way speed him toward his excellent ambition.

THE supreme luxury of these post-war years, sweet and strong enough for the dullest palate of the sudden rich, that lets most other tidbits of life pass unappreciated, is to listen to a new sound, the authentic voice of the age. To hear it, in its various tones and moods, and so enjoy this pleasure of self-revelation and full communion with our generation, you need not harness your head with steel and hard rubber to listen to the wireless, nor loiter at the dangerous edges of a hunger crowd in Moscow or Berlin, though in these too our generation seems to speak. This voice is to be heard in comfort and security, in the innermost hall of capital hotels, Ritz, Adlon, Savoy, in the chief cities of Europe. There, in a cushioned wicker chair, at night or in later afternoon, if you are rich you may hear the saxophone, the Zeitgeist singing to itself.

This is the newest instrument, quite typical of our times. It was invented, years out of its time, by a half-mythical Monsieur Sax, but had to wait for its opportunity for our half-beat syncopated music, our easy spending to pay its players, and, most of all, for

the peculiar temper of our times, that it interprets. The nineteenth century had violins and pianos: we are tired of them, and of four years of drum and fife. We needed a new sound. Marinetti's baby rattles and futurist whistles were too stupid and noisy for our nerves and intelligence. So some rummager refound this Saxophone in the lumber room of musical invention.

It is both pipe and horn; bell-mouthed, flexible, an ingenious bridge between wood and metal, that joins passionate organic and resonant inorganic more cleverly than any other instrument. The men of the 1900 Grand Exposition, because of this, gave it a prize; but they could not endure its sound, which startled and displeased them. It did not belong to their times; it would not blend with their orchestras. Nor could any one be found properly to play it. For, though the fingering is hopefully easy, this Saxophone needs a tragic skill and energy that wears out the heart and the lungs. The star saxophonist lasts no more than three years. The caste is almost priestly, marked out by their salary and fate from any mere trombonists, or musicians less sincere.

I heard it for the first time in the lukewarm atmosphere of a great hotel; at the end of a hundred velvet yards of corridor and draught-proof revolving doors, in a vast room prepared for tea. Hundreds of easy

chairs were grouped round little tables, in encampment round a polished parquet, as sacredly empty as the nave of a church. In the end sanctuary was a raised dais, growing out of palms, symbolical of luxury; on this two seated rows of saxophonists, in black evening coats, symbolical of elegance.

The band begins softly, as if considerate for the general hush. The leader stands away from his chair, which he will not use while playing, for mimicry and grimaces are part of what he is paid for, and his audience expect that he should, himself, plainly feel the intoxication of his own music. He is a dervish; an ecstatic; paid to whip this dull, hard crowd into an excitement they can feel.

As he starts, couples slide and slouch past on the empty floor; the inexplicable young men hold the wives of profiteers slackly, dutifully, and the band does not hurry them. The great saxophonist slowly raises himself through pacing, ordered rhythms, deceptively serious, to the plane of emotion we are come to feel. In this beginning the saxophone is an unusual throbbing, rich vibration, nothing more, though with a savor of the savage in it, the pulse of war drums in Africa, that we have grown used to since the war; almost banal. But there is no excitement left in it, it is purified of the naïve shouts and bangings that the first jazz Negroes brought with them four years ago. It

is steady, savage, serene; in place under this mock mother-of-pearl ceiling, this synthetic gold of machine-made luxury, this artless magnificence of the hotel de luxe. They play fox-trots, one-steps, blues, sometimes dances of our time; that figure, I suppose, economy of effort and have only the passion of a bodily tired man. The day of throaty waltzes, yearning two-steps, eternally sentimentalizing about love, is gone with violin orchestras, and none believes in the banjo any more than they do in the harp. The dancers amuse themselves solemnly, wordlessly; the saxophone gives them no ethics, and no caring if anything, even its adepts, survives another hour, continues its droning for a time.

But, perhaps by accumulation of this steady, smooth massaging of the nerves, perhaps because, as the dance goes on he comes to less sober tunes, the saxophonist climbs imperceptibly to a new step, the sliding dance becomes more jaunty. Then suddenly I hear the real note of the saxophone, unforgettable, high, and clear, as if from a heart of brass, the new thing, the thing we have come to hear. To me it has quite passed out of humanity, this famous upper register, but it is still near enough for me to understand; piercing, musical, the cry of a faun that is beautiful and hurt. The leader tips his instrument into the air; he blows with all his force but his cheeks remain pale. He is now

at the height of his art. The voice of our age has come through his lips through this marvelous instrument. He is a priest possessed with a half human god, endlessly sorrowful, yet utterly unsentimental. Incapable of regret, with no past, no memory, no future, no hope. The sound pricks the dancers, parts their lips, puts spring into their march. These unexpressive, unethical, unthinking men have discovered their unethical, unsentimental reaction to our age.

This is the thing that makes the saxophone great and brings fortunes and ruin to its players. But it is a changeable instrument and can feign many things. Then, in spite of its nature, the saxophone seems to brood and almost regret the years that have brought it to favor, the war, the peace, and this state to which Europe through its own fault has come; and ghosts of broken promises and broken soldiers seem sadly to look over the shoulders of the dancers.

Every beat of the impeccable rhythm is heavy with the tread of the armies of Somme and Marne, and under it is the heavy echo of the unarmed millions of Russians marching to Tannenberg. Then the saxophone seems burdened with an illusory despair; other days before Europe was ruined rise up before this assembly of those who were not ruined.

But this mood is a fancy and the saxophone will not allow it long. It turns with a curve into "I Don't

Care," or "Let's Pretend"; not even regretting our regrets, absorbed in the present, that owes no debts either to the irretrievable past or to the incomprehensible future, it strikes up "Rambler Rose," the latest fox-trot, the march past of our age. That is more to our taste, we modern Europeans, that oppose to the dangers with which we are beleaguered not fear, nor courage, only impassibility; and who have substituted for human aspiration that needs belief this innocence of the faun, behind the saxophone. So, for the supreme expression of our hard, unreflective joys, we have chosen this instrument. Our fathers left it uncomprehended; our children will shiver at it, and discard it again. For the present it makes audible the spirit of our age.